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FATHERS AND SONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Chap. XII.

"Well, dear George," said Ellen; "I feel happy, even in the midst of my sorrow at losing you—you will be safer from the tyrant Governor, as you call him, and *I* shall wait in hope, always beaming hope, dear George, to find you released—somehow, but how I can scarcely tell,—from the difficulties in which I feel but too deeply I have contributed to involve you."

"You are a trump, Nelly," said George, "and don't trouble yourself about involvements. I'm *ra*ther bogged, as we say at Melton, but take my word for it, I'll be out and clear before long, and then—"

—"Then," interrupted Ellen, "you will come back to me and our dear boy; when—when do you think there will be a chance of seeing you?"

"Why," said George, looking first upwards, and then downwards, and then mysteriously, the whole history of his nearly-approaching marriage revolving in his mind at the moment; "why, I can't say to a week or so—because, you see, I have promised myself to two or three country-houses, and I like shooting—and the people there like *me*—and—"

"Why should they not like you?" said Ellen, pressing his arm; "and why should you not enjoy your shooting if you like *that*? Dear George, I am not selfish—I am happy in the highest degree of happiness when you are with me, but I am not unhappy when you are away, if I feel sure that you yourself are happy where you are."

"Poor Nell!" said George.

"But," continued she, "do—do be back by the fifth of October—that *is*, if you can."

"What's the fifth of October?" said George. "I have heard the old song, which says,

"'Remember, remember,
The fifth of November;'

but what the deuce is the fifth of October?"

"Have you forgotten?" said Ellen, looking anxiously in his face; "you never forgot it before."

"Gone," said George, "all blank—no notion."

"Why, my dear George," said she, "it is our Tiney's birthday—he will be four years old next October; come, come, you are only joking—you did not forget it—it was only to tease me you said so; wherever we have been, you never allowed any engagement to interfere with your dining at home on *that* day. You really are *too* bad, George."

And she pushed him playfully from her. All this dialogue occurred while they were walking round the basin of Neptune—Tiney as usual running before them.

"Why," said George, "as to October—oh! I do recollect now—yes—but it will interfere deucedly with the first burst of pheasants—still—"

"Pheasants!" said Ellen: "but there have been pheasants and *battues* every year since Tiney was born, still you have contrived to be with us."

"Yes," answered the amiable gentleman, "that's true; but then you know we were in England. *There* one may spare a day from shooting to perform the duties of paternity, and play pappy, as you say—but in France—I—"

"We were in France before," said Ellen, "on Tiney's birthday; you didn't mind the pheasants *then*."

"No—no," said Mr. Grindle, "not as to pheasants. The fact is—I don't much care—but—"

And here came into his mind a notion of at once breaking the whole truth to her; but no—he had not courage to endure her reproaches, or perhaps to witness her agonies, and so he went on.

—"But the places to which I am going this year, are of what may be called the sober order. I think of giving myself a dose, in order that I may do some good with the governor."

"Do," said Ellen, "whatever is best for yourself; and when I say so, I feel that I advise you not without selfishness; for whatever is good for *you*, must be eventually good for *me* and our dear child. But go, George—go where you choose—do not let a fond mother's prejudices draw you hither upon any particular day. If I know your heart, I know that the first glass of wine you drink after dinner on the fifth of October, will be drunk silently to the health and happiness of that dear little child, the very likeness of yourself."

"Do they say he is like *me*?" said George.

"Do you not see it yourself?" said Ellen.

"Can't say I do," said the affectionate parent. "I think he's an uncommon pretty pup."

—"Oh!" said the confiding girl, "how you talk, George."

And now here is the mischief of this affair. If George had been one of the pink and white faced fiddle-faddle, low puppies, qualified by all their personal and mental qualities to figure behind the counters of Messrs. Howell and James, or Messrs. Swan and Edgar, and had been pursuing the heartless course which we too well know has been adopted by our present friend, it would not have mattered half so much. To be sure,

in that case he most probably would not have succeeded in the first instance, with Ellen; but if George had not, with all his frivolities and pretensions to a place in class B of legitimate dandyism, had talent of a certain character, accomplishments to a certain extent, and conversational powers of a certain quality, he never could have so deeply interested his victim, as the reader, knowing all he does know, must regret to see that he has effectually done. If *she* had felt equally indifferent towards him—if she, in fact, had *not* loved him, their eternal separation might have been a wise and salutary proceeding for both of them; but *we* know the difference—we know that she, devoted to him, believed him, at the end of their stroll round one of the most gigantic specimens of Tom-foolery that ever disgraced a contriver, or stamped a national taste—to be the most devoted, affectionate, and honourable of human beings.

But now, of Mrs. Eversfield and Ellen's younger sister—who was she—or who were they? as Macbeth says,

"What are these?"

Here comes a difficulty. Mrs. Eversfield was a widow; she had resided at Versailles for six years. She was the mother of Ellen, and of course of Ellen's sister, and certainly under all the circumstances of the case, the extraordinary *liaison* between one of her girls with Mr. George Grindle, the existence of Tiney, and the quiet, yet highly-respectable manner in which the lady—in other days it might have been considered decent to call her old lady—lived, and "received" in the evenings, to her coffee and *eau sucrée*, in her exceedingly pretty salon and boudoir, require some explanation. But the historian is himself at fault, and whatever his anxiety may be to enlighten the reader, he is at this period of his narrative wholly incapacitated from doing so, for the strongest of all possible reasons—he knows nothing.

No—the history of all the persons before us, developing itself only gradually and, as it were, chronologically; the time has not yet arrived when we can get at the truth of rumours, which certainly were prevalent at Versailles, the premature mention of which might, if it did not injure the interests of the parties concerned, damage those of the narrative.

The following morning was fixed for George's departure: the little *soirée* at Mrs. Eversfield's, which was a sort of commonplace, or rather every-night occurrence, inasmuch as the evening promenaders came in just as they had been walking, was to Ellen sad and sorrowful; even George, as it grew later, began to feel less lively, or perhaps it might be better to say, the hardness of his cruel heart was in some degree softened as the hour of going approached. A quiet discerner of effects certainly might have perceived a kind of shudder through his frame as he kissed the forehead of Tiney, when his *bonne* came to take him to bed. Ellen saw it, and blessed her loved one for his paternal feeling.

"George," said she, "don't mind: you shall see him again before you go."

Poor Ellen!

If, as most truly they are, partings are pangs to the parting parties

themselves, it does not seem absolutely necessary to inflict upon the reader the details of that which occurred on the morning of the day following this scene. The grief of Ellen, earnest and sincere as it was, was qualified by the belief that the temporary separation would be beneficial to her beloved, and by the certainty of possessing her adored child. His seriousness—for it amounted to little more than that—arose from the consciousness of his real views and intentions, acted upon at the crisis by feelings which even *he* could not entirely control when parting from the once-worshipped idol of his heart—the mother of his child. This conflict, perceptible enough in his countenance and manner, convinced Ellen of the earnestness of his affection for her; and when the last farewell kiss had been exchanged, it was with confidence and certainty that she said, or rather sobbed, "Remember Tiney's birthday."

Mrs. Eversfield had a difficult task to perform in soothing her amiable daughter after George's departure; and the sports of Tiney, yet too young to miss his father's presence, while dear mamma remained, only aggravated her grief: however, he was soon despatched with his *Bonne* into the gardens, where he took "stick" exercise upon the still-favourite cane of Mr. Miles Blackmore, until it was time for him to have his dinner.

George had some reason to be vain of his own importance. By his departure from Versailles and his consequent approach to London, he was causing the deepest pain to two charming girls—the one, to be sure, standing in an exceedingly different position from the other. Jane shone in all the mild purity of truth and virtue; Ellen with equally good qualities, with a devoted and affectionate heart, and who, in all the accomplishments of the world, might successfully vie with her unconscious rival, was sullied by a cloud—an incomprehensible history had marred her fate and darkened her prospects. How this should have happened, as it evidently *had* happened under the sanction, or if not under the sanction, at least with the knowledge and connivance of her mother, still living in esteem and respect at Versailles, sounds at first strange and startling; but it may be, that whatever Mrs. Eversfield's motives were for sanctioning, as it is by this time quite evident she did, such a connexion for her daughter, they did not necessarily interfere with her personal respectability, in her present residence, so long as her daughter appeared under her roof as the wife of the eldest son of an English baronet, by whose name she was *there* invariably addressed. In the Regent's Park she was Mrs. Greenford, and this *alias* had been of course by her own consent adopted, in order to render her and George secure from any tyrannical measures of "the governor."

Jane had received a second letter from her hopeful intended, and was therefore fully prepared for his arrival; nor was she rendered at all easier in her mind by a professional interview which she was directed to have with the colonel's solicitor—the precise purport or intention of which she did not clearly understand at the time it took place, farther than that it was really and truly an actual preliminary to all that she most dreaded upon earth.

"Jenny," said the colonel, after their *tête-à-tête* dinner that day, "I think Sir George and I have settled all our matters, and there will

be little now left but signing and sealing. George will be back to-morrow, or at farthest the day after, and we propose Monday week for the wedding."

"Sir!" said Jane, pale and trembling.

"Yes," continued Bruff, "we had first thought of Thursday, but the things cannot be got ready—the law's delays, and all *that*—and the coachmaker—and —"

"But Monday week!" said Jane; "for whose wedding?"

"Why, yours to be sure," answered the colonel.

"Oh, father!" said Jane —

"That'll do. That'll do," interrupted the father, "no crying—no nonsense. What must be, must—you must be *My Lady*—I like it—*my* will is law—no snivelling."

"But," said Jane, "I have made no preparations."

"What d'ye mean by preparations?" said the colonel; "you have got gowns and bonnets, and all the rest of it—it makes me sick to hear of fine dresses, and all other matters of that sort being bought, because a girl is going to be married, just as if she had lived without clothes all the time she was single—its all nonsense—what the French call a *corbilly* or some such stuff."

"But, really," said Jane —

"That'll do—no nonsense," said Bruff. "Monday week by half-past ten o'clock you will be Mrs. Grindle."

A sudden tremour thrilled through the poor girl's frame—save and except that she was not a fine lady, she would have fainted; against the oppression she felt on her heart amidst the darkening mist which almost veiled her eyes, she struggled, and struggled successfully.

"I will leave you now, sir," said Jane, "the lights are in the drawing-room—I cannot argue—but—let me write to you—let me implore —"

"Stuff!" said the colonel. "Write! why write and waste paper? —better talk and waste words—it is all of no use—I *am* your father, and will be obeyed."

Saying which, he rang the bell for the servants with a violence well suited to an occasion in which "*ringing a belle*," in another sense of the words, as a punster would have it, was the object of discussion.

It was usual, as we know, in that family, for Mrs. Smylar to superintend the colonel's single cup of coffee, taken by him in the dining-room previous to his going upstairs; although that lady would have denied the fact (no doubt upon oath, had it been necessary), and, as usual, no sooner had Jane been served with coffee in the boudoir, than Smylar proceeded to administer the accustomed beverage to the colonel. Jane, at the same time, sitting down to fulfil her intention of addressing a written appeal to her father against his hasty decision with regard to the marriage, hoped that she could say more in writing than she could by speaking to him, and that too with no chance of the abrupt interruption to which her oral pleadings would have been liable.

"Smylar," said the colonel, when the Hebe had placed the odorous draught before her Jove,—"sit down, Smylar—I want to say a few words to you. Is the outer-door fast?"

"Close as wax, colonel," said the lady.

"Well, then," said Bruff, "the fact is, this girl of mine is running restive—rusty I used to call it—she hums and haws to the marriage—cries—turns pale—and what she calls 'implores me'—eh? and as for Monday week—oh, 'the time is so short'—'the proposal so abrupt'—that won't do, Smylar. I have, I believe, but one peculiarity in my character—it's not an uncommon one—I *will* have my way—when I say a thing shall be done, it shall be done."

"You are quite right, colonel," said Mrs. Smylar.

"That'll do," said the colonel, "you're on *my* side then. Well now, don't you think—for you know with all my anxiety about this match, and that sort of thing, and getting her settled, so that we may probably manage matters more economically afterwards, and all that—you know—eh? you see—ha—ha—ha."

"Oh, colonel," said Mrs. Smylar; "naughty colonel—I'm sure I don't in the least understand what you mean—but —"

"That'll do," said Bruff, chuckling and pinching the delicate *patella* of his fair companion, "never mind what's to follow; but I see no objection to the match—I say to myself, it's a good match—a suitable match—eh? and a deucedly nice young fellow."

"Nice!" said Smylar; "why, my dear colonel, if Miss Jane were to look round all London, she couldn't find a nicer. He is handsome, exceedingly agreeable, as you say—he has a certain rank—a certain fortune, and is, as they say, in a certain circle—what can she want more?"

"That's it," said Bruff, "that's what I can't quite fathom—there's something—eh? some other attachment."

"It is quite impossible for me to say," said Smylar; "for I would sooner die than speak to Miss Jane on the subject. Indeed, I don't think she likes me sufficiently to permit me to touch upon it, even if I wished. But this I *do* say, that with such prospects before her, and such a desirable connexion, I would, if I were you, say it must be done—you *shall* marry Mr. Grindle, or out of my house you go!"

"That'll do," said Bruff: "just what I mean to say—just as if you had dived into my mind and raked out my thoughts—and so she shall; and look, in the midst of all this, she never backs up her own dislike to this match with any remonstrances or conditions from her dear friend, Mrs. Amersham."

"How *can* she?" said Smylar; "depend upon it, if we—I beg pardon—if you knew the truth, you would find that these very people are in favour of her complying with your wishes about the marriage. Why, it is obviously for her advantage; a girl brought up without the protection of a mother—a girl full of delicacy and feeling, doesn't it stand to reason that her settlement in life as the wife of such a person as the future Sir George Grindle is an object of first-rate importance?"

"All right, Smylar, all right," said Bruff; "that'll do—you are so clear—all straightforward—see ahead."

"Why," said Smylar, "it is in *our* craft—for I still fancy I smell the lamp—the system to render the history of human life condensed into two acts; one of successful deception upon parents, and a consequent result, no matter how attained, in which the old people are first duped, and then brought to concession and forgiveness, and the matter gene-

rally ends with a song or a dance. In real life, the unities are perhaps better preserved, and not having, my dear colonel, the slightest feeling one way or another, disconnected with your interests, and those of your dear, interesting daughter, I would say, 'do a little wrong, to do a great right,' and force her if necessary to the furtherance of her own advantage, and the security of her own happiness, by insisting upon this marriage."

"I mean *that*," said Bruff; "from *that*, the main point, nothing shall divert me; but, as to time—Monday week—do you see what I mean?—it may hurry her. She is a shy, weak, and, as I take it, a silly creature—but if we were to put it off—a week or two, or so—eh?"

"Wrong, colonel, wrong," said Smylar; "the longer time you give her for deliberation, the worse your chance; besides, at the end of that lengthened term you will still have to force her, and *I* should say with less chance of softening her feelings towards yourself: force is force, and from what you say, I conclude that you *must* force her into this match. Well! what *can* it signify whether she is forced into compliance on Monday-week or Monday-month?"

"That'll do," said Bruff; "no—you are right—every thing will be ready—carriage, settlements, all. You'll hurry the milliners, and all that sort of thing. I am sure you are right, Smylar—as you always are. Monday-week *shall* be the day, and as to her appeal, I won't hear it."

"Why," said Smylar, "of course, I have the highest regard for Miss Jane, but if you *have* made up your mind, it is only irritating yourself to read what she may write. I—"

—"But," interrupted Bruff, "do you never talk to her on these subjects?"

'Me! colonel," said Smylar; "me! as I have told you over and over again, I believe that Miss Jane would sooner consult any one of the housemaids upon her affairs than me! No—she hates me too cordially—a bad return, perhaps, for my solicitous care for her; but still, all people, you know, must have their likings and dislikings."

"Ha, ha," said the colonel, again practically exemplifying *his* view of *likings*, by another gentle pressure upon the lady's knee. "She is a simpleton—eh? silly girl—not alive to her own interests; but I wonder, after what I said about giving her hints and gentle suggestions, that you hadn't done a little to forward the affair."

"Why," said Smylar, "I *have* done a little, and *that* little quite as much as I felt I could do. I have praised Mr. George to her, and said what an uncommon nice-looking person he was, and then I thought she snubbed me; and you know I have no opportunities of talking to her."

"Well," said Bruff, "I'll give you one this evening—I will not go upstairs—I'll go to the Doldrum—I want to see Sir George, and—I wait a little quiet, and so—look here; when I am gone—I shan't announce my going—you go to her, and you—but I needn't tell you what to say. Put her mind in the right way, and get the matter done; and *then*—" This sentence here abruptly terminated by another gentle pinch of the patella.

"Why," said Smylar (throwing up those brilliant eyes, which in other days had martyred walking-gentlemen, scene-shifters, and link-boys), "why, what *can* I say? It is hard to turn a young heart from its affections, colonel—indeed, if farther advanced in life, the devotion to one object becomes a matter of—"

Hereabouts Mrs. Smylar looked sentimental, and crocodilized a ready-prepared tear. The colonel looked at her, first without, and then with his spectacles, and then giving a third pinch at the patella, said,

"That'll do—that'll do."

"And *I*," said Smylar, "will do all I can in this business; for I am sure it would be the very best thing that could happen; and as I said before, if you have fixed Monday-week, why shouldn't it *be* Monday-week? all the postponements in the world are of no use, if the affair is to come off."

"That'll do," said Bruff; "so now I'll march myself down to the club. My absence will give you a seasonable opportunity for talking to the girl, and then to-morrow morning—I don't suppose I shall see you again to-night—you'll tell me what has happened—report progress, as they say in the House of Commons, and ask leave—which *you* need never do, to 'sit again to-morrow.'"

"Hadn't you better have the carriage?" said Smylar.

"Carriage!" exclaimed the gigantic colonel. "What are my legs made for, but to carry me? No, no, the walk does me good: so you make your retreat, then I shall ring for my cloak—march off—and in the interim you will just instil *my* notions, which are yours too, into Miss Jenny's mind—she's an obstinate jade, but she must knock under, you know; when I *am* determined, I am not to be beaten."

And so Mrs. Smylar took leave for the purpose of entering upon her embassy; whether she and the colonel shook hands at parting or whether he exacted the salute due to his military rank from so civil a servant as his ringleted housekeeper, it is impossible to surmise—she went *her* way. He rang his bell, and having been duly cloaked, paraded the pavement with all the dignity of a field-marshal, til he reached the door of the Doldrum.

Ten minutes after the departure of the illustrious bore, saw Smylar standing at the right hand of Jane, who had nearly concluded her written appeal to the said bore, which appeal still lay open before her, waiting only for some of those pointings, and dottings, and dashings, which invariably distinguish the literary productions of ladies.

"Is that *you*, Smylar?" said Jane, her eyes almost *mist*ified (not mystified) by the atmosphere of a London room, in what would perhaps by some people be still called a summer's evening, but which others might fancy was growing somewhat autumnal.

"Yes, Miss Jane," said Smylar; "Taylor told me that the colonel was gone out, and so knowing you were alone I just came in to see if there was any thing you wanted."

"Not I," said Jane; "the one sole object of my thoughts is this approaching marriage. I know your opinion, not only of the seemingly needless hurry in the matter, but I know your opinion of the man. Now, Smylar, I have written to my father, because I know I never

should be able to speak my remonstrances against this proceeding, upon which depends the misery or comfort of my future life."

"Poor dear Miss Jane," said Smylar, "how I do feel for you, recollecting what I myself have suffered!"

"Read *that*, Smylar," said Jane; "do you think it will have any effect upon my father?—if it has not, what upon earth can I say more?"

Smylar, glorying in her triumph, her eyes sparkling with delight, took the paper, and read:—

"Dearest Father,

"From the earliest days of my existence which I can remember, to the present moment, the whole study and object of my life have been to obey your commands, and ever, as I hope and trust, to anticipate your will and your wishes. I cannot reproach myself with a single act of disobedience, nor if it be possible will I yet be guilty of one: therefore is it, dearest father, that with the greatest reliance upon your affection, and in the firm hope of your justice, I implore and entreat you to relax your present command as regards your final disposal of me; your last transfer of me, from your paternal care and protection at a period so rapidly approaching as that which you have fixed for my marriage.

"My heart, my dear father, is devoted to you, my whole object is the fulfilment of all your expectations; but indeed, indeed, this trial is too severe—the decision too sudden. I have told you candidly and unreservedly that whatever may be the merits of Mr. George Grindle, I cannot duly appreciate them, nor, were I more susceptibly alive to them, have I, according to my own feelings, been sufficiently associated with him, to do either those or myself justice.

"It may be possible, although do not, my dear sir, think that I believe it is—that upon further acquaintance, the views I now take may be changed, and that I may learn to esteem Mr. Grindle, and so far regulate my feelings as to induce an obedience to your will. At present, death would be preferable to me, compared with a marriage with that gentleman.

"Having said this, my dearest father, let me again urge upon you the needless cruelty of forcing me into *any* marriage. I seek no such connexion. I am quite happy. Allow me, when you wish either to leave town without me, or remain in town when you wish *me* to leave it, to go to the Amershams, who are always kindly glad to receive me; and in whose hospitable house I am always happy. Dearest father, you may trust me. I have no object in declining what you now press upon me—no prior attachment—no idea whatever of counteracting your views, or thwarting your designs in any respect—all I implore you is, to leave me as I am. I pledge you my honour and my duty, which never up to this period have wavered, that no human being shall ever obtain an influence over me, nor be permitted even to attempt to do so, without your being instantly apprized of it; that I never will admit into my heart or mind, or cherish one thought or feeling regarding any human being without your sanction and approbation. All I ask, and I ask it on my knees, is, do not force me into that which, as I have said before, is to *me* more dreadful than death itself.

"At present, what I seek for is time, and that request surely you will grant me on the score of delicacy. Mr. George Grindle, who is destined in ten or eleven days to become my husband, has never even made a proposal to me, tending in the slightest degree to the point which you inform me authoritatively it is his object to attain. So that, as far as I am personally concerned, I am up to this moment uninformed even of his wishes or intentions upon the subject.

"But oh! my dear, dear father, do let me entreat you, again and again, to stay your hand before you inflict this blow. I ask nothing of you—I will ask nothing of you. I want no fortune. I never will seek a fortune at your hands. All I implore is, that you will allow me to remain single until circumstances effect a change in my views and feelings, or an attachment, such as you shall fully approve, may induce me to throw myself upon your kindness and consideration in forming a matrimonial connexion. Pray, pray, dearest, dearest, father, grant me this negative favour. I ask for nothing—I ask only to be spared a sacrifice which must cost me my happiness, perhaps my life.

"Yours devotedly, dutifully, and affectionately,

"JANE BRUFF."

"Very effective indeed," said Smylar, as she laid the paper down on the table; "not above two lengths and a half, and I should say a dead hit."

Jane, to whom the technical jargon of the playhouse was Hebraic, did not at once comprehend that the great geniuses of the lamp—not the genii—measure the manuscripts of their parts in plays by what they call lengths, consisting of so much copy, and that the word effective is applied to any thing likely to be what the heroines of the sawdust and orange-peel school, call a "hit." Smylar was quite alive to the force of the remonstrance, and most anxious to recommend Jane to transmit it, and accordingly councilled her to lose no time in letting her father receive it.

"But," said Jane, "do you think he really *will* attend to it—will he soften his harsh determination?"

"I should say yes," said Smylar, "but—and that is what vexes me, —since you have told me all your feelings—what vexes me is, the coldness of your friends the Amershams; I am sure, quite sure, that you ought not to mind the alteration in Mrs. Amersham's tone, you ought to cultivate *them*, they are strong allies to fall back upon."

"But," said Jane, "they have repulsed me upon this point. If my father would give me time—if two or three months were suffered to elapse—if I could see and again associate with my friend, Mrs. Amersham, I *do* think every thing would come right. But they seem to cast me off, just as my father is most urgent for a decision, and what to do I do not know."

"Do not break with your friends the Amershams," said Smylar; "I repeat they are powerful allies to fall back upon."

"Well," said Jane; "you *did* say so, but what do you mean? If I am forced into this marriage, of what service can friends and allies be to me afterwards."

"What, indeed!" said Smylar. "But supposing, Miss Ja e,

you made up your mind *not* to marry this Mr. George Grindle, would they not be serviceable and useful then?"

"But how, Smylar?" said Jane; "how do you mean? make up my mind to disobey my father, and positively reject the offer?"

"I mean," said Smylar, "and you will forgive my constantly refering to my own case, that if the colonel—perhaps he may not—but if he persisted in this odious match—*I* call it odious—I would do any thing rather than submit to his tyranny."

"But what could I do?" said Jane.

"Why, Jane," said Smylar, looking at her with one of those devoted, affectionate looks, which nobody but such a person as Mrs. Smylar could have conjured up, without one spark of feeling to engender it—"why, there *is* a way of avoiding it."

"How?—tell me," said Jane.

"We used to act," said Smylar, "when I was the heroine at Bullock's-smithy, a farce written by one of our best modern dramatists, called 'We Fly by Night;' it was always well received, and if well acted, always went off with great *éclat*."

"Well?" said Jane, pausing for something more.

Now actors and actresses, intimately conversant as they themselves are with every thing theatrical, whether names of pieces, cant terms of the stage, or quotations from the parts which they have themselves performed, imagine a man or a woman who does not at the first hint "*take*" (as they call it) an allusion to the theatre or its affairs, to be a sort of unenlightened and even unworthy member of society.

So with Smylar.

"Well," said she, "my dear Miss Jane, don't you see what I mean—'We fly by night?'"

"Indeed I do not," was Jane's answer. "I know the words are put by Shakspeare into—"

"—Shakspeare!" interrupted Mrs. Smylar, "I mean to bring them much nearer home—must I speak more plainly?"

"Indeed," said Miss Bruff, "you must, if you wish me plainly to understand you."

"May I trust you," said Smylar; "—may I—I think I can—be sure that you will not communicate any thing I say to your father?"

"Smylar," said Jane, "this is the first time in my life that such a question was ever asked me. It is the first time in my life that I ever fancied it possible that I *could* make a confidence unknown to him, or that had for its object the concealment or withholding from him the whole truth upon any subject whatever. But as I am *now* placed I certainly will, and *do* promise you not to repeat to my father any thing you may suggest or advise."

"I am satisfied with the promise," said Smylar; "I will trust you with the design—as I know you will trust *me* with the execution of it. You hate this Mr. Grindle—no wonder—you know my opinion of him. I have before explained to you, as a sufferer myself, the horror and misery of marrying whom one does not—cannot—love. Well, so far you know my views and sentiments. Your father is resolved upon this hateful match. Send him your appeal—it may make a hit, as we say. If it does, so much the better, all will be well. If it does not, act *your* part in the farce of which I have just spoken."

"How do you mean?" said Jane.

"'Fly by night,'" said Smylar. "Yes, even on the eve of the wedding, go. I will take care that all shall be managed secretly for you; go—quit the house, and let the disappointed bridal party find the bride fled, her bed unslept in, and her path unknown."

"Smylar!" said Jane, almost terrified at the proposition.

"Don't be frightened," said Smylar. "By this deciding and decisive step, that affair would be settled, and in that case you could, as I said, fall back upon your friends the Amershams; who, when they found how the matter really stood, would give you shelter and support."

"But how do you mean?" said Jane. "Leave my father's house?"

"To be sure," said Smylar, "leave any thing, every thing, rather than submit to certain misery. I told you, my dear Miss Jane, to rely upon *me*—I can manage every thing for you. There's your own maid, she can go with you—I will settle it; but recollect this is only in case your father should attempt to drive you to desperation."

"Ah, Smylar!" said Jane, "I scarcely think any thing would induce me to take such a step as that: besides, the escape would be temporary; of course my father would know whither I had gone, and where I was, and would fetch me back; and certainly from Mrs. Amersham's late letters I do not think they would be inclined to take part against him in this business."

"Well," said Smylar, "all *I* mean to say is, that you will find me ready and willing to act up to all I have promised."

"But," said Jane, "let us hope that we may not be driven to any such extremities. Let us hope that my father will be softened by the appeal I have made. If I asked any positive favour, if it was I who was anxious to marry any particular person, or indeed to be married at all, then I could imagine his unqualified refusal; but mine is the negative request, of being left alone."

"I very much doubt," said Smylar; "for though I know no more of the colonel's real views or intentions than you do, and perhaps less; still I think, from what I hear in the house as to the orders for things for the wedding-day—I *do* think he is resolved, and therefore, dear Miss Jane, turn it over in your mind, and risk any thing rather than being married to *that* man."

"I wish I had never been born!" said Jane.

"Don't fret, don't fret, my dear young lady," said Smylar. "If I thought I had any influence over the colonel you might depend upon my doing all I could; but, bless your soul, I no more dare to talk to him about family matters, beyond the housekeeper's room and the servants' hall, than I dare fly."

"Well," said Jane, "I am so far resolved that this appeal of mine shall go to him, and then we shall see what will happen next."

Just conceive the poor dear unsuspecting girl saying "*we*," thus connecting herself and Smylar in a conditional bond of union against her father—to what extremities must she have been driven—to what apprehensions must she have been subject! However, she fulfilled her resolution, and Smylar held the light while the anxious daughter sealed the letter to her parent, upon which letter the chances were, the said Smylar would, in the morning, be the first person consulted by him.

Nothing in the world could have turned out so unhappily as the coolness—trifling as it was, and temporary as it was likely to be—between the dear amiable Emma Amersham and the bewildered Jane. Jane vexed, did not like to write again, and as Emma had written last, *she* did not think it necessary to write to her. But this little misunderstanding, trifling as it was, was the cause of great danger and difficulty to Miss Bruff; who, upon the present occasion, having dismissed her new adviser, and directed her father's servant to leave her letter upon his dressing-table, retired, if not to rest, at least to bed; but as she felt, with very little chance of sleep.

They who can read hearts and minds—few enough there be who *can*—but they who *can*, by spelling and putting-together, as the grammar school-phrase goes, may perhaps anticipate the triumphant flutter of Mrs. Smylar's heart as she glided down stairs to supper in her sanctum, after having completely "spidered her fly," if such a phrase is admissible. What her ulterior object was, it is by no means difficult to divine; but it is painful to know, that she should even thus far have succeeded with her innocent victim. She sat down with an eager appetite to her delicate banquet; and although far be it from the historian to insinuate that she had any inordinate affection for strong waters, it may be permitted to him to observe, that on this special occasion, she indulged herself with a little something comfortable in the imbibition of which she was subsequently joined by Miss Harris, who, having seen her young lady settled for the night, roamed about the passages below, to Mrs. Smylar's door, and not being inclined to sleep, tapped at it, and was admitted.

And here went on another scene of duplicity, doubly dyed, conducted in the true theatrical style. With Harris, of course, Smylar was every thing kind and devoted to her young lady; and when Harris, who had never quite gotten it out of her head that Jane was desperately in love with Miles Blackmore, spoke of her low spirits, and how she went to bed crying and sobbing, Smylar "didn't wonder, poor dear—dear thing, if she *had* fallen in love; who could help it?" and so on, cunningly trusting Miss Harris not one inch beyond the tether in which she held her; having perfectly satisfied herself that Jane had, as she had written to her respectable and disagreeable parent, no attachment in the world.

And while all this was transacting, as we already know, steamboats and galloping horses were bringing Mr. George Grindle home—nay, he would be there on the morrow for aught they knew. Poor Harris, to whom her mistress's aversion to him was no secret, was really affected by her position, and was excited by two or three crocodile tears from the experienced eyes of Mrs. Smylar to such a degree, that by way of consolation and support, she fell into the insidious snares of the lady-housekeeper, and took one or two gentle sips of exceedingly weak hot brandy-and-water.

But now for the colonel. Smylar, as time wore on, and he did not return, twelve o'clock having stricken, and being rather warmed into action by "the drink," as Hamlet has it, felt somehow mightily inclined to be present when he opened the written appeal from Jane; but then she did not know how long he might keep his servant, nor was she exactly

certain in what state of mind he might be (seeing, as we know that he *did* indulge now and then) when he came home, so she resolved to go to her bed; and having filled the ears of Harris with praises of her young mistress, sweeter even than the nectar with which she had filled her mouth, they parted, and the house was left to the care of a footman and the colonel's man.

It was late when the master of the house returned. He had been in deep conference with Sir George. He had explained to him, that however odd and shy Jane might appear, she was a warm, kind-hearted girl; and that having had a *tête-à-tête* talk with her that day after dinner, he was quite sure that the match would be a happy one; that she very much admired George; but that, as far as *he* himself felt, he thought —recollecting his own career in his younger days—that George himself was scarcely earnest enough—that he took the whole matter too philosophically.

"Odds bobs!" said the colonel; "when I went courting, I didn't twiddle my curls, nor pull up my collars—not that in those days, curls or collars were the fashion; but I went at it, don't you see, my dear Sir George, in what I call the slap-bang, no-nonsense-style of performance. Now, from what she said to me after dinner to-day, it strikes me that she doesn't know what he means: I feel fidgety—I don't like the niggling style—I don't believe, upon my life, that he has ever yet told her plain bolt-out, what he wants."

"Perhaps not," said Sir George; "but you see, so much in these matters is left to be inferred."

"That'll do," said the colonel, "of course; but what does Sterne say, 'You might as well try to make a black-pudding by talking about it, as you might try to make love;' and he, you know, Sir George, was a clergyman, and must have known all, how, and about it."

"Why," said Sir George, "my boy is naturally timid, and —"

— "Ah," interrupted Bruff, "that's just it—'faint heart never won fair lady.' If it had been your other son, I could have understood it; but here—in this case—eh — ?"

"Well," said Sir George, "he will be in town to-morrow I hope, and we shall see. All I can say is, that if he has gained the affections of your girl, he is a deucedly lucky fellow."

"Gained!" said the colonel. "That'll do—Monday week—settled —that's all agreed upon—so there's no fear about *that*."

And with this mutual assurance they parted. The colonel returned to his peaceful home, and went his way to his dressing-room, thence to *his* bed.

Jane heard him return; wakeful and restless as she was, the knock at the house-door reverberated through the stillness of the night, and struck upon her ear—ay, upon her heart. He, the sole arbiter of her fate, was come to read the appeal which she had made against his decree; then came the fear of the morning meeting, and all the severity she so much dreaded. Hope, which, as the poet says, springs eternal in the human breast, certainly did occasionally for a few minutes cheer her; but she too well knew the firmness (as it is called in great men, and obstinacy in small ones) of her father's resolves; and it was not until daylight that she fell into a slumber, whence she was

awakened by the arrival of Harris, to make arrangements for the beginning of another day.

She rose, dressed, and as usual went down to the breakfast-room, expecting to find papa waiting for her, as was generally the case; but no, he was not there; she rang the bell, the butler appeared, and announced that the colonel was gone to breakfast with Sir George Grindle, but he had left a note for Miss Bruff, which was accordingly delivered to her.

Smylar, it seems, had been up earlier than Jane. How she obtained an audience of the colonel so soon in the morning, it is impossible to surmise; but certain it is, that *she* read the appeal to him from his daughter, which we have already seen, and pronounced her opinion upon it, to the effect that nothing could be more absurd or ridiculous.

"If," said Mrs. Smylar, "she really did love somebody else, there might be something in it; but if her heart is disengaged, what upon earth can she do better than marry this young gentleman. When will she get a better offer—a title, as you say, colonel—a fortune, every thing suitable, and what can she want? My belief from what she said last night is, that those Amershams have been setting her against this match—they are dangerous folks—I thought differently of them up to yesterday, but I am almost sure that they are the people who try to induce her to rebel; and you mark, colonel, if my words don't come true."

"That'll do," said Bruff, "don't waste your breath—my mind is made up, and that's enough. I won't see the girl—I *did* mean to breakfast at home, of course, but I won't—so, go—I shall leave a note for *her* that will finish the whole affair. You see matters as I do—go, go."

And so Smylar retired, and the colonel proceeded to write the note or letter, or whatever it may be called, which we know was left for Jane, and which she opened with cold and trembling hands. Thus she read:

"It is perfectly useless for you to make any attempts to change my determination about your marriage with George Grindle—I would have told you so at once and have done with it, but you have chosen to take to writing—so have I—and now listen and ponder my words: George will be in town we expect to-morrow—you will receive him on his return as your accepted husband; the nonsense you talk about his having made you no offer, goes for nothing. He is, as *he* knows, and as *we* know, your affianced husband; all the necessary writings are prepared, the settlements are just ready, and what I now write, *no power on earth shall induce me to recall or revoke.* On Monday week, the 21st instant, you will and SHALL be married to him before ten o'clock in the morning. So let me hear no more objections, and that'll do.

"ALEXANDER BRUFF."

SKETCHES OF MODERN CHARACTER.

No. V.

PLAUSIBLE PEOPLE.

By Mrs. Gore.

In society, as in the arts, as in literature, as in politics, or in fifty other things, the world is still deceived by ornament, not alone by gems of price,—"barbaric gold and pearl,"—but by Birmingham gilding as well as barbaric gold,—by glass-beads as well as orient pearl. Though aware that "there are counterfeits abroad," we accept people on their own showing, albeit that showing bear as much proportion to the reality, as the portrait of a dwarf or giant placed before a booth at a fair, to the tall man or short woman exhibiting within!

It is a favourite jest with the French, that you may knock a man down, provided you preface the offence with the word "*pardon!*" or, as the song runs,

"qu'on peut tout faire,
Quand on le fait *poliment!*"

In England you may do what you like, provided you do it *plausibly*. Cant your way through life, with the seven deadly sins in your train, *not* asserting them to be angels, but wishing to goodness they were not *quite* so wicked, and humbly hoping that some day or other they may see the error of their ways, and you will pass for a heavenly-minded man. Deprecation, whether in tone, manner, or phraseology, is an universal pass-key. There is no knowing exactly where to convict such sinners. They envelop themselves in such a thick coating of sackcloth and ashes, that there is some difficulty in finding out the vulnerable points. Their hypocrisy has a sort of shifting shield, which, like the sails of a windmill, run with your attack, and protects them in whatever direction they are approached.

According to Rochefoucault's definition of a courtier, "*un homme sans humeur et sans honneur*," they never suffer themselves to be provoked out of their plausible equanimity. Ever gracious, ever placable, their humility is that of Tartuffe, their impassibility that of Talleyrand, who would not allow the person with whom he was conversing to discover, by the expression of his countenance, that he had received a kick from his enemy in the rear.

To this *sub*-human patience, however, they superadd more active propensities. The plausible person is essentially a talking animal, an ambulatory puff, an utterer of vauntings—"not loud, but deep." He accuses himself in the humblest tone, of being guilty of the cardinal virtues.

According to his own account, the circumstances attending *his* conduct are invariably extenuating. "He does not wish to praise himself," but he labours under the singular impunity attributed to the right divine of the throne: he can do no wrong. By some strange concatenation of events, he is impeccable. It would grieve him much that he should be

supposed to pride himself on this. Heaven forbid that he should be pharisaical in his virtue. On the contrary, humility has been esteemed his leading merit. But so it is, that when others fall into frailty, by some inherent faults (like the leaded foundations of tumblers in Dutch toys), he is *forced* to stand upright."

The world, that wide-mouthed dupe, swallows all this as glibly as it is uttered. The man who anoints himself all over with the oil of laudation above his fellows, may pass through the eye of a needle, albeit as crooked as a camel. Smooth as a billiard-ball, and sticking at nothing, he makes his infallible way into the pocket, and wins his game. *His* is the virtue which, so far from being its own reward, obtains a premium from parliament, and sits up like a golden image for the adoration of the multitude.

Plausible people are the fatted kine of this world. They insinuate themselves like the weasel, into the meal-tub; and like reynard, their stealthy steps make an unsuspected way into the hen-roost. While your ears are still fascinated by their gentle protestations, you find they have been picking your locks or your pocket. You hear a patriot praising himself for more than Spartan virtue, watching your eye all the time for a favourable opportunity to escape up the back stairs, and sneak into the presence of royalty. The next time you see him, he will be on the treasury bench!

Another favourite form of plausibility, is to appear in the arena of life, trembling and defenceless, *sans armes comme l'innocence*,—

> "a naked new-born babe,
> Striding the blast."

You cannot tread upon a thing that crawls to your feet, and calls itself a worm. If it owned itself an asp you would have a right to exterminate the reptile. "But a poor, harmless, miserable, unoffending worm, that could not do mischief if it would, and would not if it could, you would not be such a monster as to set your foot upon its innocent head!" Thus pleaded for by its own weakness, the worm of Nile establishes itself by your hearth; and one fine day, when you find yourself stung with mortal venom, the fatal wound proves to have proceeded from "the poor, harmless, miserable, unoffending worm, that could not do mischief if it would, and would not if it could!" Whereupon you utter a few uncourteous remarks upon Plausible People.

The force of endeavour will do wonders towards acquiring the form and show of righteousness, by those who

> "Assume a virtue though they have it not."

In the crowd of beggars that surround a travelling-carriage at the foreign post-houses, some halt, some blind, some maimed—all screaming for charity; it requires the eye of a policeman to detect the genuine cripple, and make the dumb speak. If the uninitiated pretend to perform Duke Humphry's miracle, and make the lame man fling aside his crutches and fly the field, they are sure to hit upon the wrong man, so cunning are the impostors. So is it with the Plausible. By dint of strenuously pretending to be good, wise, or zealous, they contrast almost the form and pressure of virtue and wisdom. A jeweller could scarcely detect the pure gold from the crysocal. Though we positively

know that it is the clown preaching in the sacerdotal robe of Sir Topaz, we cannot help listening to his exposition of the doctrines of the Metempsychosis. He looks so *very* grave—he talks so *very* learnedly! Our prejudices must have deceived us. The man so *very* like the chaplain, *cannot* be the fool!

Above all, it is scarcely possible to detect a plausible woman. Had Messalina chosen to array herself in a mortal's robe, and take her part in the procession as a bearer of the sacred fire, by due gravity of deportment she would have secured the respect of the multitude. So in our own times: just as a quaker's dress is the favourite disguise of the least reputable frequenters of the masquerade, enormous professions of morality form the distinguishing feature of those who have any thing unsatisfactory to conceal behind that whited wall. It is only in a faint whisper that the select few who listen to their chantings, insinuate that "the lady doth protest too much;" that such *very* straitlacing usually purports to disguise some imperfection in the shape. The world edified by her precepts of holiness, her *suspirium sanctum*, cries "Hear, hear, hear," with all its lungs; and makes affidavit that the Venus de Medicis is not more free from deformity, than the Sheldrake invented form which so sweetly solicits its approbation. How can the public be savage, when so persuasively addressed with the epithet "indulgent?"

When we see judges, juries, ordinaries of Newgate, police magistrates, and other public functionaries whose hearts are supposed to have become as the nether mill-stone through much practice, whose eyes as those of the lynx, whose ears as those of the mole, taken in year after year by the protestations of malefactors, and petitioning the Home Office for reprobates capable of picking the turnkey's pocket of their reprieve, or biting off the ear of the ordinary who has recommended them to mercy, it is impossible to wonder at the unsophistication which exposes the less wary classes of the community to be quacked to death by plausible doctors, ruined in lawsuits by plausible solicitors, or won over to adoration by plausible moralists in prose or verse. It is scarcely possible to be always on our guard, and there is no mendicity society of good company established for the due examination of people's claims. If in dread of imposition we refuse our obolus to the real Belisarius, we never forgive ourselves, and if we reject with nausea some over-sweetened cup of sweets, the leprous distilment is poured into the porches of our ears as into those of *Hamlet's* father, some afternoon when we are napping, and our scruples are set at eternal rest!

There is a certain Jonathan Wilson, Esq., a man to whom the hats of bankers fly off in the streets,—whose name figures as director of half-a-dozen companies and governor of half-a-dozen institutions. The bankers reverence the governors and directors; the companies and institutions reverence the man who commands the respects of bankers; and while standing like a colossal Crœsus, with a foot upon the necks of each, Jonathan Wilson can afford to be not worth a guinea.

Jonathan Wilson was the younger son of a younger brother, without a shilling he could by birthright call his own. Air is sorry food for any thing but cameleons and orchidaceous plants, more particularly to a man born like Jonathan Wilson, with an appetite for turtle and venison.

After turning over in his mind the space to be measured between a dry crust and three courses and a dessert; after examining with a most curious eye the turnpike roads which lead to the temple of Fortune, such as industry, talent, and so forth, Jonathan decided upon attempting the by-path of Plausibility; and as coachmen diminish the steepness of a hill by a zigzag course, began to insinuate himself up the steep ascent by a serpentine career, bowing and smiling on either side, as the sinuosities of his pathway seemed to justify. Jonathan was mild in his demeanour; gentle, patient, unpretending. Although he preached, when preaching was the order of the day, his homilies were couched in Chesterfieldian phrase.

He never mentioned hell to ears polite, but persuaded the good that they had regenerated him; the bad, that they had corrupted; and both, that it was their business to take care of their own. He became confidential man to every body having confidence, that is money, to dispose of; and with the money of the few soon commanded the respect of the many. Jonathan has now a mansion in Portland-place, a villa at Tottenham, and more turtle and venison than he can devour. He has acted as churchwarden, he has officiated as sheriff—he might be in parliament if he chose—but according to the argument of the Danish sailors, who would not send *Hamlet* into England because "all the men there were as mad as he," Jonathan Wilson shirks an assemblage so eminently remarkable for its plausibility.

Has not this man speculated cunningly upon the gullibility of the world? Yet Jonathan Wilson is a drop in the ocean of Plausible People.

ON THE

CONNEXION BETWEEN THE EARLY ENGLISH AND EARLY GERMAN DRAMA, AND ON THE PROBABLE ORIGIN OF SHAKSPERE'S "TEMPEST."

IN A LETTER TO THOMAS AMYOT, ESQ., F.R.S., TREAS. S.A.

By William J. Thoms.

My dear Sir,

Reasons for addressing the present letter to you, are as plenty as blackberries; and I need no compulsion, nor is it necessary that I should be at the strappado or all the racks in the world, to give you two of them. The first is, that you take an interest, and are well versed in all matters connected with Shakspere and his contemporaries, and have done good services to Shaksperian literature; and the second, because it affords me an opportunity of acknowledging and thanking you for many acts of kindness, not the least of them being your introduction of me to that Prospero, whose library was duke-

dom large enough, but whose cell is now untenanted, whose staff is broken, and with its great master now

"Buried certain fathoms in the earth"—

I mean of course our much regretted friend, the late Mr. Douce, who would, I am sure, had he been living, have read with some interest the observations to which I now beg to call your attention.

It is many years since I first "made a prief in my note-book," that at the close of the sixteenth and commencement of the seventeenth century, Germany was visited by a company of English players; but never, until very recently, have I had an opportunity of referring to the authority for this statement, and ascertaining the more minute particulars which are there recorded, relative to this curious and, hitherto, unnoticed fact in the history of the early English drama.

That the dramatists of England exercised a great and beneficial influence in the direction which they gave to the genius of their German brethren, has never been questioned. The German critics have for the most part agreed upon this point, which has been more especially insisted upon by Tieck, distinguished among his countrymen, not only as a poet, a novelist, and a critic, but also for his deeper reverence and profounder knowledge of our immortal bard—to the study of whose writings, and those of his contemporaries, many years of his life have been almost exclusively devoted. He it was, moreover, who first showed how actively and immediately this influence was employed, by proving that about the year 1600, many of the productions of the English dramatists were translated into German, and performed before the German public by a company of comedians, who were known at that time as the English company.

This singular fact was first announced by Tieck in the year 1817, when he commenced the publication of his *German Theatre*, a work which was intended to furnish his countrymen with a selection of the most remarkable productions of the German stage, which, from being scattered throughout a number of volumes, many of them of the greatest rarity, were for the most part inaccessible to the general reader. In short, Tieck intended to do for the German drama what Dodsley had so successfully accomplished for the English. But though he proposed to extend his collection to six volumes only, he met with so little encouragement, that no more than the first and second ever appeared. Each volume has a preface illustrative of the works it contains, with an account of their authors, and the state of the stage when they wrote—the plays themselves being arranged chronologically. In the first volume there are two of the Shrovetide plays by Hans Rosenplut, six pieces by Hans Sachs, five by Jacob Ayrer, and one from the German collection of English plays, to which I shall presently have occasion to direct your attention. It is in his remarks upon the life and writings of Ayrer, that Tieck mentions the circumstance to which I have already alluded.

Jacob Ayrer, the successor of Hans Sachs as a writer for the German stage, was a proctor and notary at Nuremberg, where he lived probably till about 1618, in which year, and as it appears shortly after his death, the goodly folio which contains his "Opus Dramaticum," was

first published in that city. Nothing further indeed is known of him, nor even the date of his birth, nor the period during which he wrote his numerous dramas. Koch says he composed his several works between 1570 and 1589, but adduces no evidence in support of this statement. Gottsched mentions his German version of Frischlin's "Julius Redivivus," as being published at Worms in 1585; but from internal evidence it is obvious that it was written in 1610; whilst, from a passage in his Whitsun play of "The Process against the Tyranny of Queen Podagra," it is clear that that piece was written in 1602.

Tieck, who was of opinion that, withthe exception perhaps of his Whitsun plays, few of Ayrer's pieces were written before 1610, describes them as consisting partly of imitations of English models, and partly of original pieces written in the style of his prototype Hans Sachs, with the addition of a professed jester or merry-maker, whom he styles sometimes Jahn Posset, sometimes the English fool, occasionally also Jahn Clahm, from which it may be inferred, that when he drew the character, he had the clown of the old English drama before his eyes.

It is when showing the means by which Ayrer acquired a knowledge of the models from which he is supposed to have copied, that Tieck brings forward the fact, that, about the year 1600, a company of comedians called the English company traversed Germany, performing German translations of English plays at all the principal courts and chief cities of the empire.

"Such," said Tieck, "was the popularity which the stage enjoyed in London, and such was its reputation on the continent, that troops of players occasionally proceeded to the Netherlands, for the purpose of exhibiting their performances; and we can trace in Germany about the year 1600 (probably some years earlier), the existence of a company of comedians who, under the title of the English company, travelled the country round, for the purpose of giving the German public some idea, however imperfect, of the height which poetry and the dramatic art had attained in England." He adds, that he had himself ascertained the dates of the years in which these comedians performed before the court of Dresden, but had unfortunately mislaid the notes he had made of them.

Tieck does not decide who these actors really were; whether they were natives of England; or young Germans connected with the Hanse Company, then established in London; or persons who had travelled from Germany to England on a theatrical speculation, for the purpose of securing a stock of new dramas; but his description of the volume of German translations of English plays, published in Germany in 1620, which he supposes to have emanated from them, would seem to favour the supposition that they were, as their name implies, a company of English players. The same inference may be drawn from one clear instance which Tieck gives of English actors being found in Germany. He is speaking of the marks of distinction with which professed players were then received in that country, and after stating that the magistrates of the different cities were in the habit of going out to meet them on their approach, he adds that Lassenius, one of the earliest actors whose name is preserved, and who, as he was playing about the year 1600, might possibly have belonged to this very troop, became

afterwards a doctor of theology; and another Hans von Stockfisch (probably an assumed theatrical name), received a salary of two hundred dollars, and other allowances, from John Sigmund of Brandenburg, for whom he procured a company of Comedians *from England* and the Netherlands about the year 1614.

Tieck, who regards the English company of comedians as having exercised an extraordinary influence on the German drama, by the direction which they gave to the theatrical compositions of Jacob Ayrer, describes very fully the extremely interesting volume which he supposes to have emanated from them. It was first printed in 1620, and its quaint, old-fashioned title, may be thus translated: "English Comedies and Tragedies; that is, right pleasant, noble and select, spiritual and worldly Comedies and Tragedies, with the humours of Pickle Herring —which on account of their pleasant invention, merry conceits, and true histories, have been acted and performed by the Englishmen in Germany, at the royal, electoral, and princely courts, and in all the great free cities of the empire, but have never before been printed. Now published and set forth for the gratification and delight of all lovers of comedy and tragedy, &c. &c."

To this volume a second and a third were subsequently added; neither of them, however, contains any thing of importance. But the original collection, which is of exceeding rarity, although a second edition appeared in 1630, contains, in addition to a number of interludes, merriments, or jigs, no less than eight old English dramatic pieces, translated into the very commonest German prose, printed very incorrectly, and in a language which seems to have been written down from the recitation of unskilful actors, being filled with uncouth phrases and words misapplied—the construction of the sentences any thing but German, and the whole abounding with coarse equivoques and obscene allusions. The first of these is the "History of Esther and Haman," which Tieck speaks of as having been played in London in 1594, and even earlier, but which we learn from Mr. Collier's admirable annals of the stage, was printed by William Pickering, in 1561. Tieck describes this piece, though a mere sketch, as being clearly the work of a theatrical poet who understood stage effect, so that the arrangement and connexion of the scenes betray quite a different spirit from the historical plays of Hans Sachs, or those which Ayrer composed when not imitating a foreign model. The comic character in it, who is called Hans Knapcase, has the same struggles for mastery with his wife as the Jahn Posset of Ayrer's Whitsun play, and Edward III., but with some additional jests. Hans is the carpenter who builds the gallows for Haman, who, however, hangs himself, so that Hans is unnecessarily dragged into the scene.

The second is the "Prodigal Son," which Tieck describes as being more skilfully and cleverly composed.

This is followed by the "History of Fortunatus," which Tieck has reprinted in the second volume of his collection, and respecting which he remarks that it is interesting to observe how skilfully the author has treated the subject, which is one by no means well adapted to the stage. A play with the title of "Fortunatus" had been performed in London, in 1595, or earlier. It was remodelled in 1600 by Decker, who, from

the subject being so well known, entitled his work "The Old Fortunatus." This remodelled version by Decker, which, whatever may now be thought of it, laid the foundation of the celebrity which he afterwards enjoyed, was not the one used by the English company in Germany; and from this circumstance Tieck concludes, and apparently with great reason, that they had left London some time before the year 1600.

The fourth piece, which appears to be one of the oldest, is "a triumphant comedy," entitled, "Of a Son of the King of England, and a Daughter of the King of Scotland." The plot is very simple, and turns upon the circumstance of the English Prince, during a war with England and Scotland, falling in love with the daughter of his enemy, and procuring a truce in order that he may visit his beloved in the disguise of a jester. The prince, who is called *Serule*, being the comic character of the piece, there is no clown introduced into it.

The fifth play, which bears the fewest traces of its English origin, is called "Sidonea and Theagenea," and consists of a mere love story, during the progress of which the peasant *Cnemon* and his sweetheart are by no means sparing of coarse jests.

The sixth of these dramas is one of the most remarkable, from the very bold manner in which it combines old English history and allegory. It abounds in satire, which is very spirited, even in the wretched translation, and is the same piece which was printed in London in 1603, under the title of "Nobody and Somebody; with the true chronicle History of Elydure, who was fortunately three times crowned King of England."

This is followed by the tragedy of "Julio and Hypolita," which is almost the same as Shakspere's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," except that in the German piece, at the wedding, the deceived friend stabs the false one, who has certainly carried on his intrigue very clumsily—the bride murders herself, and her lover follows her example. The clown of the play is called *Grobianus Pickleherring*. Tieck tells us that the piece is only very roughly and briefly given, much of it appearing to be omitted, as is indeed obviously the case with most of the others in this collection; yet, as it is in all probability a translation of an earlier English play than Shakspere's, it is much to be wished that Tieck had reprinted it, that some idea might have been formed of the materials out of which Shakspere fashioned what his last editor pronounces "his first complete comedy:" for, if the supposition be correct that an earlier English play existed on the same subject as the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," it will be but reasonable to conclude that it was to such play, and not to the "Diana" of George Montemayor, that Shakspere was indebted for his plot.

The eighth and last of these plays is "Titus Andronicus." Tieck, who has reprinted it in his fifth volume, says, "This most horrible tragedy was an especial favourite with the London public, before whom, from the year 1593 it was frequently performed. Shakspere re-wrote it in 1600, and gave it the form which it now assumes in the collection of his works. None but the uncritical English editors could, in the face of contemporaries, the published impression of it, and all signs of authenticity, pronounce it on the score of its inferiority alone not to be

genuine; and since Shakspere re-wrote it, withdrew it from another theatre, and represented it upon his own, the probability is that the earlier 'Andronicus' was written by him. The German translation is only a version of the 'Andronicus' in its first form, and that, moreover, an abbreviated one; for the murdered sons of *Titus* do not appear in it or contribute to the action of the piece, while the assumed madness of *Titus*, which suggests to the empress the idea of disguising herself as *Revenge*, is passed over in silence, by which means the keeping of the latter part of the poem is destroyed. On the other hand, its extravagant horrors are every where exaggerated, yet it is easy to discover, scattered here and there throughout the piece, passages which are all but literally translated from the poet's verses; and this old piece must therefore be considered as of the highest value, since it affords us a tolerably clear view of this youthful work of Shakspere, and we are enabled by means of this fragment to compare it with his later version of it."

Tieck then proceeds to justify himself in the eyes of his German readers for reprinting the "Titus Andronicus," and "Fortunatus;" "which," he says, "considering the wretched language in which they are written, are only deserving their attention partly as literary curiosities and partly as strangers, which having been received with welcome on their arrival in the country, have now come to be looked upon as originally belonging to it;" and he numbers among subjects of foreign growth now naturalized in Germany, "Faustus"—for he supposes the "Faustus" of Marlowe, and some very remarkable pieces of which traces are discoverable in the writings of Ayrer, to have been introduced at the same time into that country by the English comedians.

Before I conclude this part of my subject, in which I hope I have contributed some fresh materials, however trifling they may be considered, towards the literary history of the drama, and of two of Shakspere's compositions, let me add, that our friend, the Rev. Joseph Hunter, has for some time possessed evidence of early English players visiting the continent; the knowledge of which he arrived at while pursuing those researches to which we are indebted for his interesting "Dissertation on the Tempest."

And now, having shown you how Jacob Ayrer was enabled, by means of these wanderers, to acquire a knowledge of the various dramas performing on the English stage towards the close of the sixteenth century, I next beg to call your attention to a few of the productions of this worthy notary of Nuremburg, among which we shall find translations of two other early English dramas, which, if I am right in my belief, furnished Shakspere with the groundwork of two of the most striking of his matchless compositions.

Ayrer appears to have been a very voluminous writer, being the author of no less than thirty dramas, besides six-and-thirty Whitsun plays, which latter, although they appear to have been printed as early as 1610, were not given to the public until they appeared in the complete collection of his works, published in 1618. Among these Whitsun plays, to which Tieck considers the jigs of the old English theatre as bearing the closest possible resemblance, are several which he pro-

nounces to be unquestionably derived from English sources; one of the chief reasons which have led him to this conclusion being the fact of the clown of these pieces being represented with a fife or tabor—a constant practice on the English stage, but of which no traces are to be found in the national fools of the German, Spanish, Italian, and French theatres. And, therefore, although one of the Whitsun plays "Der Uberwundene Trummelschläger" (the Vanquished Drummer) is thoroughly Germanised, he does not hesitate to pronounce it an English farce, and suggests whether the old proverbial allusion to "Jack Drum's entertainment," may not have originated from some such merriment—the old play, printed in 1616, under that title (of which the German piece is not, as might be supposed, a translation), affording no illustration of the source from which the saying is derived.

Again, of the thirty dramas written by Ayrer—though five are founded on events recorded in the "History of Rome"—still in some of these the English clown plays his part, while, with the exception of three which are taken from the "Heldenbuch," the tragedy of "Theseus," and four long pieces on the subject of "Valentine and Orson," which may be original (though these last exhibit traces of old English books), the majority of his compositions contain decided proofs of their English origin, and of their author's acquaintance with the English stage. His "History of the Emperor Mahomet, and the Siege of Constantinople," might have been derived from the well-known accounts of the taking of that city; but it is far from improbable that he borrowed it from the drama which George Peele wrote upon that subject, and the popularity of which is supposed to be established by Pistol's exclamation, "Have we not Hiren here?" Again, his "Getreue Ramo" and "Edward III." are supposed to be taken from English plays founded on popular romances; while his play, "Von zween fürstlichen Räthen die beide um ein Weib buhlten", (Of the two prince's councillors who courted one woman), is decidedly copied from an English original; and his "Alt Buhler" (old lover) is a somewhat amplified version of the farce or jig, "Die schöne Maria," one of the five pieces of that description printed in the collection of the English comedians.

But leaving these general assertions, and coming to plain facts, we find that his comedy of the "King of Cyprus and Queen of France," is nearly identical, scene for scene, with the "Dumb Knight" of Lewis Machin and Gervase Markham, printed in 1608, and reprinted in Dodsley's old plays, vol. iv., Collier's edition. While his play of "Belimperia and Horatio," which Tieck has reprinted in the first volume of his collection, is nothing more than a German version of "The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronymo is Mad again," which it follows scene for scene, and name for name, with this exception, that out of anxious consideration for the Emperor, Ayrer has changed the locality from Spain to Greece, and entitled the King Amurath, and the Marshal Malignus, instead of Hieronymo. Tieck, who gives it as his opinion that the original old play of "The Spanish Tragedy" laid the foundation of the tragic drama of England, speaks of it as having been played in London as early as 1570, (but produces no evidence in support of this statement, which is possibly a misprint for 1590), being afterwards

rewritten and enlarged by Kyd in 1593 and 1597: and states that it is from this old play in its earlier form, that Ayrer derived his drama. That the latter part of this statement is correct, there can, I think, be little doubt.

But the next of Ayrer's pieces which Tieck has reprinted, possesses still greater attraction for the English reader, more especially if Tieck be correct in his supposition (and there seems no reason to doubt that he is so) that it is an adaptation from the English. It is entitled "Phœnizia," and like Shakspere's "Much Ado about Nothing," is founded on Bandello's well-known novel, entitled "Fenicia." In fact, Tieck looks upon Ayrer's play as being a German version of the earlier English drama, on which Shakspere founded his admirable comedy; and Tieck is, I have no doubt, perfectly right in this supposition. One instance will, I think, prove that Shakspeare did not derive his plot directly from Bandello. In the novel, Timbreo (the *Claudio* of the play), witnesses the hired servant of Girondo in the dress of a gentleman, ascending a ladder to the chamber of Fenicia; but in Shakspere's play this incident is altered, and that too for the worse. "Shakspere," says Skottowe, "again deviates from the novel when he desires to excite jealousy in *Claudio*, who witnesses an amorous conversation between *Borachio* and the waiting-woman of *Hero*, disguised in the clothes of her mistress. *Borachio* addresses *Margaret* throughout by the name of *Hero*. Probability is violated in this case; for as *Claudio* is supposed to be near enough to hear distinctly the dialogue contrived for his deception, he must have been stupid beyond all calculation not to have discovered that the pretended lady, neither in voice nor person, resembled *Hero*."

But if Tieck be correct in supposing that Shakspere derived his plot from the earlier English play from which Ayrer has copied his "Phœnicia," it is not Shakspere, but his prototype, who is in this instance in fault; for in the German version we find *Timbreo* not only witnesses the ascent of *Gerwalt* to *Phœnicia's* chamber; but, like Shakspere's *Claudio*, he overhears an amorous conversation between *Gerwalt* and *Jahn* the clown of the piece, and the servant of *Gerando* disguised as *Phœnicia*—and this fact alone furnishes a strong presumption, that Shakspere was indebted not to Bandello, but to some earlier dramatist for the plot of this comedy. A careful perusal of the old German play has indeed satisfied my mind that it is derived from an earlier English play; and should some unlooked-for piece of good fortune ever unearth it, I have no doubt that, like Ayrer's drama, it will be found to commence with a mythological introduction in which Venus and Cupid play conspicuous parts, but which Shakspere altogether rejected, although it had not altogether faded from his memory when he penned Benedict's witticisms upon the subject of the "Blind God."

But important as *I* consider this fact to be, as illustrative of the sources to which Shakspere was indebted for his plots, you will probably agree with me in thinking the next as still more so. "The origin of the plot of the 'Tempest' is for the present a Shaksperian mystery," are the words of our friend Mr. Hunter, in his learned and interesting dissertation upon that play. That mystery, however, I consider as solved—Tieck appears to entertain no doubt upon the subject

—and I hope to bring the matter before you in such a manner, as will satisfy you of the correctness of Tieck's views in this respect. But to the point—Shakspere unquestionably derived his idea of the "Tempest" from an earlier drama, now not known to exist, but of which a German version is preserved in Ayrer's play entitled "Die Schöne Sidea" (the beautiful Sidea); and the proof of this fact is to be found in the points of resemblance between the two plays, which are far too striking and peculiar to be the result of accident.

It is true that the scene in which Ayrer's play is laid, and the names of the personages differ from those of the "Tempest;" but the main incidents of the two plays are all but identically the same. For instance, in the German drama, *Prince Ludolph* and *Prince Leudegast* supply the places of *Prospero* and *Alonzo*. *Ludolph*, like *Prospero*, is a magician, and like him has an only daughter *Sidea*—the Miranda of the Tempest—and an attendant spirit *Runcifal*, who, though not strictly resembling either *Ariel* or *Caliban*, may well be considered as the primary type which suggested to the nimble fancy of our great dramatist, those strongly yet admirably contrasted beings. Shortly after the commencement of the play, *Ludolph* having been vanquished by his rival, and with his daughter *Sidea* driven into a forest, rebukes her for complaining of their change of fortune, and then summons his spirit *Runcifal* to learn from him their future destiny, and prospects of revenge. *Runcifal*, who is, like *Ariel*, somewhat "moody," announces to *Ludolph* that the son of his enemy will shortly become his prisoner. After a comic episode, most probably introduced by the German, we see *Prince Leudegust*, with his son *Engelbrecht*—the Ferdinand of the Tempest—and the councillors, hunting in the same forest; when *Engelbrecht* and his companion *Famulus*, having separated from their associates, are suddenly encountered by *Ludolph* and his daughter. He commands them to yield themselves prisoners—they refuse, and try to draw their swords, when, as *Prospero* tells *Ferdinand*,

> "I can here disarm thee with this stick,
> And make thy weapon drop,"

so *Ludolph*, with his wand, keeps their swords in their scabbards, paralyzes *Engelbrecht*, and makes him confess his

> "—Nerves are in their infancy again,
> And have no vigour in them,"

and when he has done so gives him over as a slave to *Sidea, to carry logs for her.*

The resemblance between this scene and the parallel scene in the "Tempest," is rendered still more striking in a late part of the play, when *Sidea*, moved by pity for the labours of *Engelbrecht*, in *carrying logs*, declares to him,

> "I am your wife, if you will marry me,"

an event which, in the end, is happily brought about, and leads to the reconciliation of their parents, the rival princes.

And now, my dear sir, when you consider these several particulars, and that Tieck, who is himself an eminent German critic, pronounces

the work of his countryman to be most decidedly an imitation of an earlier English play—although we no longer possess that play—I say, when you consider all these things, can you refuse your assent to the conclusion to which Tieck arrived long since, that it is *more than probable* that Ayrer's "Sidea," and Shakspere's "Tempest," "alike, but oh, how different!" were both derived from one common source, and that an earlier English drama.

Before I conclude this communication, which has grown under my pen to an extent far beyond what I originally intended, I would fain avail myself of the opportunity it affords me of calling the attention of the Shaksperian commentators to two or three points connected with the "Tempest," which appear to me deserving of more attention than they have yet received.

Mr. Hunter has already noticed how much that is Hebraistic this play contains; and assuredly if we examine the peculiarities by which the magic of *Prospero* is characterized, we see at once from its oriental colouring, that he must have "learned the art which none may name," among the adepts of the east, most probably among the descendants of Solomon, whose dominion over the world of spirits formed, according to legendary tale, the source of his wisdom.

Now when we remember this, and also that one of the most remarkable events in the history of Lampedusa is its being the scene where the fleet of Charles the Fifth was shipwrecked, and bear in mind how an event of this importance must have directed attention to the island during the sixteenth century; and learn, moreover, that there exists among the Jews a tradition, that the very tempest that dispersed it, and thereby rendered the island remarkable, was raised by the magical skill of an Algerine Jew, who "put the wild waters in a roar," one cannot help suspecting that Shakspere had heard the story, and engrafted upon the old play, to which he was indebted for the hints of his plot, all the learning which he possessed connected with oriental magic and Jewish tradition.

The whole of the supernatural machinery of the play is, indeed, deeply tinged with Jewish superstition. I need not stop to show you how completely *Prospero* answers to the generally-received idea of a cabalistic philosopher, nor detain you with speculations on the resemblance which *Caliban* bears to the *fish-idol* of Ashdod, the Dagon of the Philistines, for these points have been already ably illustrated by Mr. Hunter; but I must call your attention to the connexion which exists between *Ariel* and the Jewish spirits שדים (Schedim). Mr. Hunter speaks of Shakspere as either "inventing a name not before in the spiritual vocabulary, or adopting one from the undiscovered writer whom he follows;" and says further, "that in the *dramatis personæ*, *Ariel* is described as 'an airy spirit,' and the resemblance in the sound of this word to this description was, perhaps, the sole circumstance which determined Shakspere to the choice, if it were a choice and not an invention." Mr. Hunter also refers to that part of the Prophet Isaiah, in which *Ariel*, the Lion of God,* is used as a personation of Jerusalem—adding, "that some of the attributes and feats of

* The learning of the commentators on the use of the name *Ariel*, in the text, is well condensed in an introductory paragraph to an admirable sermon preached by Melvill, on 5th November, 1837.

Ariel may seem to have been suggested by what he read in that prophet." That Shakspere learned the name of *Ariel* from his Bible, and selected it from the resemblance its sound bore to the character of his quaint spirit, and that some of the feats and attributes of that spirit were suggested by the words of Isaiah, is extremely probable; but, at the same time, it is important to know, as confirmatory of the Hebraistic character of this glorious play, that *Ariel* not only answers to the description of the Jewish spirits, Schedim,* but that *Ariel* (אריאל)† is the name of one of the seven princes of angels or spirits who preside over waters under Micael, the arch-prince, and that therefore *Prospero* might well inquire of him

——"Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to points the Tempest that I bade thee?"

I have now, my dear sir, laid before you my small store of that knowledge illustrative of Shakspere, of which Johnson said "every man has some, and none much," and I have done so, trusting to your kindness as much as to its own merits, to give it welcome.

Believe me,
My dear sir,
Your obliged and very faithful servant,
WILLIAM J. THOMS.

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* Sale, in his "Introduction to the Koran," I. 96. (ed. 1801), says, "The Mahommedan notions concerning these genii, agree almost exactly with what the Jews write of a sort of demons called Schedim, whom some fancy to have been begotten by two angels, named Aza and Azaël, or Naamah the daughter of Lamech, before the flood. However, the Schedim, they tell us, agree in three things with the ministering angels; for that, like them, *they have wings, and fly from one end of the world to the other, and have some knowledge of futurity*; and in three things they agree with men like whom they eat and drink, are propagated and die. They also say that some of them believe in the law of Moses and are consequently good, and that others of them are infidels and reprobates."

† So it is stated in the book "Berith Menúcha," fol. 37. col. 1., where we learn also that another spirit *Hariel*, or, as it is written in other copies, *Ariel*, has dominion over cattle. Heywood, on the other hand, in his "Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels" (lib. iv. p. 216—217), ascribes to Ariel supremacy on the earth,

"Others there be, that do not doubt to say,
That the foure Elements are forced t'obey,
Foure severall Angells; *Seraph* reigns o'er Fire;
Cherub the Aire; and *Tharsis* doth aspire
Over the water; and the Earth's great Lord
Ariel. The Hebrew Rabbins thus accord."

And explaining the origin of these names, adds,

"For instance, *Seraph*, if we but retyre
To the word's force, importeth nought save fire:
Cherub, aire: *Tharsus*, water: *Ariel*, earth."

And in his notes upon this book, Heywood furnishes us with the following illustration of the belief upon which the character and agency of *Ariel* in the "Tempest," is founded,—"Saint Augustine in his booke 'De Cognitione Veræ Vitæ," is persuaded that Spirits by God's permission can raise Stormes and Tempests, and command raine, hail, snow, thunder, and lightning, at their pleasures."

AMBITION.

"Et licet ipsa vitium sit ambitio, frequenter tamen causa virtutum est."

QUINTILIAN.

"Le bien que j'en dis est un bien sincère, que n'est point attiré par l'espérance des graces, ni produit par la gratitude des bienfaits."—ST. EVREMOND.

IT is pitiable how often man is the dupe of his own reasoning, and how incessantly he is stumbling over that common vice of his efforts to penetrate nature's great conundrum—the vice of mistaking names for things. That, however, is a theme which will not bear handling; for to expatiate on it at length, would be to lay bare some of the best-conditioned and universally-accredited rogueries, by which the one half of the species live on the other; and the consequence would be to unite both in a common fit of rage and indignation at the wretch, who so unadvisedly should disturb the world's repose. Leaving, therefore, the proposition in its generality, let us consider only a single instance, which has no offence in its mouth, and examine a few of the false opinions that prevail in society, apropos to that *ens rationis*, "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself."

To have a "soul above buttons" is generally set down as exclusively the vice of the great—of kings, ministers, and of all dabblers in politics on the large scale, in *esse*, or in *velle*. The consequence is, first, that all men who take a part in such matters are set down as ambitious; and secondly, that none are accused of that vice, but they whose aspirations are of the high-tragedy caste, and directed towards the world's more solemn grandeurs. A third consequence, depending on the other two, is a deal of evil thinking and evil speaking, not always very wisely applied. For many who call themselves philosophers (observing, on the one hand, the many unjust wars, and unnecessary taxations—the conquests, ruinous alike to the conquered and the conqueror—and the wide-spread desolations which have arisen from individual indulgences in the propensity—and noting, on the other hand, the not very equivocal characters of public men, with whom patriotism and loyalty are too often but screens for an unmeasured and cynical selfishness), have taken it upon them to declare that nothing good, nothing useful to mankind, can be derived from such a source.

The origin of these errors may, we imagine, be traced to the supposition, that there is a peculiar impulse in the human mind, which goads men forward to play the Macbeths, and the Richard the Thirds, the Catilines, and the Napoleons, and that there is such a thing *in rerum naturâ*, some cerebral bump (to use the language of the phrenologists), distinct from all others, and applicable exclusively *ad hoc*.

That the opinions above signalized are vicious, may require, perhaps, some proof. As for the first notion, that ambition is the ruling passion of the great, there can be little difficulty in proving that it is altogether unfounded. Setting aside the case of patriot kings and of benevolent ministers, of Tituses and of Henri-Quatres, of Malesherbes and of Turgots, about which every man is free to believe as much and as little as he pleases (and for our own part we do not altogether consider them as the contemporaries of Modesty, and as having flourished and died along with that shame-faced deity, *sub Jove nondum barbato*); and putting out of consideration that *monstrum cui lumen ademptum*, the minister who can be honest—the public functionary who is actuated by any cosmopolite fancies (a specimen of the *beau idéal* unquestionably of the rarest), it is not to be doubted that a majority of those great and terrible

events, which are vulgarly attributed to the crime of ambition, may be traced to other causes lying a little out of the path of ordinary inquiry. The wars of Louis XIV. for instance, which have been attributed to the restless ambition of that "every inch a king," and greatest actor in history, may be much more safely referred to personal vanity. The idea of an universal monarchy, which has been said to have presided over his political life, if he really acted upon it, sprang from the same impulse as that which made him, after ruining his subjects by his wars, ruin them all over again by building his *palace-monstre* at Versailles. He went into the enemy's fire, as he permitted himself to be painted under the character of a Jupiter and an Apollo, simply to be admired by his courtiers; and *l'état c'est moi*, was an effusion quite as much of the man, as of the monarch. Still less was the ravage of the Palatinate a cool calculation of ambition, or the dragonades, and the revocation of the edict of Nantes, impulses of the thirst for rule. It would be too much to attribute the latter crimes to superstition; since they were far more probably a piece of machinery set into motion by Madame de Maintenon, to forward her way to the crown matrimonial, if indeed it were not a *ricochet* of some humbler intrigue of that lady's waiting-maid, or the waiting-maid's lover.

In like manner, it would be an eminent absurdity to refer the American war and revolution to any ambitious feeling in George III. Pride and obstinacy, indeed, have been maliciously laid to the charge of the "good old sovereign," but his worst enemies never charged him with ambition.

Without dwelling further on the impulses of crowned heads, which are heads rather dangerous to tamper with, and speaking principally with reference to the peccadilloes of the *chefs en seconde* of the world's domination, it cannot but have struck any tolerably observant inquirer, that what commonly passes in their history for ambition, is in reality nothing else than a concealed avarice.

One of the greatest mistakes which moralists make in their estimates of categories is, that they overlook the man, in his position,—the essential, in the accidental. The commoner sort most especially, by making an idol of a great man, and incontinently falling down and worshipping it, are compelled, as it were, to overlook the humanity of their subject, and to suppose him actuated by passions totally different from those of the rest of his species. If such reasoners are precluded from perceiving a merely feminine personal vanity at the bottom of the love of stars and ribbons, still less easily will they imagine that place, influence, and patronage are very often admired and sought, only as the outward and visible signs, or rather the efficient causes, of pounds, shillings, and pence.

It is not exactly that a public man, in laying himself out to obtain his share (and a little more) of the good things going, is not thoroughly alive to the personal gratification of being called "My lord," or of stiffening by his stars and crosses the milliners and ladies'-maids assembled in the lobbies of the palace on birthdays to witness the display of court finery: neither can it be supposed that the pride, pomp, and circumstance of high office is without its gratification; this is part and parcel of our common nature; and if the mayor of a country town—nay, even the parish-beadle rejoices in his paraphernalia, in the fierce cock of his gold-laced hat, and the imposing authority of his

silver-topped staff, there is no good reason, why we should deny a similar indulgence to a really great man.

These gratifications, however, are not the less the accessories, the perquisites merely of greatness; the substance and salary being all the thousand-and-one direct and indirect advantages, which address themselves exclusively to the passion of avarice. Privilege, in fact, is much more nearly synonymous with monopoly, than most people think; or rather it should be said that the most scrutinizing observers, are not always sufficiently *clairvoyant*, to perceive the whole connexion subsisting between the two.

Perhaps, it may be argued, that as a mere pecuniary speculation, the trade of parliamentary jobbing (the ordinary sphere of an Englishman's ambition) is not, in its extension, a thriving concern. Although A B, and C D, may have reared a noble fortune, and founded an aristocratical family, through the privilege of voting conferred upon them by some constituency, yet, if the whole sums expended by electioneering contests were put into one scale, and the profits derived from success in the other, the latter scale would kick the beam. But admitting this to be the truth (though the probability lies all the other way), still the argument will turn no less decidedly in our favour. With every allowance for the certainty of such loss, that certainty cannot be greater than attends upon ordinary gaming transactions; and electioneering is to all intents and purposes, as much a species of gaming, as hazard, or rouge-et-noir, and even still more exciting. But then, gambling itself is only a peculiar modification of avarice, and the miser and the leg, differ in nothing, save the selection of means.

The argument, then, will reduce itself to something like the following: Men in general, enter upon public affairs with an eye to place and power for the present, and to aristocratic honours for the future: but place, power, and aristocratic honours are so many preferences given to the holder, over the rest of the species, which enable him to come into the market at a great advantage, giving both to his capital and his labour a greater productive efficacy, than those of other people. Men therefore enter on public affairs to obtain this pecuniary advantage, and are under no necessity for a bump special to help them on their way.

After all that can be said of the love of glory, and of that self-sacrificing patriotism, justly attributed to one or two individual statesmen in a century, it is not the less true, that station and consideration are the ordinary consequences of a well-directed pursuit of what is commonly called ambition; and if public characters do commonly make their fortune, it is to be supposed that this fortune was in reality the object of their endeavours. As well might it be argued from the prevalence of a paper currency, that the root of all evil was not money, as to argue an exemption of pecuniary considerations in the public man, because he is in pursuit of money's worth, and not of the material coin.

If there is any truth in these premises, the propriety of that abstraction which is represented by the word ambition, will become highly questionable, and the proofs of its existence *à parte rei* require further consideration. What is vulgarly called ambition, must cease to be distinguishable from any other more ordinary instinct of appropriation. The earliest conquests of Rome itself (the most ambitious state on record), were commenced under the impulse of starvation; the people not being able to live on their own soil; and plunder was as powerful a spell in

the breasts of their most distinguished generals, as it is in that of the meanest *soldado* of a modern army. What, too, was the object of the most politically ambitious among the Romans, the liberticide Syllas and Cæsars? prescriptions, forfeitures, and the uncontrolled management of the public exchequer.

Ambition, then, may be defined to be a modified variety of that instinct of acquisitiveness, which is not less plainly marked in the Napoleons and the Fredericks, than in the polypus closing its thousand tentacula (the bayonets and artillery of the animal) round the body of some unlucky worm, that has fallen within its grasp. It was well said that *Mahomet n'est autre chose que Tartuffe les armes à la main*; and so too Charles V. may be considered as a right royal merchant, striving to pick up his plum in the "trade of war." The worst that can be said of the Napoleons and Cromwells is, that they were labouring in their vocation, with perhaps an unfortunate choice in their peculiar department of industry: and the destruction of human life incidental to their mode of barter, is no more to be imputed to them, than the deaths of needle-grinders to the wholesale manufacturer, or the accidents on a railroad, to the shareholders who profit by the speculation.

A common and widely-prevalent mistake, proceeding from the old-fashioned view of the subject, was, that the love of war was the peculiar vice of kings. War, it has been said,

> "is a game, which, if subjects were wise,
> Few kings would play at;

but modern experience has shown that on this point subjects are as apt to be as unwise as their masters; and the Macedonian madman was not a bit more worthy of a strait-waistcoat, than our excellent neighbours the French are at this present moment; or rather than that portion of them, who having nothing to lose of any value, and who, indulging in the hope of every thing to gain from a general blow up, are eager to put all things to issue, in pursuit of a pecuniary emolument, which they dignify with the appellation of national glory. So, too, the Honourable East India Company, imbodied in a few pains-taking merchants, assembled in Leadenhall-street, are as pugnaciously inclined, and as much so for the sake of "the tripe," as if they had been so many porphyrogeniti—and trained to the propensity from their cradle.

It is probably on the strength of such facts as these, that some people have taken up the exaggerated notion, that republics are more restless and warlike than ministerial governments. Certainly, it is not from history that such a notion has been picked up; for the worst that can be said, on experience, of republics is, that the few specimens which the world has hitherto seen, have had nearly all a bad reputation with their neighbours; and less than this cannot be predicated of any of the five great empires of the whole world, or of the little despotisms of modern Europe. The truth is, that the form of government makes but little difference: it is the animal man that is overreaching and pugnacious; and arrange him as you will on the political chessboard, "the butter," as the Irishmen say, "will come out of the stirabout."

If, then, regal and ministerial ambition (whatever its origin) be thus referable to the man, and not to the throne or the bench he sits upon, it is reasonable to expect that the passion will be found breaking out in common life, and lurking in the humblest bosom. Theoretically speaking, ambition, or whatever it is, should abound much more with the

lowly than among the great. For what is ambition, but a strong sense of something wanting to the happiness of the individual; the lower therefore a man's grade in life, and the poorer his condition, the more he must want, and the greater must be the sphere offered to the indulgence of the passion. Theocritus understood human nature thoroughly, when he attributed envy to beggars and bards (the lowest in the scale of political existence); for envy is but a twin sister of ambition, or rather ambition herself in a fit of ill-humour.

As to the universality of the passion (whatever may be its intimate nature) among the masses, after all, it is nothing more than discontent in action; and discontent is about the most universal of human weaknesses. Every man has some concealed corner of discontent, and consequently some pet object of ambition, that keeps him constantly on the *qui vive*, that puts him upon a continued enterprise, that delights him when it appears near of attainment, and sours him when it escapes from his grasp.

Life itself, indeed, is but a series of ambitious aspirations. The schoolboy is ambitious of Eton, the fag is ambitious to become a master, the undergraduate is ambitious of medals and a high place, or at least to escape plucking. The lady who inhabits the "two-pair back'ards," is ambitious of a first-floor; and he of the first-floor pants for the rank and title of housekeeper. The musical neophyte is ambitious to figure among the sons of harmony, as the professional artist is to become a *prima donna assoluta;* and painful and deadly are the emotions of jealousy, with which the mute inglorious Hamlet and the Richard "as yet unknown to fame," contemplates the full-blown honours of a Kean or a Macready.

But, perhaps, the most salient evidence of the universality of ambition will be found in the frequent mistakes which occur in the direction it takes. When a London tradesman is fired with a passion to become, in the fulness of time, Lord Mayor of London, when he dreams of gold chains, and feels his soul stir within him, at a passing glance on the gold coach,—when a country curate looks out for a tutorship as the easiest *gradus ad episcopatum*,—when a colour sergeant leaps into the breach, in pursuit of a pair of gold epaulets,—the thing lies so completely in due course, that it scarcely awakens a moment's reflection: but when the cravings of the passion are directed into some channel, a world away from the attainments, position, havings, and expectancies of the individual, the effect on the bystander is so whimsical and amusing, that the least apprehensive cannot well pass it by unnoticed.

Now half the comedy of life, nay, more than half, is made up precisely of this misplaced ambition; and few and highly privileged are those favourites of nature, who are wholly exempt from the infirmity: *Optat ephippia bos piger*, might be taken as the common motto of all mankind. Of the thousands of clerks "foredoomed their father's soul to cross," the "moving why" in scarcely one, is a strong consciousness of innate power: the proof of the pudding (the most convincing of all proofs) shows the contrary. The parties are dazzled with the tangible returns of successful authorship, and make themselves ridiculous by the exercise of an industry that might have become "highly respectable" behind a counter. A strong case in point was that of poor Luke Distich, a worthy and excellent gentleman, *et præcipue sanus* in all

things, save his unbounded ambition to be a Scott or a Byron. Luke collected a library of books which he never read; and printed many volumes, which, if *he* read, nobody else did. Luke likewise affected intellectual society, and pinned himself to the skirts of one of the greatest writers of his day, for whom he performed some useful scavenger's work in a public library. His poetic friend, in return for such services, honoured him with a correspondence *d'égal à égal*, and most unfairly cajoled him into a still more exaggerated desire of literary distinction, and into printing at his own expense what could not be printed at the expense of a publisher. With every virtue under the sun, poor Luke was literally the dullest of the dull, very far below the average capacity of the very mediocre circle in which he moved: and in which, by the by, he passed by the name of "the genius." Excepting with his own immediate relations, it is needless to say, that the epithet was given in pure irony; and this, with his printer's bills, was all that he obtained from his ungrateful pursuits. Fortunately for him, he died in ignorance of Hellebore, and never had occasion to exclaim, *pol me occidistis amici*.

Similar to this case of misplaced ambition, was that of a certain lady, who long inhabited one of those *banal* three-windowed, two-drawing-roomed houses, in one of the *banal*, endless streets so ably described by Mrs. Gore in her "Dowager." The personal qualifications and position in life of this lady, like those of her house and street, were so little salient or extraordinary, that the boldest affidavit man that ever mounted a witness-box could not have ventured, on a slight acquaintance, to swear to the identity of either. Her calico curtains and the gilt dolphins on which they hung, were not more like those of her neighbours, her splashy Brussels carpets were not more flashy, the lustre that hung a foot and a half from her ceiling, did not smoke it to a more Welbeck-street uniformity of tint, than her own person, bearing, and accomplishments brought her to the dead level of undistinguished and undistinguishable nobodyness. A stranger might have knocked at her door in mistake for any other in the *quartier*, he might have mistaken her sofa, ottoman, rosewood-table with its prettinesses and inutilities, her picture over the chimneypiece, and her pendule upon it, for those of any other house in the street; and if he could distinguish the lady herself from the real object of his meditated visit, he could only doubt her being the mistress of such a house, by fancying that she was its housekeeper. Yet was the ambition of this lady to get on, as she expressed it, "in ginteel life." Her thoughts were of dowager peeresses, and of East-India baronets; her desires were for yellow admirals and their wives, and she looked up with reverence to the Guelphic order. But this, be it observed, was only *en attendant mieux*. Fashion and *Morning Post* notoriety, in the most extended signification of the words, were her ultimate objects; and to get her nose into the assembly of some one, a shade better off in society than herself, was a stage on her journey through life, made good by more learned combinations, than would have sufficed, if well directed, to overturn a ministry or an empire.

Among the bad arenas for misplaced ambition, there is none more dangerous than the House of Commons. There is no audience less tolerant; nor do we much wonder at it. The lengthiness of those who have something to say is so terrible, that the assembly may well refuse

to listen to those who talk like parrots, to no purpose. Theseus, with his *sedet æternum que sedebit*, is but a faint and a cold type of the punishment inflicted on the speaker, condemned to listen nightly to the prosing platitudes of the *facile principes* of boredom. His huge wig is no protection against the leprous distilments poured into his ear; and he must not seek refuge in a nap. Considering, then, the number of *tiresomes* (as a Frenchman has called them) who have forcible possession of the house, it may easily be imagined that there is little charity for maiden incapacities, and "unaccustomed" hummers and hawers who may be inclined to bestow all their tediousness on the house and on the reporters. Yet is the number of the ambitious but little diminished by this irritability. Every man of wealth, privileged to talk down the guests, his liberality hath filled with the good things of the table, is anxious to get into the house to enlighten the nation. Every lawyer who lulls the Exchequer, or who stuns the Rolls, imagines he also is a Canning, or a Brougham. Every brawler on the hustings, and orator of a political dinner, aspires to the honours of "repeated cheering," and "shouts of laughter," from an admiring senate. But it won't do: perseverance is useless, impudence unavailing; the unpitying and irresistible cough of the impatient auditory is too much for the stoutest nerves; and even unapprehensive stolidity at length finds itself reduced to the truly Christian bounds of "yea, yea, and nay, nay." The mistaken ambition of would-be actors, is rebuked by a shorter and more decisive process. Of the infinite number of débutant *Othellos* and *Aimwells*, how few are destined to maintain their assumed place! The major part at once sink to their true position of walking utilities, or (still worse) to that of "mutes, soldiers, and others," at fifteen shillings per week, the maximum of their money value.

A similar lesson, too, is read to those high-minded sons of the brush, who with qualifications to paint red-faced aldermen, and their cherry-cheeked families, aspire to covering acres with what they call historic pictures, in defiance of taste and of political economy. Phaeton had not such a fall; but on this we cannot enlarge without appearing personal.

A very prevalent form of misplaced ambition is that of certain middle-aged and commonplace-looking gentlemen, who aim at becoming distinguished for their gallantry. A forty-Wilkes power of ugliness will not always suffice to protect its owner from this error. All sorts of artists are called in to supply personal deficiencies; and by a wilful self-blindness, the owner imagines that no one is in the secret but himself. But this is not the worst. Personal appearances may sometimes be simulated; but ignorance, vulgarity, and a want of the *savoir vivre*, and the *savoir faire*, are not to be disguised. Yet even these are no bar to some men's ambition to be thought a lady-killer. But theirs is a less melancholy condition, than that of the unfortunate who sets up for a wit, or even for a buffoon, without the proper vocation. Though by no means a peculiarity to any one condition in life, the desire to be funny belongs most specially to the city. It there manifests itself in a steady attendance on the "Free-and-easy songsters," and the "Buck's lodge." It cultivates a greenroom acquaintance, and is hand and glove with the low comedians of the several private theatres. It pullulates in an exuberance of neckcloth, and it bursts out in some peculiarity of hat, which, whatever may be that peculiarity (and the varieties are infinite), would never be mistaken

for the hat of a gentleman. The box lobby is the favourite haunt of this variety of genius, and the Insolvent's Courts the inevitable terminus of his career, for his habit is to sacrifice business in pursuit of "gay company," and he hesitates not to forfeit friends and customers for the passing gratification of a practical joke. To him, the first of April is a fatal day, too happy if it does not occur three hundred and sixty-five times in a year.

But if such instances of mistaken vocation betray the most effectually the existence of ambition in places where it is least to be expected, they form but a small proportion to the humble ambitious, the object of which is strictly legitimate, and their end public and individual prosperity. There is not a surer incentive to industry and economy, in the breast of a tradesman, than to fix his eye on some one a step above himself in life, or to be ambitious of a comfort or a decency, not yet absolutely within reach: the snug country box, or the one-horse chaise of neighbour So-and-so, will get a man out of his bed in the morning, when sloth would take another turn; and the ambition to have as well-dressed children, and to send them to as good a school as some Mrs. Grundy of the parish church, may give energy and enterprise to the indolent mother, who, without such a stimulant, would leave her offspring to the chances. It was by opening the French army to the ambition of all sorts of capacities, and leaving to the common soldier an indefinite vista of successes, that it was rendered so long invincible; and it may be confidently asserted that few lawyers ever became efficient advocates, whose industry had not been stimulated by occasional visions of the seals or the ermine.

That this is a truth more often felt than acknowledged, is clear in the conduct of parents and schoolmasters, who go out of their way to awaken ambition in the youthful mind, without regard to the jealousies and hatreds which rivalities must infallibly engender. Marvellous also are the conceit and coxcombry developed by the agency of prizes and medals, which are destined to excite a morbid ambition in the overwrought pupil. This system could never have found advocates among those, to whom ambition itself was an object of apprehension and dislike. After all, however, if they are wrong, it is more in the indiscriminate application of the principle, than in the principle itself. Ambition taken by itself is a very useful spring in the machinery of human nature, and it were impious to suppose that it is placed there without a good design: at all events it is no fault of ambition that it should sometimes find a place in heads not strong enough to carry the burden, or find itself reigning alone over hearts divested of all human sympathies. The worst, therefore, that can be said of the passion, is that it sometimes finds itself in very bad company; and *that* is a point in which it clearly has no choice. Upon the general issue, if we cannot in conscience bring in a verdict of not guilty against the unlucky propensity, we must acknowledge the existence of *des circonstances attenuantes* more than would suffice to save the life of a dozen Laffarges. But if we are right in our supposition, that what passes under the name of ambition be indeed nothing more than a particular mode of appropriation or acquisitiveness, as the phrenologists call it, we have gained our cause; for to censure that impulse would be little less, as Sir Archy would say, than a "naational reflection," nay, indeed, han flat blasphemy against all human nature.

FOREIGN SPORTING.

By Nimrod.

HAMBURGH RACES.

I am happy to have it in my power, by the kindness of some sporting German friends, to afford my readers the following perhaps startling proofs of the rapid progress horse-racing is making in a part of the world, in which twenty years back, a race-horse in training would have been considered a curiosity. I will commence with the Hamburgh races of July last, of which one of my correspondents thus flatteringly speaks:

"The Hamburgh races of this year may truly take rank amongst those of first-rate excellence. A great number of horses came to the post, and almost every individual race afforded an interesting struggle. At least ten thousand spectators were on the ground, and the lively interest taken in the sport itself, was to be found in the very crowded state of the saddling-yard, to which the charge of admittance was *half a sovereign* per head. Many strangers of distinction honoured the meeting with their presence, amongst them, his Serene Highness, the reigning Duke of Brunswick-Luneburg, who took an active part, as well as a truly sportsmanlike interest in the good cause. It is also well to inform you that a jockey-club has recently been established, composed of all the influential noblemen and gentlemen connected with the turf in Germany,—the rules and regulations of which being the same as those of the parent society at Newmarket. And one of their first decisions will, I hope, have a good effect in preventing fraud, inasmuch as it enacts that the horses belonging to the Messrs. Lichtwald and Mr. Harts, although winners, shall not receive the amount of the prizes, until their owners shall have proved satisfactorily that the accusations brought against them, of having run horses at various meetings, under false pedigrees, are unfounded."*

During the two days of the meeting—the 22d and 25th of July—no less than fourteen prizes were contended for—all of them well worth running for, and some of considerable value,—quite equal, in fact, to those of our English provincial meetings. Amongst the best of them were, the King of Denmark's plate, 150*l.* to the winner, and 35*l.* to the second horse: the Hamburgh Altona subscription plate, 200*l.*, added to a sweepstakes of 15 louis-d'or each, P. P. (Nine subscribers.) A plate of 150*l.*, for horses of all countries. This was won by Bluepill, by Physician, whom I saw run twice in England, a few months previously. He is now the property of Mr. G. Lichtwald, and ran in this race, as also for the King of Denmark's prize—which he also won, under the

* When I was in Germany, I met one of the Messrs. Lichtwalds, who was considered the first horse-dealer in the country, and the anecdote recorded by me of his filling up the hollow in a horse's back, which he sold to a neighbouring nobleman, may be remembered by some of my readers. The decision of the Hamburgh Jockey-club is well worthy of imitation in all countries in which racing is entered into, as it is in Germany, with its legitimate object in view.

conditions specified by the jockey-club. There was a large field for both of these plates.

Amongst the owners of the race-horses—upwards of fifty in number—were his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick; his Serene Highness the Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg; Counts Hahn, Gueisenans, and Plessen; Barons Von Biel, Von Veltheim, Williamwitz, Maltzahns (brother to Count Plessen), and others of similar rank, whose names I cannot decipher. And I shall conclude this part of my subject with these few remarks:

First,—Racing in Germany appears to be, with trifling exceptions, in the hands of those persons who will do it most credit, and will most advance its interests, having its legitimate end in view—namely, the improvement of the breed of horses. And it appears that great progress has already been made in breeding race-horses in Germany; as in reference to the Grand Duke Paul of Mecklenburg's plate, run for at this meeting, the same appears to have been won by a German-bred horse (English blood, of course), viz., Baron Biel's ch. c. Helicon, by Alphæus, out of Gallopade, by Reveller, beating all the English-bred horses in the race. I also wish to attract notice to the sweepstakes for two-year-old colts and fillies, bred on the continent. Colts carry 8st. 5lbs., a weight, that must encourage the breeding of the right sort of horse, possessing substance and strength.

His Royal Highness Prince Charles of Prussia gives his name to a stake at this meeting, but there was no horse entered to it last year, although there were several subscribers.

CELLE RACES—HANOVER.

I next have it in my power to offer an account of the races at Celle, on the authority of a correspondent in that part of the world.

"His Majesty, the King of Hanover," says he, "again honoured Celle during the race-days with his royal presence, condescending in the most gracious manner to take a lively personal interest in the sport, whilst his affability and courteousness of demeanour shed a lustre over the whole meeting, and could not fail of making a lasting impression on all present, including a great number of strangers, who, for the most part, partook of the hospitalities of the royal table, at the castle. His Serene Highness, the Duke of Brunswick, was a guest at the royal residence during the week. The company on the course was very numerous, but the number of horses which came to the post was not so great as the long list of nominations led us to expect."

It appears there were nine prizes here contended for, in addition to a steeple-race, proposed and won by Lieutenant Halkett, whose mare, Lady Emily, by Pelican, dam, Belle Alliance, beat three others. Amongst the former prizes was the King's plate, value 200 louis-d'or, won by Baron Biel's Helicon, beating four others; the Town plate, value 150 louis-d'or, won by Baron Veltheim's brown filly, Zebra; the prize of 125 louis-d'or, for continental horses of all ages; the Prince of Prussia's stakes, and the Prince Royal's (Prince George of Cumberland) whip, with 120 louis-d'or added, also won very easily by Baron Biel's Helicon, he being, as I have already stated, a German-bred horse. A produce stakes, for horses foaled in Hanover or Brunswick,

was won by the Duke of Brunswick's bay filly, by Picton; as was also the two-year-old sweepstakes (15 louis-d'or, nine subscribers) by his Serene Highness's brown filly by Defence, out of Flounce, beating four others. For the Handicap for beaten horses in Celle and Brunswick, his Serene Highness's Laura also walked over.

It appears that at this meeting it was announced that in the case of the horses of doubtful pedigree, already mentioned in the account of the Hamburgh races, as well as in that of all Mr. Lichtwald's nominations, the same conditions were to be observed as at Hamburgh and Brunswick. In fact, the amount of the prizes, if won by them, was not to be paid over until the imputations cast on the parties accused were satisfactorily disproved.

I must not omit stating, that on the race-course on the first day, the exhibition of the government stud took place; when, amongst other descriptions of racing stock, nine very fine thorough-bred horses were shown, from whose produce great things are expected. Neither must I omit one incident in the steeple-race. The spectators, it appears, assembled in groups at different points of the line of country run over. His Majesty, the King of Hanover, took his station near the gate (four feet high) which was to be taken about the middle of the race; and, after the five first horses had passed, his Majesty followed them at the same pace, and *came in with them at the winning post!* "The elegant seat, and determined and rapid riding of the venerable monarch," adds my informant, "was the astonishment and admiration of all present." One horse fell at the gate, the only mishap that occurred, and his rider escaped injury.

As may be expected, some of our best racing blood is annually exported to Germany. Count Hahn has purchased Grey Momus, late the property of Lord George Bentinck, for a stud-horse, and he has every reason to *hope* that he will answer his end; but were I a German breeder of race-horses, I would purchase no horse whose produce had not been tried, and found to be good. Breeding from untried horses is a rock on which many enterprising sportsmen have been wrecked; and an extra thousand for a tried one, might be money well laid out. Baron Biel also purchased three very fine mares at the late sale of the Underley (Mr. Nowell's) racing-stud, and he has been offered a large price for *Taurus*, whom he imported some time back. Nor is this to be wondered at, for I have good reason to believe, that all his produce which have started up to this time, have either won or walked over for their engagements.

BRUNSWICK RACES.

EVERY thing connected with the turf is rapidly increasing in *Brunswick*, as indeed might be expected from the patronage and support given to it by the reigning duke. The race meetings have already done much, and will continue to do more in working a great improvement in the breeding of horses in a neighbouring kingdom, long celebrated for those of a certain useful description.

The last meeting was honoured by the presence of his Majesty, the King of Hanover, and a numerous assemblage of sportsmen of the first class on the continent; but in consequence of the superiority of two

of the racers, namely, Baron Veltheim's Zebra, by Gaberlurgie, dam by Lottery; and St. Swithin, by Velocipede or St. Nicholas, the interest otherwise attached to the principal prizes was, to a certain extent, abated. The last-named colt deserves to be ranked, whether as a racer or a stud-horse, in the first class of the immense number of thorough-bred horses imported of late years into the continent, and nearly as much may be said of the duke's Defence colt, out of Flounce, and Count Henchel's Lonsdale, by Glencoe, out of Concealment, both of whom have proved that the expectations formed of them were well-founded.

The Brunswick race-course is excellent, but far from an easy one for horses, the undulations of ground making it a constant and severe trial of their powers. All the arrangements, however, were excellent, and amongst the principal prizes were the following:

The Duke's prize for three-year-olds, foaled on the continent, 150 louis-d'or added to a subscription of thirty louis-d'or. Won by Baron Veltheim's Zebra, beating three others.

Prize given by the committee, for thorough-bred horses or mares, foaled on the continent, 120 louis-d'or. Won by Baron Veltheim's ch. f. Rowtona, by Rowton.

The Town Plate, 100 louis-d'or. Won at two heats by Lonsdale, beating several others.

A Sweepstakes for two-year-olds, foaled on the continent. Won by the Duke's br. colt, by Defence, out of Flounce, beating two others.

The Guelph Plate, given by the King of Hanover and the Duke of Brunswick, jointly, consisting of a very handsome cup, with 300 louis-d'or in specie, added to a subscription of thirty louis-d'or each, half forfeit, sixteen subscribers. Won by St. Swithen, beating four others. This prize, from the rank of the royal donors, as well as from its value, which exceeds that of any other hitherto given on the continent, formed the grand object of the attraction; and great was the interest attached to the result, especially so, as it was the first year of its being decided on the Brunswick race-course. St. Swithen, the first favourite, came in an easy winner by a length, and was an object of universal admiration after the race.

I know not that I have any thing further to say on the subject of Germany and its pastimes, unless it be that I understand the *fête* of St. Hubert was celebrated on a grand scale by Count Hahn, who, my informant says, has added a story to his already most capacious castle, and likewise taken unto himself a wife, whom he represents as "one of the handsomest women on earth." What more can my kind and hospitable host wish for in this world? With one of the best studs of race-horses on the continent, three packs of hounds in his kennels, perhaps the best shooting in Germany, a beautiful wife, and eighteen thousand a year to spend—surely his cup must be full.

BELGIUM.

The passion for sporting of all kinds, is every year increasing in Belgium—owing both its progress and success chiefly to the exertions of Count Duval de Beaulieu, the Sir Charles Bunbury of his country; and, in part, to the patronage of the King, who, although his

Majesty does not show on the turf, gives a handsome cup at Brussels. I have thrice visited the Count at his fine château, near Athe, about thirty English miles from Brussels, during the annual celebration of the festival of St. Hubert, the patron of the Belgic chase, which continues for the entire week. We averaged, on these occasions, thirty-three each evening at the dinner-table, all accommodated within the château; in the stables were at least forty-five horses belonging to the various guests, with servants essential to the care of them, *boarded and bedded in the house!* So much for Belgic hospitality.

The stud of Count Duval, including various kinds, exceeds three hundred in number; and as a proof of the zeal with which he entered into the pursuit and practice of the turf and horse-breeding, on an improved system, he addressed the senate of his country on the 16th of February, 1835, at great length and with much ability on the subject; and a correct report of his speech is given in the French and Belgic racing calendar, for the benefit of continental sportsmen. Perhaps this may be considered, if not the highest compliment ever paid to sporting, a striking instance of the value a country derives by improving the breed of its horses, which can only be done by racing.

There are two meetings in the year at Brussels, at which seventeen prizes were run for last year, one of which was won by the renowned *Beggarman*, sent by the Duke of Orleans for the purpose, with George Edwards of Newmarket fame to ride him. The prize being only three thousand francs (120*l.*) the act must have been considered a compliment paid to the meeting. I only attended these races once, when I saw some good sport, and one race which created extreme interest. In the spring of that year, the cup, given by the King, was won by a horse called Waverley, of English blood, but belonging to the "Société Vervietoise" —so called by being held at Verviers—beating, amongst others, a horse called Morotto, the property of Lord Henry Seymour, sent from Paris for the purpose of carrying off this highly-esteemed prize. Add to this, Waverley was trained and ridden by a Belgic trainer and rider, named *Olivier;* Morotto trained by Carter, also of Newmarket celebrity, and ridden by Thomas Robinson, brother to the celebrated "Jem." Here then were the national sporting characters of Belgium, and England, all placed at hazard, and the redeeming moment was at hand.

In the following September meeting the said Waverley was first favourite for the gold cup, Morotto and two other English horses being entered against him. Lord Henry, however, had determined on redeeming the honour of his stables and country; and sending to Newmarket for a four-year-old colt called Elizondo, by Camel, out of Leopoldine, he succeeded in beating this "crack" horse of the Belgians. With the exception of one who rides for Count Duval—and he rides well—Olivier is the only continental rider who deserves the appellation of jockey; and although he made a mistake in this race by running against Morotto, who was intended only to make play for Elizondo, he is a good rider of a race, and looks the jockey, when mounted, as much as if he had been bred and received his education at Newmarket.

Some interest attaches to my visit to Brussels races from the following circumstance:

Arriving rather late on the course, we found such a throng of car-

riages and horsemen, that we were glad to alight and walk through the crowd to the place where the sporting gentlemen were assembled; for admittance to which tickets at a certain price were necessary. There were three handsome stands on the ground, one of course reserved for the use of the royal family and suite; but in consequence of the King having only returned from England on the preceding evening, their Majesties did not make their appearance until after the first heat had been run. They were accompanied by "the two young Princes of Saxe Coburg," as they were then denominated, nephews to his Majesty; and although it is not the custom of the country to cheer the royal family on such an occasion as this, they were received with every silent demonstration of respect, both on approaching and retiring from the stand, and by the English especially. I must not, however, omit to state, that when a train of carriages on the railroad, crowded with passengers, passed on the rear of the royal stand, and attracted the notice of the King, deafening shouts of congratulation were set up, no doubt to welcome his Majesty's return.

I may here add, that we Englishmen then present little suspected, when gazing at the two young princes above mentioned, that one of them was to fill the important situation he is now placed in, growing daily, as I am informed in encreasing favour with the British nation.

And by way of showing how Count Duval leaves nothing undone to give *éclat* to the races of his capital, I will hazard a short description of a ball given by him and his countess on the evening of the day I have been speaking of, at their hotel in Brussels. Seven rooms were thrown open, in which all the *élite* of the place were assembled, and amongst them several English, including one of our most celebrated characters on the turf, the winner of more St. Legers than any other man ever was or ever will be, and whom I was glad to see in good health and spirits. But it was impossible not to be in "good spirits" on such an occasion, for one's head could not be turned to the right nor to the left without something *recherché* being presented by the servants who were in waiting: and the iced champagne, with the thermometer at 90°, slipped down most agreeably. I must say I never saw a ball at which better care was taken to keep mind and body in good humour with each other, than was taken here. Neither did I ever before see—not even at the Duke of Cleveland's, nor at the late Mr. Mytton's—so many gold cups as I witnessed in those rooms. In fact, wherever there was a mirror to reflect them, there were they to be seen in lots of twoorthree, which, being multiplied by reflection, made really an enchanting display.

But I cannot confine my notice of the Countess of Duval to the operations of the ball-room. Her ladyship is quite as zealous in all that relates to Belgic sporting as is the Count himself—never missing a day with the hounds, and riding horses which would puzzle many of the ruder sex to handle, as they should be handled, in the difficult country over which they travel at certain periods of the year.

In this part of the world, and within reach of Count Duval's stud, are races at Gand, Liège, and Aix-la-Chapelle. In the course of the last year, there were ten prizes contended for at Gand; seven at Liège, on the plain of Droixke; and at Aix-la-Chapelle five, exclusive of a few trotting-matches, after the peculiar custom of the country.

ITALY AND SWITZERLAND.

From the jack-boot to the racing-saddle is a great jump, but it appears that neither education, habits, prejudices, nor climate, form a bar to the progress of what we call "the turf;" and although one of the last countries in the world in which we should expect to hear of it, it is creating much interest in Italy, where, notwithstanding it has long been practised in a manner as unsatisfactory as it must have been ridiculous—I allude to the horses running without jockeys on their backs—it is now conducted in the only way in which it can be either interesting to spectators or beneficial to the country.

The Duke of Lucca has been one of its great promoters amongst his highness's own countrymen;* but I have reason to believe it owes its origin to a committee formed at Naples, consisting of the Prince de Butera, Count Monte St. Angelo, and a few English gentlemen then residing in that city and in Florence; amongst whom were Lords Normanby and Berghersh, Sir Richard Acton, Mr. Baring, &c. The first race, under the direction of this committee, took place on the 21st of January, 1829, for 200 piastres, and was won by an English horse, the King with part of his family being present, accompanied, as I was informed by an eye-witness of the scene, by a great number of equipages and horses.

It is on the Campo di Marte my informant states, the Naples race-course is situated, the road to which is one of varied beauties, with Mount Vesuvius constantly in sight—the extensive plain reaching from the base of the sea, being clothed with the richest verdure, even in the month of January. The numerous villages, and noblemen's and gentlemen's villas which stretch along the coast of the beautiful bay, bounded on three sides by high hills and rocks, which form the island of Capri, together with the view of Naples itself, render the scene unequalled for picturesque beauty and effect.

The most sporting place in Italy is Florence; that is to say, if the term "sporting" can be applied to the out-of-door amusements of modern Italy. The races of the two last years were very well attended.

At the Spring meeting of this year, there were present, the Princes Charles and Joseph Poniatowski, and Princess Eliza Poniatowski; the Duke and Duchess of Castigliano, the Duke of Talleyrand; ten marquises with their marchionesses; eight counts and two countesses: and amongst the English were, Lord and Lady Rendlesham, Lord Edward and the Misses Somerset, Hon. Mr. and Lady Augusta Fox, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. St. John; Honourables Messrs. Saville and Erskine; Mr. and Lady Lucy Standish, Sir Joseph and Lady Hawley, Sir Francis Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Vansittart; Messrs. Stanley, Young, and Chichester; besides half-a-dozen or more of our aristocracy. The equipages of the Princes Poniatowski are described as being of the very first style of elegance, particularly the sets of gray coach-horses, selected from

* In my German tour of 1829, I thus speak of the Duke of Lucca: "His Highness has a large stud in training, and is a formidable competitor on the Italian turf, having had more than his share of success."

the stables of Messrs. Elmore, and Dyson, the celebrated London dealers.

The Florence race-course is only one mile from the town, at the Grand-Duke's farm; and, as it is said not to admit of more than seven horses running abreast, it must be one of the middling order, inasmuch as horses must be often what in racing phraseology is termed "shut in," in their running, and thus deprived of their chance.

There were six prizes contended for on the first day of the last spring meeting, and four on the second, amongst which was what is called the Arno stakes of 200 francesconi, given by the jockey-club (for here is a jockey club!) for thoroughbred horses of all ages—divided into two classes, and of course won by English horses; namely, Prince Joseph Poniatowski's Antrim, by Lapwing, out of Amber, 3 years old; and Signor Gasperini's Rivulet, by Brutamdorf, out of Streamlet, also 3 years old. Then there was a hurdle-race on the first day, and as it was the first, so will it be the last ever seen at Florence, notwithstanding the interest it occasioned is said to have "beggared description."

As is generally the case in these silly exhibitions, two of the horses fell, and, of course, their riders, to the indescribable consternation of a cluster of yokels amongst whom they were precipitated, and who dispersed with prodigious rapidity in every direction, imagining, in the extremity of their terror, that horses, bestridden by bedlamitish fiends had descended amongst them.

Another hurdle-race, however, was made up for the second day, with additional leaps; but an enlightened philanthropist having represented to the police the extreme peril incurred, not only by the English riders, but also the risk the Grand-Duke's true and liege subjects ran of being precipitated into a premature grave by being ridden over or jumped upon; and having concluded his petition by requesting that, at all events, a surgeon of celebrity might be in attendance to succour the maimed and the wounded, no second hurdle-race was attempted. The *chefs* of the police demanded an audience of the prime minister, and the said prime minister being unwilling to incur so tremendous a responsibility as the blood of the slain, resting on his own head, put his *veto* on steeple-racing. I wonder what he would have thought of the tumbling scene at the last Liverpool exhibition of this cruel and unsportsmanlike practice—pastime I cannot call it.

At the spring meeting of the present year, matters appear to have been improving—so many horses being entered for the Arno stakes, that it was necessary to run them in sections (after the manner of greyhound sweepstakes), when the event is decided in the third heat by the winners of the two sections only. The sum of 50*l.* was added to the stakes of this year, of five louis-d'or each; and to the Cup stakes of the second day, there were twenty-eight subscribers of five louis-d'or each.

The third day commenced with a sweepstakes of five louis-d'or each for half-bred horses, those bred in Tuscany being allowed considerable weight. Prince Jerome Bonaparte had a horse in the race which was beaten, the winner being an Italian-bred mare, the property of Signor Majenore.

The next prize of 80*l.* is only deserving notice, as showing the esti-

mation of the powers and capabilities of the various breeds of horses. Those bred in Italy were allowed 14 lbs.; Tuscany horses, 30 lbs. when contending with English horses. An English horse, Reviver, by Recovery, out of Primrose, was the winner.

The October meeting of this year fully realized the sanguine expectations formed of it, no less than thirteen prizes of various descriptions and value being contended for—commencing with a purse of 100 francesconi, given by the Jockey Club, and won by Sir Joseph Hawley's Capriolo, beating two others. The grand prize, the *Arno* purse of 200 francesconi, was won by Baron Lowenberg's br. h. Chateau Lafitte, by Chateaux Margeaux, beating five others, two of which belonged to Prince Charles Poniatowski, and one to the Prince Joseph, his brother. Chateau Lafitte afterwards won the Cup Stakes; the 100 louis-d'or given by Colonel Demidoff; and was winning a match for thirty louis-d'or, against Prince Joseph Poniatowski's Antrim, when he slipt up and fell, being the property, in the two last-named races, of Sir Joseph Hawley, who gave 300 louis-d'or for him after his winning the second. He appears to possess the unsubdued stoutness of his sire, who should not have been sent out of England, inasmuch as he was the best four-mile horse of his own year, and of many others besides. And the history of this expatriated horse is a singular one. He was purchased by Mr. Tattersall at two years old, from the Duke of Richmond, for the trifling sum of thirty pounds (without his engagements, which were heavy), and sent to Mr. Gasperine, a member of the Florence turf, and sold by him to Baron Lowenberg, for whom, at this meeting, he cleared in stakes and bets, 800 louis-d'or, besides the profit on the sum for which he was sold!

The Princes Poniatowski appear to be, among the natives, the principal supporters of the Florence races, and the following may be adduced as an instance of the spirit with which they enter into the sport. Prince Joseph's Antrim and Prince Charles's Eliza were the only two that came to the post for a sweepstakes of fifty francesconi, nine subscribers. A slashing race was the result, Antrim winning by a head. Five or six of the nobles of the country also enter the lists with about the same number of Englishmen, with English jockies of course.

The *Princess* Camerata intends making a grand start next year, having sent to England for horses. But the most startling fact in reference to this meeting, in its comparatively young days, is the extent of the *betting*, and the spirit with which some of the horses were backed by their too confident owners. For example: Prince Charles is said to have "dropped" 20,000 francs—*Anglice* 800*l.*, in bets alone, great part of which were on his own mare Eliza, said not to be quite fit.

Neither is Switzerland without its races and its jockey club! The former are held at a small town called Payerne; but which, from the centrality of its position on the high-roads to Basle, Berne, Geneva, and Lausanne, may be said to be well selected for the purpose. The principal sportsman is a Captain Rossier, who, two years back honoured me with a long letter, detailing some of his proceedings, and asking my advice on the selection and management of his stud. The captain has been once in England, and saw the Derby won by Moses; and after making a few purchases, returned to his own country, ena-

moured with ours, which foreign horse-amateurs never fail to be. One sentence in his letter surprised me; namely, that Switzerland was not favourable to the breeding of horses, by reason of the high value of the land. This gentleman, however, has greatly benefited his country by the introduction of English blood, and every expression in his letter breathes an enthusiastic spirit in the pursuit in which he has embarked.

In such very young days, it would not be fair to criticise the sports of the Payernian turf, at present confined to the powers of draught and the trot. The following graphic description of a display of the first-named useful qualification in a horse—in hilly countries especially—is thus given, borrowed from a sporting contemporary:

"For *l'épreuve de force*, thirty-seven horses came to the post. A drag of unusual length, laden with sacks of wheat, weighing ninety-six hundred pounds, Swiss weight,* rested on smooth boards at the extremity of a road covered with a layer of sand, which increased in the proportion of an inch to every three feet in length. Each horse was harnessed, singly, to this immense wain; but the whip, or the goad, or even shouts or other devices were strictly prohibited. Left to the freedom of their own inclinations, but few staggered with the enormous draught more than a few yards through the deep and deepening layer of sand; for the proportionate ascent at each and every step in advance, of course, augmented, terrifically, the severity of the test to which the powers and gameness of each animal were subjected.

"After the indifferent performances of some ten or twelve horses, a magnificent black mare came forth. She was sixteen hands high, short-limbed, with extraordinary depth of chest and girth, undeniable hocks and quarters, and the strength and substance of Reid's dray-horses. Her eyes full and prominent, and head beautifully put on, confessed English blood; and she proved to be the produce of a Swiss mare, by a Yorkshire horse called Sultan, who was stationed in the canton of Friburgh.

"The mare was harnessed to the wain—started off, at the first effort, with a tremendous load—gamely struggled through the increasing depth of sand—and although fearfully distressed, actually staggered past the judge's stand, which was considered the ultimatum of any horse's powers. I have seldom seen, even in England, a nobler creature than this fine mare, who so eminently combined perfection and symmetry of form with prodigious strength and indomitable courage. More than twenty horses appeared afterwards at the post, but none of their owners had the temerity to hope to take the shine out of the Sultan mare, to whom the first prize was unanimously awarded."

All the other prizes were contended for by horses *trotting in harness*, and their number amounted to fifty-three. No doubt, in the course of time, the *course au gallop*, as the French term it, will take precedence of the trot; and like the postboy's horse that was ridden in pursuit of John Gilpin the renowned, the "lumbering of the wheels" will be gladly dispensed with by the nags.

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* The Swiss pound weight is one eighth more than the English.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CHARLES CHESTERFIELD,

THE YOUTH OF GENIUS.

By Mrs. Trollope.

Chap. XV.

MRS. SHERBOURNE—CHARLES'S VISIT TO HER—HE PROGRESSES RAPIDLY.

It has seldom happened that any mind, not absolutely passing from a sane to an insane state, ever underwent a more violent and complete change than that of Charles Chesterfield, in the interval between his arrival in London, and his entering Mrs. Sherbourne's parlour in Mount-street. The primal cause of this lamentable want of steadfast principle and steadfast taste, was the restless, gnawing, insatiable vanity, which had disturbed him, even when reading his verses to Bessy on the turf-bank in Maplebury orchard.

Her ardent admiration of every thing he did, delighted, but could not satisfy him; nay, on the contrary, it only nourished the flame that consumed him.

"If this dear girl, unenlightened as she is, feels thus vividly the beauty of these thoughts, and the charm of their expression, what might I not hope for, had I the means of making them known to the world!"

Such was the thought that first fixed his waking faculties in the morning, and weighed the last upon his heart, when sleep came to change the bootless hopes and idle wishes of the day, into the feverish dreams, and glorious visions of the night.

This inordinate passion—this strong, yet sickly vanity, had almost stifled all the best affections of his nature, while he remained in the country; and when he arrived in town, that longed-for goal of his fantastic hopes, the seemingly near approach of all that he most coveted on earth nearly made him an idiot. Such was the unmeasured dignity which he attached to London celebrity, that the looking upon Marchmont, after being assured that he possessed it, was like gazing upon the incarnation of the highest glory to which man could attain on earth. No wonder then, that in such a state of mind he was contented to crawl submissively in his train, intoxicated, entranced, and bewildered by the belief that, by doing so, he too might become

"A thing to wonder at—perhaps a—"

filling up the hiatus with one name or another, as the manner of the multitude dictated, or the advertising judgment of the newspapers ordained.

The most injurious step, perhaps, in the whole process which thus confounded the poor lad's intellect, was that by which he gained the point from whence he ceased to contemplate his former tutor with reverence. From that time his judgment became so utterly lost and bewildered, as to leave him precisely in the condition of a very frail little vessel, without any rudder at all.

Charles tête à tête with Mr. Sherbourne.

London, Published by Henry Colburn, 6 Marlborough St. 1841.

But to return. From the house of Mr. Marchmont, Charles immediately returned to his lodgings, carefully copied his prologue with its emendations, and then proceeded to that of Mrs. Sherbourne, whom he found precisely as he could have wished; that is to say, alone, and with all her thoughts concentrated on the subject on which he came to speak.

Those who are familiar, personally, with the authorial world of London, must know, or have known, more than one person in many points exceedingly like Mrs. Sherbourne. She was, beyond all doubt, past her first youth, but she was in the fullest meridian of her second;—a period, it may be observed, infinitely more thought of and cared for by the fair possessor, than the first, which in most cases is pretty much permitted to take care of itself, without any very active attempts to improve upon nature. Not so with the period which we venture to denominate the second; and it may be, that the consciousness felt by beauties in their second stage of bloom, of their charms being in a great degree the result of their own ingenious industry, may be one reason for the increased value they set upon them. At any rate, Mrs. Sherbourne did very dearly value all the beauty she had left, and certainly watched over it with quite as much care as any mother could do over her child. It has been before stated that she was exceedingly small; but if at any moment of her existence she might have felt a pang at passing almost unseen, when some noble Juno or firm-stepping Diana, with their graceful length of limb, drew all eyes upon them, she felt it amply atoned for, when she contemplated her own tiny foot, and fairy hand. Her hair too, which was somewhat of the auburn tint, curled naturally; her complexion, though rather sallow, was sufficiently colourless to give her hands, arms, neck, and shoulders, the reputation of being very fair, and their renown on this account ran no danger of being lost or forgotten, by their retirement from public observation. Her eyes were very large, and though extremely light, understood well the mysterious tactics of the exercise to which they were drilled, often speaking unutterable things with most eloquent expression. Her nose, notwithstanding the sublimity of her genius, was a little approaching to the pug; her mouth was wide, her teeth beautiful, and she enjoyed the advantage of an ever-ready, and very pretty dimple. Such was the person of Mrs. Sherbourne. To describe her mind as accurately would be more difficult. She certainly was not without talent—far from it; but it was of a flimsy, loose, and unstable quality. No one was more ready to pronounce an opinion, yet there was probably no subject under Heaven, except her own beauty, and that of all the young men of her acquaintance, on which she really had one.

This, as she talked a vast deal (except when engaged in one of those sentimental flirtations which are carried on entirely by means of by-play and a silence so remarkable as to attract every body's attention)—as, excepting on these occasions, she was a great talker, the total want of fixed opinions, all must have involved her in many self-contradictions, had not her infinite skill in subterfuge and prevarication prevented it.

So habitual to her was the necessity of thus dipping, as it were, under the deep waters of her own uncertainty, in order to avoid being caught in the fact of exactly contradicting herself, that she never spoke with peculiar warmth and eloquence, without preparing a retreat from

every word she uttered. Sometimes she broke down all matter-of-fact remarks, by an outbreak of playful childishness, in which her teeth and her dimple did her infinite service. Sometimes she melted away into generalities; and sometimes condensed herself into a well-told little anecdote, perfectly foreign to the subject. If the theme were earthly, positive, and inconveniently bearing upon facts, she darted gracefully aloft like a skylark, and twittered away in the region of metaphysics. Was it criticism, and did she chance to blunder grossly, from the accident of never having read a line of the work under discussion, she saved herself by setting off upon a sort of catch-me-who-can gallop, over verse, and across prose; through history, and under common sense, till she had completely distanced the slow-paced march of truth and reason, and then turned ready to bag upon her pursuers, perfectly unwearied, wholly unscathed, and quite ready to set off again.

For the success of her works, on which she almost entirely depended for her existence, she trusted to what she called the intensity of her own feelings. Nor did she trust in vain. No circulating library from the Orkneys to the Land's End, dared to confess that they had not got Mrs. Sherbourne's last work. She was now, as we have seen, concentrating all her strength upon a drama, which a very particular friend of hers had undertaken to get acted, through the interest of a manager with whom he was exceedingly intimate.

The morning-dress of Mrs. Sherbourne never varied, at least as to its style. Summer and winter she was always *décolletée*, and summer and winter she was always enveloped—more or less—in a black cashmere shawl. She was usually placed on a sofa with a small table and writing-desk before her, and a very inviting arm-chair immediately opposite; nevertheless, Mrs. Sherbourne's morning visiters sometimes sat beside her on the sofa, and sometimes the examination of a new-born poem was permitted to be carried on over her shoulder, and sometimes by her side. But this, of course, was only among her particular friends; those less familiar being always established in the arm-chair.

That Mrs. Sherbourne, who had been seven years a widow, had made no second marriage, must, in all civility, be received as proof that she preferred a single life; and that she was very much the fashion among a certain set, and received without scruple by ladies of the highest respectability, must be held as equally conclusive of the perfect discretion of her conduct, notwithstanding her constant and avowed habit of receiving visits from all sorts of gentlemen, at almost all sorts of hours. But, as she was wont to observe, her professional existence depended upon her welcoming without reserve all those who could assist her in her pursuits, either by criticism or patronage—a truth too obvious to be controverted by any one. Her existence therefore glided on through a series of small literary labours, cheered by a series, equally unbroken, of small literary flirtations, each helping forward the other by a reciprocity of influence, by no means unskilfully managed. Whenever she particularly dreaded a writer of biting paragraphs, she managed to get introduced to him, and rarely failed, however fierce his nature, to calm the terrors of his pen, as far as herself was concerned, by that gentle tone of independent weakness, which, as long as a white hand remains to flourish a pocket-handkerchief, and expressive eyes to drop their liquid pearls upon it, can hardly fail to soften the most flinty

heart. While, on the other hand, wherever she wished to produce an effect, and display herself as the centre of a circle, she understood perfectly well how to make common cause between her books and her beauty, without ever permitting the one to outshine the other.

The moment Charles entered the room, she remembered that Mrs. Gibson announced him as one of the most promising young authors of the day; she remembered also that he had undertaken to write her a prologue gratis; moreover she did not forget that she thought him very handsome, so that altogether he could not fail of being satisfied with his reception, or of feeling a delightful assurance that he was advancing rapidly towards fame, and all the pleasures, as well as all the glories that it brings.

"I have waited upon you, Mrs. Sherbourne," he said, "in order to submit to your inspection the lines I have scribbled for your prologue. I would not, however, take the liberty of offering them to your notice till I had sought the judgment of Mr. Marchmont upon them. I need hardly ask you if you know his name?"

"Oh! Heavens no! *The Regenerator!*" replied Mrs. Sherbourne. "The man of all others to whom I am the most anxious to be presented! My wanderings amidst the

'Fier, frondi, erbe, ombre, antri, onde, âure,'

of *la bella poese*, have kept me hitherto from making any personal acquaintance with him, but of his reputation and his influence who can be ignorant? How can I thank you, dear, dear Mr. Chesterfield? How can I be sufficiently grateful for your excessive kindness? So soon to have completed your benevolent task, and with such admirable tact to have submitted it at once to *The Regenerator*, deserves more gratitude than I have words to express, but not more than I have power to feel!" And here Mrs. Sherbourne, quite overwhelmed by her feelings, sought her pocket-handkerchief with a hasty action, intending to conceal her emotion; but it concealed nothing; the hurried movement, on the contrary, disturbed the position of her shawl, and displayed a white shoulder, with a long brown ringlet falling down, as if on purpose to touch it. She really looked as attractive as it was possible she could look.

"How very pretty she is!" thought Charles; and the opinion could do no discredit to his taste, inasmuch as it was precisely the same as almost all gentlemen formed on witnessing the same action, the same result.

After a moment given to the touching her eyes, and replacing her shawl (that most troublesome and slippery of all draperies), Mrs. Sherbourne resumed, "Let me then see what you have done? You have no idea how I long for it!"

Charles drew out the paper, but ere he put it in her hands, he asked whether her absence from England had been sufficiently long to prevent her becoming acquainted with the recent division of modern literature into two classes.

The lady looked a little puzzled.

"What classes, Mr. Chesterfield?—I do not quite comprehend you," she said.

"I mean the transcendental and the ludicrous," he replied, while his

heart fluttered pleasantly in his bosom at finding himself soon becoming an instructor, and the instructor, too, of so very charming a person. "All compositions, as my admirable friend Mr. Marchmont tells me, are now ranged under one or other of these two heads, and no success can be hoped for from productions which belong to neither. Are you not aware of this, my dear madam?"

"Oh, dear yes! perfectly. I did not exactly catch your meaning at first; but tell your gifted friend from me, I beseech you, that I honour the boldness of his definition, and hold myself bound to submit to the rule," replied Mrs. Sherbourne, giving her troublesome shawl another ineffectual pull, for it positively would not come above the left shoulder. "Alas for me!" she continued, "nature has classed me already, and that too rigorously, I believe, even to permit my wavering. It is not my style, Mr. Chesterfield—not my style only, that places me of necessity, I may say, amidst transcendental writers. With intensity of feeling such as mine, I am doomed, for ever doomed, to be such or nothing!"

"And would you wish it otherwise, dearest lady?" cried Charles, with enthusiasm. "Among such only can we hope to find the highest order of greatness. I protest to you," he continued, while a sort of mystical rapture expanded his countenance, "I protest to you, Mrs. Sherbourne, that there is something in Mr. Marchmont's manner of expressing himself, as well as in his manner of thinking, when taking flight into this higher region of intellectual existence, which affects me in a manner that I cannot describe"

"Ah!" exclaimed the lady, clasping her hands, and gazing at him with what she would herself have called "fevered interest." "I catch your feeling! You are entranced and borne along.—You are roused, elevated, touched, and overwhelmed! Yet happy, exquisitely happy amidst the fine mental tumult! Is it not so, Mr. Chesterfield? Tell me!" and she laid her little hand upon his arm, "tell me! Do I not harp your feelings rightly?"

"Oh! yes, I believe so," returned Charles, colouring a little. "But I really hardly know what I felt. All that seems perfectly clear and intelligible to me is, that Mr. Marchmont is one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived!"

"Every hour is lost in which I do not know him!" cried Mrs. Sherbourne. "O tell him!—will you tell him, Mr. Chesterfield, what my feelings are towards him? Do this skilfully, and you will serve both yourself and me," she added, with more of truth and less of flourish than she had yet spoken. "For of course you may give him to understand that the intensity of the impulse which draws me towards him, is in a great degree derived from your description of his extraordinary powers. You are younger than I am!" and her large pale eyes seemed almost to melt under the gentle sadness with which she owned this *not* soft impeachment, "younger in the world of letters, younger in all ways, and I do you service, and in some degree return the kindness you have shown me, by impressing upon you the immense importance of propitiating the favour of Mr. Marchmont."

"So Mrs. Gibson told me," replied Charles, looking as if he thought both ladies meant rather more than he perfectly comprehended. "Of course you mean that to so young an author as myself, his instructions and advice are invaluable?"

"Oh! of course," replied Mrs. Sherbourne, but in an accent which convinced her companion that she meant something else besides.

"It will be very kind, my dear Mrs. Sherbourne, if you will explain yourself fully," said Charles, fixing his anxious eyes so earnestly on hers, that she dropped them from the mere force of habit. "I beg your pardon," he added, with some little embarrassment, "if I have asked you to say more than you like."

"No, no, do not think it!" returned Mrs. Sherbourne, once more laying her hand kindly on his arm, and quite persuaded that a part at least of the young man's earnestness of manner in making this appeal arose from a natural wish to be on more confidential acquaintance. "Our interests are too much the same, dear Mr. Chesterfield, to render reserve necessary—indeed to me such restraint would be most unnatural, when conversing with such a one as yourself. I do not, I cannot fear either treachery or indiscretion from you, and therefore I will speak with perfect frankness. Admirable as you say Mr. Marchmont's talents are—and I am sure I have no doubt in the world of it, which is a fact that I exceedingly desire that he should know, Mr. Chesterfield—remember that, will you? Admirable as he is, that is not the only reason why you and I should be desirous of standing well with him. *The Regenerator* has a very extensive sale, and its influence upon circulating libraries is prodigious. Are you not aware of this?"

Charles again felt puzzled, yet he was getting on very rapidly, and was already grown too wise to look as bewildered as he felt.

"I dare say it is," he replied.

"Enormous!" resumed Mrs. Sherbourne. "I am assured that in the great manufacturing towns, where there is a most important mass of middle-class and lower-class readers, *The Regenerator* can make the difference between one copy or two."

"Really!" said Charles.

"It is no exaggeration, I assure you; and just conceive what that must be! People talk of the *great* reviews, as they call them, as if they were of the utmost importance to the writing world. There are, I believe, particularly in London, a set of people who hardly read any thing else, that is quite true; but trust me, my dear sir, their influence upon the writers of the day—the popular writers I mean—not the great heavy guns that are fired off about once in a dozen years—but upon what may properly be called *popular* writers, upon these their influence, compared to that of such a publication as *The Regenerator*, is absolutely nothing. And this fact should never be lost sight of by authors."

"I understand perfectly," said Charles. "You mean that *The Regenerator* is so much more read than those great reviews, as you call them, that their praise or blame of a new book cannot be spread so widely?"

"Not among circulating libraries, certainly. But that is not all, you know; very far from it. The great secret lies in knowing how *The Regenerator*, and all the papers of the same stamp are carried on—particularly in the critical department. You write for it, Mrs. Gibson tells me, and therefore," added Mrs. Sherbourne, laughing, and playfully holding up her finger within an inch of his nose, "I need not explain the mystery of the ready-made part of the concern."

Charles said nothing in reply, and certainly looked more meditative than lively. "Foolish boy! How easily he might have kissed my

hand!" thought Mrs. Sherbourne, and at the same time a feeling of caution seized upon her, and she determined upon not being too confidential. Changing her tone, therefore, she said, "But how idly am I gossipping, instead of seizing upon the precious aid you bring me. Now then, let me see my prologue, dear Mr. Chesterfield!"

"I greatly doubt," he replied, colouring painfully to the very tips of his ears, "I greatly doubt, my dear Mrs. Sherbourne, whether you will approve what I have brought to you. In speaking of Mr. Marchmont, we have alluded only to his *sublime* compositions. Are you aware that he himself occasionally indulges in the burlesque, and that he thinks very highly of the effect to be obtained on the public mind by the present ludicrous mode of composition?"

"Of course I am aware of it,—who is not? This is an age of epochs, Mr. Chesterfield, and the introduction of this new school of wit forms one of them. Is your prologue written in this tone?"

"It is," replied Charles, rather solemnly.

"I am delighted to hear it! Nothing is so likely to put the audience in good humour! How very judicious, and how very kind!" said Mrs. Sherbourne, with very genuine delight.

Thus encouraged, Charles, with a tolerably steady hand, presented the manuscript to her.

"Will you not read it to me?" said she.

"I would rather you looked at it first yourself," he replied.

Without further delay, Mrs. Sherbourne opened the paper and read, "'*By a servant out of place.*' Excellent! A most happy idea indeed!" She then proceeded with a rapid eye to peruse the verses, and, to poor Charles's inexpressible relief, appeared enchanted with them, bursting again and again into delighted laughter, and ending by clapping her hands, and crying bravo! with the most clamorous applause.

"How extraordinarily clever!" she said, more gravely reperusing the lines. "If you had known me as many years as you have done hours, Mr. Chesterfield, you could not have hit upon any thing so certain of being advantageous to me. Such lines as these would undoubtedly have produced great effect under any circumstances, but preceding a drama of mine, it will be perfectly overpowering. The intensity with which I write is so well known to the public, that this delicious incongruity will be felt as keenly, and enjoyed as heartily, before they have heard or read a line of the play, as if every touching scene was already before them. You shall be with me, dear Chesterfield, at the first representation, and witnessing the success of your lines will be your best reward for having written them."

As she said this she placed her hand in his, with a grace so irresistibly bewitching that this time he actually did kiss it, being, in truth, so intoxicated by his unexpected success, as to have courage for any thing. In proof of which he said, as he still held her hand, "But you won't forget the rehearsal, Mrs. Sherbourne? I perfectly long for it!"

"Forget it? No, you delightful creature! I shall certainly not forget either that or any thing else I can do to please you. Yes, dear Chesterfield! we will go together to the next rehearsal, and if you like my little drama, you will not refuse, will you—

'Freely to grant the praise by *voman von?*'"

Charles made a more suitable answer to this speech than it would have been possible for him to have done twenty-four hours before. To such a temperament as his, there is no inspiration in the world like a little flattery.

"I will write to you then—shall I," said the lady, "when the day for the next rehearsal is fixed? And we will go together, dear friend."

"A thousand, thousand thanks!" replied the happy Charles.

"But your address, *étourdi!* How am I to write to you without that?" said Mrs. Sherbourne, fixing her eyes upon his, and shaking her head respectfully.

Charles reseated himself, her little hand playfully placed a pen in his large one, and he wrote his name and the address to his lodgings in South Moulton-street, giving it to her with a look almost as lingering as her own.

"*Bene, bene*, I shall now know where to find you. Farewell! But do not run away now and forget me!"

Certainly no young man could improve more rapidly than Charles Chesterfield, and nothing could be less alike than his manner of accosting Mrs. Sherbourne on arriving, and that of his taking leave of her, when he departed. The improvement was not lost upon her.

"What an excessively nice creature!" she murmured, as he drew the house-door after him. "I must find time to see him often. It will be a real pleasure to be of use to him, and I know I could improve him amazingly. He is precisely the kind of being that I love to patronize and be kind to!"

Chap. XVI.

CHARLES VISITS MISS MEDDOWS—CROSS PURPOSES—LETTERS TO COUNTRY FRIENDS—AN UNPUBLISHED MS.—A VISIT FROM THE "MASTER."

The first movement of Charles on leaving Mrs. Sherbourne was to return to Long-street, and express to Marchmont all the gratitude he felt for the great service he had rendered him, but ere he had descended one third of the way from Mount-street to the region of Golden-square, he recollected what his patron had said respecting the pressure of business which was upon him, and turning back he determined to seek Miss Meddows, and tell her of the happiness he had that morning enjoyed, from having more than satisfied the celebrated Mrs. Sherbourne by the prologue he had taken to her. It was long past the hour of luncheon, and if he saw Miss Meddows at all, it could only be by asking admission to the little boudoir behind the drawing-rooms, into which she had once shown him the way herself. Nothing could prove more strongly the change which the last ten days had produced on the mind of Charles, than his having conceived such a project; but instead of trembling at the idea, he now enjoyed it extremely, feeling certain of a kind reception, remembering how Clara had left every body to talk to him on the night of her party, and conscious that the news he had to communicate must place him still higher in her good opinion. In short, he determined to make his way to her without ceremony.

Notwithstanding his separate lodging, the young man was sufficiently

domesticated in the house to permit of his coming in and going out without any questions asked or answered, and he now, therefore, walked into the hall, and up the drawing-room stairs, without even inquiring if Miss Meddows were at home. The passage which led to her retreat was approached by a door that opened about halfway up the principal staircase, and had in every way the appearance of leading to a more retired and out-of-the-way part of the mansion than guests are usually admitted to in a London residence. Of this, however, Charles knew nothing, and certainly had no idea that there was any greater impertinence in seeking the young lady there than in the drawing-room. He had, however, sufficient discrimination to knock at the door of the room before he opened it, but his signal being answered by a gentle-sounding "come in," he immediately made his appearance, where he was certainly as little expected as possible.

Had Clara possessed less clearness of perception, the young intruder would have been received with considerably more haughtiness than under the circumstances she thought proper to display. His exclamation of, "Oh, Miss Meddows I have such good news to tell you!" with the eager, happy look that accompanied it, explained to her at once the state of his mind, and altogether disarmed her displeasure at the unauthorized freedom of his approach.

"Have you, Mr. Chesterfield?" she said with a friendly smile; "and what may it be?"

"I have written a prologue for Mrs. Sherbourne's play, and she thinks it very good and very clever indeed, and says it will do perfectly. And it will certainly be spoken, Miss Meddows, when her play is acted. Will you not be so kind as to go and hear it?"

It was not in Clara's nature to answer such an address with either pride or peevishness, and there was something in the heavy sadness of her own heart which made her feel that happiness ought to be cherished wherever it was seen.

"Indeed, I am very glad of it," she replied; "and if I do not witness its public success, I assure you I shall hear of it with great pleasure."

But having said this, and seeing him place his hand upon the back of a chair, very much as if his next manœuvre would be to place himself in it, she looked a little grave, and remained for a moment with her hand spread upon the book she was reading, meditating on the gentlest manner of telling the young poet that he must be pleased to understand that he was not to pay her any more such unexpected visits for the future. Before this meditative minute was over, she was startled by hearing her father's voice in the passage leading to her door, and still more startled when he opened it, and ushered in Mr. Dalrymple.

As such an occurrence had never happened to her before, it might naturally have produced an emotion, even had she not spent many hours of the morning in vain efforts to ascertain the meaning of the words she read, while heavily reckoning the hours as they passed without bringing the hoped-for announcement that Mr. Dalrymple was in the drawing-room.

His sudden appearance, and in a manner too in which he had never appeared before—for this was the first time he had ever entered her room—completely overset the composure of manner which it was the

great study of her life to sustain in her intercourse with him. Her delicate cheeks and even her forehead became crimson; she rose up and sat down again without being conscious that she did either; and in short betrayed every symptom of the most violent and embarrassing confusion. Of the presence of Charles she became perfectly unconscious, and even totally forgot for the moment that he had entered the room. Not so Mr. Dalrymple; he could scarcely be said indeed to see any thing else; or to be conscious of any thing but that the young man had been enjoying the privilege of a *tête-à-tête* in a part of the mansion so secure from ordinary interruption, that he now, for the first time, was made acquainted of its existence. In another moment, however, he was conscious of something else too; he was conscious that the cold and haughty Clara was overwhelmed with confusion.

Mr. Dalrymple assuredly was not the first man who has read amiss the heart he was most anxious to study; but never certainly did any of his predecessors in blundering, blunder more egregiously.

There stood the high-minded, the delicate, the reserved Clara, startled out of her self-possession by the unexpected sight of him—of him whom of all the world she most esteemed, reverenced, admired, and—alas! despite of all her proud struggles—loved; devotedly, passionately, fondly loved; there stood Clara trembling, blushing, faltering from the emotion produced by his presence, forgetful that there was another human being in the room, or in the world—forgetful even of her fair self. And there stood Dalrymple, distilling wretchedness from what, if read aright, would have made him fancy that earth was turned to Heaven; there he stood, turning himself to stone by his own hard thoughts, and secretly taking all the gods to witness, that never, never would he see that vain, light woman more.

Sir George meanwhile looked about him sharply enough, but all he could make out from what he saw was that Dalrymple looked devilish cross, and Clara confoundedly red. As to Charles, he presumed he was there to perform some behest of his "heiress," as he not unfrequently called her, particularly before strangers, and having given him a smart slap on the shoulder, accompanied by his usual salutation, "How are ye, my fine fellow?" he thought no more about him.

Having in some degree recovered from the surprise which had caused her to betray a weakness in general so effectually concealed, Clara said,

"Will you not sit down, Mr. Dalrymple? This is a very unusual honour, papa, and I am quite proud of it."

At the words "unusual honour," Mr. Dalrymple involuntarily raised his eyes from the ground to young Chesterfield, and had Clara happened to intercept the glance, she might have become enlightened upon more points than one, concerning which she was now in very profound darkness. Had her father encountered it, the metropolitan adventures of Charles Chesterfield would probably have been brought to a very hasty conclusion; for whatever might have been the whim that brought him there, or the calculations which led to his being retained, it is quite certain that had they been of a much more solid composition than they were, they would all have melted into thin air, had the idea suggested itself, that his presence was disagreeable to Mr. Dalrymple.

Clara, however, saw not this speaking look, because, though reco-

vering herself, she was by no means courageous enough as yet to raise her eyes to the face of Mr. Dalrymple; and Sir George saw it not, because he happened to be looking at the name of "Almeria Gibson," inscribed upon a note which lay open upon the table before him.

"What has that nice girl been writing to you about, Clara?" demanded Sir George, pointing to the despatch.

"She wants me to walk with her in the park this morning," replied the young lady, rather glad of an opportunity of speaking.

"May I read her note, Clara?" said Sir George, laughing.

Happy also to have something to do, Clara made a step or two towards the place where it lay, and taking it up, presented it to him. In doing this she passed close to Dalrymple, and involuntarily, perhaps, looked up into his face as she retreated again. It would be difficult to define the feeling which the expression of his countenance produced on her; it was terror, astonishment, and tenderness, all in one. He was deadly pale, and his eye spoke anger, disdain, and a degree of misery that almost approached to despair. Her only idea was that he must be suddenly ill.

"You are not well, Mr. Dalrymple!" she exclaimed. "Sit down, I pray, sit down; I am sure you are not well."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Meddows, I am perfectly well, I assure you," he replied. "Rather harassed, perhaps," he continued, "by the hurry in which I am preparing to leave town; but, nevertheless, I have found time to make my *congé* to you, though I fear it has been done at the expense of your convenience. Had I known that you were engaged, I would not have permitted your father to lead me hither. I trust you will forgive this very impertinent intrusion, of which I really feel heartily ashamed."

"I am not at all engaged, Mr. Dalrymple," said Clara, turning her eyes towards her desk, to see what it might be that had put the idea of her being so very busy into his head, "I was merely reading, and I did not find my book at all entertaining. I do assure you that your visit has not interrupted me at all."

"Reading, were you?" he replied, drily.

"Yes," she said, turning over the leaves of the volume, and totally forgetful of the presence of Charles; "I have been reading with great diligence, for I wanted to send the book home. Are you going to be many days absent from London, Mr. Dalrymple?"

Indignant and irritated beyond measure, at a reply that appeared to him as offensive from its mocking falsehood, as hypocritical in its civility, he stood for a moment without returning any answer, and then said,

"Many days? Oh, yes, probably for many weeks. Have the kindness to present my compliments to Mrs. Longuéville. And now I must wish you good morning, for I really have a thousand things to do. Good morning, Sir George."

"Where are you going to?" said the baronet, alluding however only to his leaving the room, which he was at that moment evidently about to do, for of his suddenly announced project of leaving town he had heard not a word, having been wholly engrossed by the despatch of the fair Almeria. "What makes you in such a confounded hurry, Arthur? I wanted you to go with me to the club."

"I have a great deal of business to do this morning, Sir George, and though, of course, I should be delighted to make a longer visit, it is impossible. Have you any commands for Herefordshire? I am going out of town this afternoon."

"Have I any commands for Herefordshire?" reiterated Sir George. "What on earth do you mean, my dear Arthur? You are not going to waste any of your precious hours amidst the rooks and the ravens of Springfield, exactly when London is beginning to be alive? The idea is perfectly monstrous and impossible. I won't believe it. It is positively too absurd."

"Is it?" replied the young man, endeavouring to force a smile. "I have a fancy for seeing my own roses blow, but if I find the doing so too dreadful to bear I shall come back again."

"Take my word for it, my dear fellow, you will post down for no other purpose in the world but to post up again. Do not be so fanciful and foolish. It is not like you, Arthur," said Sir George, with more gravity than he often said any thing, and probably with much more sincerity of feeling.

"I grieve to differ from you," was the light reply, "but go I absolutely must. Good morning, Miss Meddows. Good-bye, Sir George. I shall see you when I come to town again; though when that may happen to be I cannot exactly say."

Clara, who was now as pale as Dalrymple had been a few minutes before, answered not a word. She bowed mechanically, a salute which he returned with much ceremony, and the next moment he was gone. Sir George followed him, and then Clara dropped into a chair with a fulness of misery, and a perfection of hopelessness, such as she had never felt before.

She now became aware of the presence of young Chesterfield, from the extreme annoyance it caused her, and with a movement of fretful wretchedness, which she had never before given way to, she said, "Pray leave me, Mr. Chesterfield, I am not at leisure now to talk to you."

Charles, notwithstanding all his recent glory, was still much too humble to feel himself offended by this unceremonious dismissal, and in an accent rather penitent than angry said, "I am sorry, then, that I interrupted you!" after which he retreated with a noiseless step, and gently shutting the door made his way back to the hall, let himself out without disturbing any other part of the household, and returned to his lodgings without the slightest consciousness of having received a rebuff. But if he did not feel that she had been rude and unkind, poor Clara herself did, and shed contrite tears for the degrading weakness which could make her imperious to the unoffending and humble Charles, because the proud and unobservant Dalrymple had given this new proof of his indifference.

Dalrymple kept his word; he did leave town; he did see his own roses blow; and only returned to London at the end of June, about a week after he had completed his twenty-ninth year, for the purpose of settling accounts with his guardian, and of arranging his affairs preparatory to an expedition to Russia, which he intended should occupy him for a couple of years.

The affairs of Charles meanwhile went on and prospered marvellously.

The success of his prologue gave him all the courage he wanted, and when he again sat down to his writing-desk, it was with the determination of completing the story he had begun for *The Regenerator*, before he read the two models intrusted to him by the "mighty master." "If I succeed without imitation," thought he, "Mr. Marchmont will naturally prefer it, as it will give greater variety to his pages, and if not, I shall have time enough before the next number to show what I can do, either in the sublime or the comic style, with his finished models before me. I am quite sure that I am capable of both."

With this comfortable conviction he proceeded rapidly; and though he twice took the trouble of transcribing his manuscript, for the sake of improving and re-improving the composition, he had finished it by the time Mr. Marchmont told him it would be required. "Bring it me on Wednesday morning," had been the command of Mr. Marchmont. The last manuscript was completed on Tuesday morning before he sat down to his solitary cup of tea and penny roll; for since he had been really at work he had constantly breakfasted at his lodgings.

He was pleased with what he had done, and in truth felt perfectly happy. Mrs. Gibson's party for the evening made his heart flutter with anticipated triumph; he knew that Mrs. Sherbourne was to be there, and, remembering all the touching softness of her manner to him in private, doubted not of her so far distinguishing him in public as to make him the most envied man in the room.

"It is quite odd," thought he, "how much she has put the beauty of Miss Meddows out of my head;" and as he thought of this he stirred his tea perseveringly for several minutes, without at all knowing what he was about. "Yet Clara is far lovelier," he went on, "and she likes me very much, too; but there is something—something so much more—I don't know what—something so much more overcoming to one's heart in Mrs. Sherbourne. Oh, Bessy! Bessy! how could I ever fancy that you were the most beautiful girl in the world! She is no more to be compared to Miss Meddows than a daisy to a camilla—and in the way of bewitchingness, Mrs. Sherbourne beats her out and out. The fact is, nobody knows what's what till they come to London."

At this point of his ruminations Charles swallowed the remainder of his first cup of tea, and prepared to pour out a second, but discovered that he had neglected to replenish the tea-pot.

"I know what little Bessy was good for, at any rate," he continued, looking disconsolately into his empty teapot, "and that was, to give one a comfortable breakfast, without having the plague of thinking about it. Dear little soul! how neat and bright she used to look, trotting in from the dairy, with her little mug of beautiful cream in one hand, and a plate of new-churned butter in the other! Let me see who I will, and fall in love with who I will, I shall never quite forget her!"

This acknowledgment seemed to touch the inconstant's own heart a little, for it is a positive fact, though there was nobody present, save himself, to bear witness to it, that a tear actually rose in his eye, lingered there for a moment, and then trickled down his cheek.

"This is what they call being homesick, I suppose," he exclaimed, starting up, and dashing away the telltale of his still unconquered feelings. "It will wear off in time, I dare say, and so much the better,

for, faith and troth, it makes me feel like a baby. If I gave way to the whim, I think I could cry for an hour only because I happened to remember some of that little girl's pretty ways. However, I don't want to forget her altogether, neither. No, nor any of them, not even the kind-hearted Mr. Westbrook, though he is such a twaddle, as Mr. Marchmont calls it, and what's more, I will write to them both before I read a word of the two tales. I am half afraid to look at those tales for fear I should get out of conceit with my own. Yet it is cowardly to feel so, for I know in the very bottom of my heart that there is merit in what I have done, and a good deal too."

Half muttering, and half meditating these wayward fancies, Charles set aside his teaboard, replaced his little desk at its now familiar corner of the table, and wrote the following letters with great rapidity. Ere he began, however, he pondered a little upon the two initiatory phrases, "Honoured sir," and "Dear Mr. Westbrook." A few weeks before he would most undoubtedly have chosen the former; but now, rather ashamed of his hesitation, and suddenly cutting it short, he wrote,

"Dear Mr. Westbrook,

"It was very kind of you to answer my first letter so quickly, and, you may depend upon it, I never shall forget your kindness in all ways. You tell me to communicate to you all particulars of my literary progress, and likewise my observations on the advancement that learning is making in the metropolis. Your first question may be easily and very pleasantly answered. I am getting on very greatly beyond my most sanguine hopes, for I am already engaged to write every month for a work called *The Regenerator*, which is considered, as I am informed by excellent authority, to be by far the most able and influential publication of the present day. The editor of this celebrated miscellany is Mr. Marchmont, a name so well known to the whole literary world, that our ignorance of it, my dear sir, is a sad proof of the intellectual darkness in which we have been living at Charlton. I have also tried my pen, and I am happy to say with very flattering success, on a prologue which is to be spoken at the first representation of 'The Morning Star:' a drama in five acts, from the well-known pen of the celebrated Mrs. Sherbourne—one of the most gifted women of the present age. Nothing can exceed the kindness with which this admirable lady has accepted this little effort. Mr. Marchmont also considers it to be very good; and I would certainly send you a copy of it, were it not that I have, upon the best advice, been induced to adorn it with some of the peculiarities which distinguish one of the two great classes into which English literature is now divided, and I doubt if it would be quite intelligible to you at present. I am afraid that this explanation may appear in some degree obscure to you; but I am sorry to say, that just at present I cannot venture to become more explicit. The subject is not without its difficulties.

"In answer to your second question, my dear sir, respecting the opinion which I have formed of the progress that learning is making in the metropolis, I can only reply, generally, that the human mind appears just now to be propelled forward with a vehement vigour which might almost terrify the looker on, were we not at the same time assured by the greatest philosophers of the modern world, that this extraordinary

movement is as glorious in its results as unprecedented in its rapidity. That a flood of knowledge thus rushing forward, as it were, like a majestic cataract, should level in its course all antique prejudices, and overthrow a prodigious number of existing opinions, can reasonably be matter of astonishment to no one. I will not deny that I have acquired ideas in the great emporium of mind, which at the first view startled me. But I have already learned to misdoubt my doubts, and with the humility becoming one so ignorant, have proclaimed myself ready to abandon all my former crude notions and worn-out opinions, as soon as I shall hear them contradicted by those who have nobly put themselves in the van of modern learning; or rather let me say, my dear sir, of modern *intelligence*, for the confined sense in which it has been customary among us to use this word *learning*, has thrown something of contempt, not to say ridicule, upon it, which renders it disagreeably obnoxious to the disciples of the present world of letters. Surrounded by all the inducements to profound study and lofty speculation which this noble metropolis affords, my letters must of necessity be short; but believe me, I entreat you, my dear sir, now and always your very affectionate pupil,

"CHARLES CHESTERFIELD."

Having finished this epistle, Charles read it over, and congratulated himself upon having very skilfully got over ground which he felt it was difficult to travel in company with his worthy, but totally unenlightened old friend. Yet, despite this approval, he was rather conscious, on reaching the signature, that the composition was not so affectionate as it ought to be. "That I should continue to reverence as a sage a man whose mind is so perfectly enveloped in darkness, is impossible," thought he, "but there can surely be no intellectual degradation in still loving the old man;" and with this feeling he added, as a postscript, "I hope that, as the season advances, you will enjoy the sunshine in your pretty arbour, and that you will sometimes think of your old scholar when you are sitting there. Does dear old Tabby follow you as she used to do, and purr and rub herself against your legs with the same comfortable certainty of being welcome? I must not envy your cat; that would be *infra dig.* in a London author, but I should like to have a look at you and Tabby now and then, if it were possible. But I am afraid it is impossible to have all that we love and admire about us at the same time."

In writing to little Bessy there were difficulties also, and he sat for above a minute with his pen suspended over the paper before he decided how to begin this letter also. "She is still but a child," said he, "and it would be any thing but wise to treat her otherwise." After this very judicious reflection, his embarrassment vanished, and with all the conscious self-approval which acting with discretion is sure to give, he wrote—

"My dear little girl,

"Though you certainly know no more about London than your favourite pigeon, you will be able to understand that when a man is fairly launched into the great world, it is very difficult for him to find time to write letters; and you must always keep this in mind, my dear

little friend, whenever a longer interval than usual elapses without your hearing from me. Though you certainly cannot understand much about London authorship, I think you may be able to guess a little, how different must be the life of a man who writes for *The Regenerator* (the most influential periodical in the world), from that which I used to lead at Maplebury. At this very moment, Bessy, two works of great importance, as yet unpublished, but confessed to be models by one most capable of judging them,—at this very moment these two works are lying on my desk unread! Will not this lessen your wonder, my dear child, if you find this letter a short one? I hope you are all quite well at Maplebury. Pray give my love to my father, mother, Kit, and Susan, by no means forgetting yourself, and believe me to be, my dear little girl, your very affectionate friend,

"CHARLES CHESTERFIELD."

Charles read this letter too after he had finished it, and blushed a little as he did so. The figure of Bessy in the moonlit porch, and as she had set beside him on the turf seat in the orchard on the night before he set off for London, rose vividly before him. Perhaps something like a comparison between Bessy on the bank, and Mrs. Sherbourne on the sofa, suggested itself; but if so, he drove it from him as an idle thought, exceedingly unprofitable, and altogether wrong; and without venturing upon any postscript at all, he hastily folded the letter and sealed it.

This duty performed, the young man settled himself anew at his desk, and laid his hand upon the precious pages he was about to peruse.

"Now then," said he, "I will give my whole soul to the study of this great man's style. Surely this is the proudest moment of my life! An unpublished MS. of Marchmont's before me! I can hardly believe it! Gracious Heaven! What a new existence, and how strangely like what I used to dream of between sleeping and waking, when lying beside the dear little river in the copse! The transcendental and the burlesque! Here they are both, and each of them beyond all question the very perfection of its genus.

"Which shall I take first? Let us see their titles. 'Responsibility: a tale.' That might be either grave or gay, according to the master's will. And the other, 'Desperation.' Nay, that settles it. This must be tragedy, and here I will begin. I long at once to follow him in his highest flight,

DESPERATION:

A NARRATIVE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

ON the 17th November, 1823, the streets of London were so densely crammed with yellow fog, that by half-past three in the afternoon it became wholly impossible to see across the narrowest of them. At this moment an individual might have been remarked walking rapidly down Monmouth-street towards the Seven Dials. His appearance, if not prepossessing, was at least remarkable; and no one who had ever looked at him earnestly for five minutes, was at all likely to forget him again. His age might have been about thirty-seven or thirty-eight; his stature rather below the middle size, and with

no marked propensity either to leanness or the reverse. His hair was brown, and cut short; his eyes rather of a light blue; his mouth not ill-formed, and garnished with a set of moderately white teeth; his nose was neither Greek nor Roman, but something between both; and his complexion, though by no means remarkable in any way, was rather fresh-coloured than otherwise; his coat was blue, and of the manufacture known by the name of second cloth; his waistcoat red and black, in stripes, with small black spots upon the red stripe, and small red spots upon the black; his cravat consisted of a cotton kerchief, of which the preponderating colour was yellow, though a wavy line of dingy purple might be traced at intervals through the whole of it; his trousers were composed of what is technically termed mixed cloth; his stockings were invisible, but were in truth of black and white worsted, considerably the worse for wear; his shoes, for boots he had none, had the appearance of being greatly more brown than black—the blacking process having indeed been altogether neglected; his beaver was in tolerably good shape, but nevertheless had evidently seen better days; and his gloves were of coarse, strong knitted worsted. Such was the being who now, as we have said, walked rapidly onwards through Monmouth-street in the direction of the Seven Dials.

"Oh, it is cold," he uttered, "very cold!"

Yet still he urged his steps onwards, onwards, onwards, nor stopped till he reached the yawning entrance to a cellar, the door of which stood open, notwithstanding the rigorous rudeness of the season.

Whatever might be his purpose, it was evident that concealment at this moment made no part of it; for he descended the broken and slippery steps without care or caution of any kind, and reached the bottom of them at last with that sort of unsteady abruptness, which indicates an almost total want of thought.

"Marry, come up, Mr. Figgins!" exclaimed Mrs. Brawley, the lady who, carrying on in this profound retreat the subterraneous profession of oyster-seller to the most fashionable portion of the neighbourhood, retained the respect so justly her due by never permitting any thing to pass in her presence unchallenged and unreproved. "Marry, come up, Mr. Figgins!" said she, "I marvels at your imperdence, coming down upon one ater that fashion"

"No offence, Mrs. Brawley, by your leave," replied the remarkable stranger, walking straight up to a fire that burned with inviting brightness in the most distant corner of the uncouth apartment.

"Hoffence hindeed! and I should be appy to know vot sitch as the likes of you calls hoffence?" screamed the shrew. "You'd think it no hoffence, maybe, to fire yourself out of a cannon into a lady's room, and knock her brains out with your bullet of a ed."

"I ax your pardon then, Mrs. Brawley," replied the person she called Figgins; "I should count sitch a hact as the unperlitest thing in natur."

"You vud, vud you; then vot for do you come thundering down my stairs that vay? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, and that's the truth, and no lie."

The female who uttered this, was short, fat, and exceedingly red in the nose. Her dress was sordid in the extreme, being composed of black stuff, which seemed to have an extraneous surface of grease, that caused it to shine in the fire-light, as with arms a-kimbo she stood before the flaming grate. Cap she had none, but a large and very dirty blue handkerchief, spotted with white, covered her head, and crossing under her chin was tied behind, the ends hanging down upon her back. An apron which had once been white, but which could boast this hue of purity no longer, adorned the front of her person, while her bosom was sheltered by a ragged shawl, which hung over her fat shoulders in scallops.

Though there was nothing in this figure to propitiate kindness, or even civility, and though her manners, still more than her appearance, seemed an antidote to both, the demeanour of Figgins, if such indeed was his name, underwent no alteration, but continued uniformly gentle and obliging, in spite of all she could say to provoke him. Those indeed who had watched him

narrowly might have perceived a quivering of the lip, a nervous motion about the eye, an occasional start, and an anxious, restless watchfulness in his manner of turning his head towards the stairs, that might have taught them to explain this gentleness, by proving that he was not at that moment in a state to quarrel with any one. It was evident that some heavy anxiety weighed upon him, though of what nature, it was by no means easy to define.

His manner seemed not, however, to excite either interest or suspicion in the mind of Mrs. Brawley, for having continued her maundering till, apparently weary of its non-effect, she suddenly broke off, and said, probably in as civil a tone as she was mistress of,

"Vell then, Mr. Figgins, I suppose you'll be after aving some hoysters, von't you?"

The individual she thus addressed started as if he had seen a spectre. He laid his hand upon the woman's arm, and looking almost wildly in her face, exclaimed,

"Gracious Heaven! Am I come to this? Must I bend the craven knee and sue for mercy here?"

Large drops of sweat stood upon his forehead, his lips were as pale as ashes, and though firmly built, and even athletic for his size, he trembled from head to foot like an infant. It was impossible to look at him without emotion.

"Vat's in the vind now?" cried Mrs. Brawley, fixing her great eyes upon him with something between terror and astonishment. "If there bean't mischief brewing somewhere, I'll never trust nobody's looks no more. Out with it, man! If I had a mind to peach, I might do it now as safe as after you'd told all. What gallows job have you been after?"

"Woman!" returned the stranger, with an accent which made even her hard nature shudder. "Woman! I have committed murder! Murder, woman! Bloody, bloody murder!"

"The devil you have, you big blackguard!" she replied; "and that's what makes you come sneaking here, is it?"

"No words! no trifling!" cried he whom she had distinguished by the name of Figgins. "The grave yawns before me! The gallows lifts its everlasting arms to seize and throw me into it! Speak, say, decide at once! Will you save me? No shuffling, no doubt, yes or no?"

Oh nature! How wondrous are thy sympathies! This coarse, hard female, vicious, intemperate, corrupted, as she had become, was yet a woman still! For one short moment of tremendous doubt, she remained gazing in the face of the wretched man whose fate hung upon her lips, and none might say from that hard countenance what might be the workings of the soul within.

But at length she exclaimed with the voice of a stentor, and in the attitude of a boxer, "Yes, by the living jingo! and him vat comes to nab you ere, old boy, shall have my ten commandments writ upon his cheeks, to say nothing of his eyes, and that vill be the very best he'll get."

The revulsion of feeling produced by this cordial burst, was more than the agitated man could bear, and ere her powerful arm could be extended to save him, he fell prostrate at her feet.

As Charles Chesterfield read these last words there was a sharp knocking at the house-door, which caused him to start almost as violently as if he had been in the predicament of Mr. Figgins, for he was in truth completely absorbed in the task on which he was employed, his attention being fascinated not only by the extremely pleasing nature of the narrative itself, but also by the earnest desire he felt to discover the object of the great master in its composition. What might it mean? Could this be intended for the sublime? Could it be comic? One or the other he had been told it was, and one or the other he was sure it must be;—but which? To which of the two great classes did it belong? Notwithstanding the extremely deep interest of

the story, these questions recurred perpetually like the note of the trumpet, heard at intervals above all the other instruments in that anthem of anthems, "The dead shall be raised," and like that, bringing back the mind to the *general subject.*

This struggle, however, between his imagination and his critical judgment was not destined to endure, for before he had fully recovered the startling effects of the knocking, his own parlour-door opened, and Mr. Marchmont stood before him. He appeared considerably agitated, was heated and out of breath, evidently from the effects of having walked too rapidly; he addressed no word to his astonished host, but fixing his eager eyes upon the table and the desk, darted instantly forward, and seizing upon the manuscript upon which Charles was occupied, sank upon a chair, tossed his hat upon the floor, drew forth a handkerchief wherewith he wiped his heated brows, and at length exclaimed,

"Well, it's safe! I have got hold of it again, and that is better luck than I deserved."

"What is safe, Mr. Marchmont? What is it that has been in danger? And wherefore are you so agitated?" said Charles, standing opposite to his unexpected visiter, and staring at him with equal surprise and curiosity.

"Have you such a thing as a glass of brandy, Chesterfield?" eagerly demanded Mr. Marchmont.

"No, indeed, sir, I have not," replied the young man; "but I dare say the girl of the house could get some for you. Shall I send out, sir?"

"Yes, my dear fellow, do, for mercy's sake; for I declare to you, upon my life and honour, that I am half dead."

Charles immediately rang the bell, and gave the necessary order, and then, turning again to his patron, and perceiving that after carefully rolling up the manuscript, he was preparing to put it in his pocket, he ventured to say,

"Oh, pray sir, do not take it away with you! It is so very interesting."

"Interesting!" replied Marchmont, adding, with a slight laugh, "I believe so, indeed. You want to learn it by rote, I suppose; but that won't do. You have had time to read it over a dozen times, at least, and if you will believe me, I never found out what you had got till this morning—this hour, in fact, this half hour. Faith, Chesterfield, you have got the devil's luck and your own too, to get sight of what was intrusted to me in so very private a manner."

Though puzzled and mystified beyond measure, Charles answered very ingenuously, "I have certainly had it long enough to read it through many times, Mr. Marchmont, and yet, I give you my word that I have not done so. I have only taken it up within the last half hour; and, to tell you the truth, I am heartily glad you are come, for I began to feel greatly at a loss as to the classification of it. This story then, called 'Desperation,' is not your own composition?"

"No, sir, it is not," replied Mr. Marchmont, with an air of mystery, and of one who intended not to say more than he could help.

"I am glad to hear it," said Charles, "for I may now without

scruple confess to you that I cannot conceive it to belong to the transcendental or the burlesque school. I now presume that it is a species of erratic composition that belongs to neither."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I beg your pardon. It is in all respects the perfection of both, because it is in every sense of the phrase *sui generis*, and is composed in a spirit too enlarged to be easily defined, and too admirable to be fairly classed with any other. Nevertheless, a professional critic like myself, accustomed to analysis, and what may be called the habit of literary dissection, can hardly fail to perceive that the enormous power displayed in this new school arises from its having availed itself of an immense mass of materials which have never been made use of before. Talk of Shakspeare! why, my dear sir, it is as evident as that two and two make four, that notwithstanding the wide range which that old gentleman's fancy certainly took, going, as we all know, very absurdly beyond the limits of existing nature, he nevertheless constantly shackled himself by the pedantic notion of poetical fitness. As if all things in earth and heaven, from the rising sun, robed in its eastern splendour, to the felon in Newgate, or the fish-wife at her stall, were not all equally worthy of being converted to the purposes of a man of genius? Why in Apollo's name should Cleopatra be held a worthier theme than Billingsgate Moll or Clerkenwell Bess? It is nonsense to cant about morality, you know; for not only this dark-browed queen, but lots of other ladies, to whom nobody objects as heroines, have terribly bad reputations. No, no, that was not it. Poetical exclusiveness rested on far different grounds, and whatever you may think of it, young man, the reform bill had as much to do in throwing open these long neglected treasures of human interest, as in throwing open our boroughs. All hail! to both, say I. Nor have we done yet, Chesterfield. Universal suffrage is yet to come in both ways; and when we obtain the vote by ballot, we shall obtain at the same time, perhaps, such outpourings from the profoundest depths of the social scale, as shall make old tight-laced tragedy look pale for shame of her own weakness. But I am opening my heart to you as if you were indeed a well-tried friend and ally, and such in truth I hope to find you. It was only chance, however, I will tell you that frankly, which put these pages in your hand. As yet they belong to their author, and not to me, for we have not yet come to terms. He demands an enormous price for them, and yet he is but just beginning in his new career. He confesses himself to be but an imitator of the great masters, but there is a boldness in the sketch that shows of what he is capable. Do you not think it admirable?"

"I hope, sir, you will let me read it to the end," said Charles. "I can hardly judge of it by what I have yet read."

"Impossible, Chesterfield! I am thankful that I arrived in time to prevent your going on with it. The catastrophe is completely new, and of a kind to eclipse every thing that has been done yet. Tyburn! —paugh!—Tyburn is nothing to it! It would be the greatest possible injustice to the author, as well as to ourselves, if we became the purchasers, to let it be noised abroad. This work will make a new stepping-stone, you may depend upon it, to lead us down towards the most terrific depths of sin, a dozen fathom lower I trust than we have ever been before! The power is stupendous, I assure you. The Great

Western engine is a teakettle compared to it. With such a press as ours, Mr. Chesterfield, and with such institutions as we may soon hope to possess, I see not but that we may fairly expect to have every species of restraint removed which now cripples the native energies of man. Talk of the light of mind! In that respect we may be said at this moment to be in a state of general conflagration—blazing in all directions; and truly we may declare that nothing shall be hid from the light thereof. Where is there ignorance now, Chesterfield? There is not a school boy of ten years old—nor, for that matter, a school girl either, who may not in our days know more about every species of sin and suffering, high-minded desperate daring, and that noble courage which fears neither god nor devil, than all their grandfathers put together. It is a fine spectacle, a very fine spectacle, Chesterfield!"

During this speech the maid of the house entered with a glass of brandy, and it was a great proof of the earnestness with which Mr. Marchmont spoke, that he did not raise it to his lips till he had finished. Then he tossed it off, and rising at the same time, said, "Give me the other manuscript too, my good fellow, and I will take it home with me."

"But I have not read it yet, sir," said Charles, in some confusion, and conscious that the delay must give him the appearance of great indifference.

"Indeed!" returned Mr. Marchmont, coldly, "then you cannot be very anxious about it."

"Quite the contrary, quite the contrary, sir," returned Charles, with great earnestness, "I delayed the reading till I had finished my own story, only because I was afraid of being tempted to imitate it more closely than you might approve."

"You could hardly have done any thing so likely to improve your production. However, being proprietor as well as editor, it is my interest to encourage originality in all ways. It is the most valuable quality after all. You have then finished your story?"

"I have, sir," replied Chesterfield, endeavouring to speak with composure.

"Give it to me, then. I am glad to find you are so punctual."

Charles put the two manuscripts into his hand together; and affected to smile gaily as he did it; but in truth he was too much agitated to speak.

"That's right. Good morning. We shall meet at the Gibsons of course."

And so saying, the great man nodded his head, took up his hat, and departed, leaving Charles in a state of nervousness between hope and fear, that made him about equally long for and dread the hour of meeting; for he well knew there was abundance of time for Mr. Marchmont to read the whole of his composition before that hour arrived, and feeling quite sure that he would do so, he felt as if his fate altogether depended upon the next few hours.

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

No. I.

TO THE EDITOR.

"Sir,

"In presenting to the readers of the *New Monthly Magazine*, the following statement of my ten years' captivity in France, Germany, and Italy, I can safely affirm that I am not induced to do so by any feeling of vanity, but by the earnest wish that the extraordinary and almost incredible positions in which I have been placed, may afford information and amusement. The hairbreadth escapes I have encountered, improbable as they may appear to superficial observers, are attested by many living witnesses. In relating my adventures, I have endeavoured, as much as possible, to avoid egotism. Nevertheless, I own it is with a certain degree of pride and satisfaction I review that part of my life wherein I was enabled to render essential services to my fellow-captives, through my acquaintance with the French language.

"I remain, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"JOSHUA DONE."

IN the summer of the year 1802, during the peace of Amiens, I took my departure from London, my native city, with the intention of visiting Paris, in order to improve myself in music and French, being then sixteen years of age. I travelled on foot from London to Dover, and from Calais to Paris, the weather being delightful, though intensely warm, throughout my journey, and for some time afterwards. I strolled and carolled along as merrily and thoughtlessly as the birds that welcomed my path. Every object appeared to me bright and happy; and, being possessed of a fearless heart and an extraordinary flow of animal spirits, I found enjoyment in every thing by which I was surrounded. I had gained the prize at school for my superior improvement in French, but I soon found I had much to do before I could follow the rapidity of a native's pronunciation. At Calais I was particularly struck with the extraordinary scrutiny and vigilance of the customhouse-officers, and the miserable appearance of the inhabitants at that period.

The unpleasant odour of their turf-fires, and other disagreeable effluvia, did not in the least abate my curiosity to pursue my journey. I soon accustomed myself to the manners and diet of the country, and travelled at more reasonable charges than I experienced many years after in the same locality.

I found the natives ever ready to direct me on my road, and to listen with untiring patience to my imperfect explanations of my wants and wishes. On arriving at Boulogne, I entered into conversation with a citizen, who gave me the particulars of the flotilla action with Nelson, which had taken place the previous year.

My informant had been in the military service, and according to his

statement, it was sheer madness to attack the flotilla at Boulogne, unsupported by a sufficient number of soldiers to command the heights of that town. At Abbeville I was much amused by a *combat au naturel* betwixt two French postilions, after the fashion of the lower orders of their country. They began to fight with an open-handed, and to me a very ludicrous position, putting me in mind of two bears, erect, with their paws extended. After a little smacking and hugging, they tumbled each other on the ground, tore their hair, and knocked their heads against the stones; in fact, the exhibition was so disgusting to me, that I interfered to see fair play, and got well laughed at for my pains. Impressed with the superiority of my countrymen in this particular, I gaily continued my road to Amiens, the cathedral of which city I visited, and was not less astonished at its grandeur than at the numerous mendicants who surrounded its gates, and solicited alms with the most indefatigable importunity.

The numerous apple-trees I encountered in Picardy on the high-road, were a source of wonder and delight to me, affording, as they did, shade and refreshment to the weary traveller. This circumstance gave me a favourable idea of the hospitable disposition of the French, and I believe that even at the present day, notwithstanding the exorbitant charges of the trading community, the rural population in France are as hospitable as ever. I accomplished my journey from Calais to Paris in five days, rising generally at three or four o'clock in the morning, and reposing in the heat of the day. The various and novel sights at Paris greatly excited my wonder, although I had been accustomed to live in a great city; but I, even then, considered it in appearance vastly inferior to London. The French, I observed, were a giddy, thoughtless nation, excessively vain and national, and the fittest tools for the purposes of such a man as Napoleon. He had just escaped from a gunpowder plot in the form of a *machine infernale* when I arrived at Paris; and, it appears, he owed his life to the skill and bravery of his coachman, who urged his horses to their utmost speed, and thereby escaped the explosion which took place but a few seconds after he had passed the *machine* that was placed in a cart, and secreted from public view. The anxiety evinced by the Parisians for his safety, proved the extent of his popularity. This event cast a suspicious and scrutinizing shade over his countenance, which, I was told, it did not previously exhibit. He was then very thin, and his complexion very sallow, with an expression of features decidedly unpleasant—at least so it appeared to me—as I had frequent opportunities of seeing him very closely.

Having the means of obtaining free access to the principal theatres in Paris, through my connexion with the *Conservatoire de Musique*, where I studied under Mehul and Cherubini, I often availed myself of the privilege; my favourite places of amusement being the Grand Opera, the Italian Opera, the Comic Opera, and the Vaudeville. The two last I greatly preferred. The French tragic-acting I always considered unnatural and bombastic, therefore I visited the *Théâtre François* not more than twice or thrice, and then to my great disappointment. The Comic Opera was my choice; there were invariably good acting and singing, with a remarkably good plot in each piece. The French are certainly the only nation capable of managing a comic opera to per-

fection. The author, the composer, the singer, and the actor, all harmonize in a superior manner, and produce the completest specimen of comic opera that can be imagined. Their vaudevilles are also excellent, and out-rival those of any other country. The best native singers then at Paris, were Mademoiselle Phillis, Madame Gavaudan, Messieurs Elleviou, Martin, and Gavaudan. The voice of Martin was very extraordinary, embracing the whole of the bass and tenor scale, with a strong and melodious *falsetto*, which he used with great taste and judgment. I must not omit mentioning Brunet, the Liston of Paris, whose popularity was almost equal to that of the First Consul.

The following anecdotes will show how he presumed on general favour to support himself against the government of Napoleon, at that time one of the most arbitrary in Europe. In the course of different pieces which he acted, he introduced *impromptus* to this effect. When the flat-bottomed boats were practising on the Seine, he made a *calembourg* or pun upon the word *noyer;* observing, that "we should have plenty of *drowned* if we made our descent on England;" the word *noyer* signifying also "a walnut-tree." This witticism pleased the Parisians mightily, though it gave great offence to the government, and caused him to be imprisoned for two or three weeks. This despotic and impolitic step, on the part of the police, only encreased Brunet's power over his admiring countrymen; for, when he returned from prison to the stage, he was received with shouts of applause and triumph. This emboldened him to venture on a *calembourg* of greater dimensions. During a piece in which he performed, an orange, containing a louis-d'or, was thrown on the stage, and as he picked it up, he made the following remark: "I know what to do with this orange; I'll keep the louis—eat the orange—and send the rind to the devil." (*Je garderai le louis, je mangerai l'orange, et au diable l'écorce* [*le Corse*]).

The close of the sentence was magnificent, *l'écorce* and *le Corse*, being pronounced precisely alike, the former signifying "the rind," and the latter "the Corsican." Napoleon became furious on hearing of this insult, and poor Brunet, as he expected, was again incarcerated for a short period, but returned to his profession with more energy and success than ever. His next sarcasm was directed against the term "imperial," which was assumed for almost every article of luxury, soon after Napoleon's becoming emperor. While Brunet is satirizing this absurd taste, a French diligence attempts to pass on the stage; but, the top being too high, it sticks fast under the arched-way, and Brunet immediately exclaims, "*A bas l'impériale, il y a long temps que cela nous embarrasse.*" "Down with the top (imperial), that has troubled us a long time." The word *impériale* signifying "the top of a coach" as well as "imperial." Previous to this speech, he had furnished himself with a nightcap, which he shook at the audience, saying, that he knew where he was going to sleep that night, alluding to the prison, to which, in fact, he was sent for the last time; for, in consequence of some understanding betwixt him and the police, his subsequent political puns were found to be extremely harmless. Not so the caricatures that abounded in Paris, such as the following, wherein Napoleon is seen attempting to rub out a spot on his coat, containing

the name of the Duke D'Enghien, when he is made to exclaim, "This spot, then, can never be effaced!" (*Cette tache ne s'effacera donc jamais!*) Alluding to the unjustifiable execution of the Duke.

After I had been at Paris a few months, war broke out between England and France, and the French government detained all British subjects then residing or travelling in France, as hostages for their captured ships, before declaration of war, as they stated the matter. On account of my youth, I was allowed to remain at Paris a few months longer, until the following adventure caused my removal to Verdun-sur-Meuse, the depot for British officers and *détenus*.

While reading the newspaper in a coffeehouse at Paris, I was accosted by a native, who, like many of his countrymen, was extremelw ignorant of geography. Mortier had just taken possession of Hanover, and the French were so elated by it, that many of them thought they had found a short passage to England. My coffeehouse acquaintance was of this number, and boasted to me that the French army would soon be in England. I replied, that if it ever were the case, they would go as prisoners; little thinking then that their great chief would ever be a captive in the power of England. However, my sentiments were reported to General Junot, who was then Governor of Paris; and after an examination by that gallant personage, who evidently wished me to deny the expressions attributed to me, that he might have some appearance of justice in releasing me, finding I was resolute in repeating my answer to my accuser, he altered his tone, and sternly ordered me to be conducted to Meaux, ten leagues from Paris, and from thence I was to proceed alone on parole to Verdun.

That very day a gendarme escorted me to Claye, about halfway to Meaux. On my arrival at the former place it was dark, and intending to give the gendarme a two-franc piece, I handed him a double Napoleon (40 francs). I did not discover my mistake till I had accomplished half my journey on the morrow, when I informed the gendarme who accompanied me of the circumstance, and he returned with me to Claye, where we found the brigade (a brigadier and four gendarmes) pushing the wine about in grand style; the receipt of my forty-franc piece was stoutly denied, and I returned little wiser and richer than before. On reaching Meaux, I was allowed to pursue my route without the fascinating company of gendarmes; and meeting shortly after with a young Frenchman travelling to Verdun, we agreed to foot it together, and passing through Epernay, Châlons, St. Menehould, &c., we arrived without accident at the place of our destination where I presented myself to the commandant (Colonel Courselles), and was permitted to reside in the town of Verdun on parole. Here I remained pretty comfortably about a year and a half, teaching French to my countrymen, and English to the natives, and music to both parties. At the end of that period, having twice forgotten to attend muster, I was sent to the fortress of Biche, a depot of punishment for British captives. On my road thither I passed through Mars la Tour, Metz, Sarre-Louis, Forbach, and Sarregumines, and arrived at Biche, after a day's journey of seven leagues in the depth of winter, through snow ankle-deep on a most fatiguing road.

The first appearance of that gloomy fortress struck a momentary terror into me; but I soon recovered my self-possession, in the hopes of

meeting with companions who might alleviate my distressed feelings; but what was my disappointment on my arrival at my place of destination, at being thrust into a subterraneous vault or casemate, containing the most savage and desperate characters I ever met with.

Being saluted with the epithets "nor'-wester," and "long-coated," I was compelled, notwithstanding my exhausted state, to fight in my own defence; a drunken sailor having assaulted me for that express purpose. However, collecting all my energies into one phrensied attack, I had the good fortune to lay my antagonist senseless, when his blackguard companions ceased to molest me, and I was left at leisure to converse with more respectable characters. The term "nor'-wester" was applied to the *détenus*, they having been supposed to have gone over to France with a north-west wind, *that* being the most favourable for the passage from Dover to Calais.

The little *souterrain* in which I was confined, contained about 130 British captives, when I first entered it. A short time previous a most appalling and sanguinary deed had been committed in this dismal abode:

An Englishman named Cox, carpenter of La Minerve, Captain Brenton, had attempted to escape from Valenciennes; he reached the Rhine, intending to swim to the opposite bank with his son on his back, the child being only five years old, and having accompanied him during the whole of his journey. Being too fatigued to cross that rapid river at once, he landed on an island, where some French *douaniers* made him a prisoner, and he was escorted with his little boy to the fortress of Biche. Soon after a plot to escape from the *souterrain* was concerted, and Cox, with his shipmate Marshall, was induced to join it. It appears that the commandant of the depot had information of their proceedings, and could have easily put a stop to them; but being bent on making an example to deter others from a similar attempt, he placed gendarmes in the passages through which they were to pass, on breaking out of the *souterrain*. Cox and Marshall being the two first who ventured into the trap thus laid for them, were butchered in the most inhuman manner possible; the rest escaped back to their place of confinement. To complete the horrid catastrophe, the comrades of Cox and Marshall were compelled next day to bury them, that they might behold their disfigured countenances, and barbarously maimed limbs.

Colonel Clement, the commandant, to whom this inhuman and wanton deed is ascribed, was a remarkably handsome and amiable man, and, according to appearances, the most unlikely to have committed such an act.*

Shortly after my arrival, I was transferred to a room in the barracks, as were likewise Messrs. Dutton, Darby, Iliffe, Bode, Priestley (nephew of the celebrated Dr. Priestley), Jackson, Billings, &c.; General Stack, Sir Beaumont Dixie, Colonel Whaley, and several others had rooms to themselves, for which they paid pretty handsomely. We had permission to walk in the courtyard for two hours each day; the rest of the time we were locked up in our rooms, except on market-days, when we were allowed in turn to go to town for the purchase of provisions. Brandy was strictly prohibited, as the com-

* Young Cox was humanely provided for by Captain Brenton, then at Verdun.

mandant had an interest in the canteen, where the most abominable stuff was sold, called "schnick," a species of spirit extracted from potatoes, disagreeable to the taste and pernicious to the constitution. It was therefore not to be wondered at, that the prisoners took every opportunity of smuggling good Cogniac into the fort; this led to frequent squabbles betwixt them and the sentries, who had orders to watch for the contraband article. In order to elude the vigilance of their keepers, the prisoners were in the habit of bringing it up in bladders, concealed under their provisions in baskets and bags.

A serious affray took place one market-day, betwixt a British prisoner named Frazer, and a soldier on guard, who suspected brandy to be concealed in his basket. In his haste to get at it, he overturned the contents of the basket, consisting of eggs, butter, &c., and at length detected the brandy-bladder; but while examining it, Frazer drew out his knife and stuck it in the bladder, the contents of which were emptied in an instant, to the unspeakable grief of the soldier, who thought to have secured a valuable prize. He then drew his sword and rushed upon Frazer, but the latter with great presence of mind popped his empty basket on the soldier's head, and the gendarmes interfering at the same moment, prevented any further danger. I was requested by my companions to remonstrate with the commandant, and after a long and angry altercation, he agreed to rescind the order, on my threatening to write to his government concerning the abuse of his authority. Shortly after this, I fell ill of a putrid fever, and remained two months in the hospital of Biche. On returning to the fortress, I found my former comrades had been removed to a large *souterrain*, where I was also confined.

We were compelled to extinguish our lights at eight o'clock, after which time we huddled round the fires, or went to bed, though various were the manœuvres put in practice to prevent forbidden lights from being discovered.

Amongst us was a curious personage who prided himself much on his whiskers, and who was consequently nicknamed "Don Whiskerandos." I was one night sitting with several others on a form before the fire, while Don Whiskerandos was standing behind me, when some one asked me for a firebrand to light his pipe with; in passing it to him over my shoulder, I grazed the don's whiskers, to their irreparable damage and the unbounded rage of their owner, who never forgave me for that accident, as he always effected to believe that I did it purposely.

Many attempts were made to escape from this dreary abode, but very few succeeded. Lieutenant Essell, of the royal navy, was killed in descending the ramparts; but, according to several reports, he was despatched when lying in the ditch, by a bayonet-wound in his forehead: he had a considerable sum of money in his possession at starting, but as none was found on him when brought back, it was generally supposed that he was murdered, to conceal the robbery. Midshipman Nairn, a brave young man, was shot in an altercation with a sentry; and Bellchambers, a captain's clerk, had his right hand disabled by a sabre-cut from a gendarme. Midshipman Worth, son of Admiral Worth, jumped off the ramparts, during a deep snow, and although the height was eighty feet, he sustained but little injury from his leap. Midshipman Pearson, the son of Admiral Pearson, who fought the

celebrated action with Paul Jones in the Serapis, lost his life through a drunken frolic, having laid a considerable wager with Bode, a *détenu*, that he would remain longer barefooted in the snow than Bode. He was seized with a shivering fit that caused his death.

Innumerable were the foolish freaks invented by the despairing and persecuted British captives in this fortress to while away the time. Cards, dice, and every species of gaming, drinking, fighting, quarrelling, succeeded each other with fearful rapidity, undermining the constitutions of the most hardy, and leaving them victims to the first disease that assailed them. Those who had more studious desires, were compelled at times to join in the general madness, in order to avoid the greater evil of being subject to the malevolence of the immense majority. The only chance for a man of sedentary habits was in rising at daybreak, while his comrades were wrapt in slumber: then, and only then, might he obtain a short respite from the confused and heart-rending scenes that surrounded him. Gaming was carried to such an extent, that some of the prisoners have been known to lose every article of clothing they possessed, and to lie in bed until they received a fresh supply of cash, which they invariably squandered away in the same disgraceful manner. Not even the numerous services I had rendered my hapless companions by advocating their interests with the French authorities could, at all times, secure my books and papers from injury or demolition; and many a sigh and pang have I experienced for the loss of some composition that had cost me weeks of anxious and unremitting labour.

Moreover, I had to stem the current of the commandant's unceasing hostility to me, after he had unsuccessfully tried to corrupt me by offering me many little privileges that my fellow-captives did not enjoy, and which I invariably and contemptuously rejected. At length, tired of a troublesome observer of his actions, he procured my release from his authority, with permission to return on parole to Verdun, after an incarceration of twenty months in the truly dismal fortress of Biche. On my road to Verdun I fell in with the French imperial guard, who were in full march to Prussia. Officers and men were in the highest spirits, and confident of success; and, to do them justice, notwithstanding their affected superiority over our nation, they behaved very courteously to me, and were even kind enough to offer to take letters for me to my friends in England, where they expected to go immediately after their conquest of Prussia; but I respectfully declined their services, as I had great doubts of their fulfilling their promises.

About halfway betwixt Sarre-Louis (then called Sarre-libre), and Metz, I met two British prisoners frozen to death in a cart. It was then the practice of the French to convey the sick from Sarre-Louis to Metz, there being no hospital at the former place: this was a most inhuman custom, as, from the length of the journey (thirty-six miles), many perished on the road. Metz is celebrated for being a fortified city of the first order, its population being considered the most handsome in all France; but, in fact, that observation may be applied to Verdun and to Lorraine generally, where the fair sex are still superior in beauty to most parts of France. The vicinity of Metz is well cultivated, and the river Moselle glides slowly and majestically through the city and adjacent country, providing abundance of fine fish to the

inhabitants of its shores. On returning to Verdun I resumed my wonted occupations, being permitted to reside where I pleased in the town. It was curious to see the daily squabbles that took place betwixt the landladies of different houses when an Englishman took it into his head, which was frequently the case, to change his lodgings. Many little intrigues were carried on to decoy those Englishmen who were reputed to be wealthy. From abuse the fair disputants often proceeded to more striking proofs of their determination to carry off *mon Anglais* as they usually termed the Englishmen who lodged with them.

This expression of *mon Anglais*, or "my Englishman," signified that they considered him as a godsend; or, in other words, as a bird that they had a right to pluck in every possible way for their own benefit. Verdun contained about ten thousand inhabitants, a tenth part being composed of British officers of the navy and army, of *détenus*, and of captains and mates of merchant-vessels. When the British first arrived at Verdun, there were only two or three bankers in the town; but, in a few years, their number increased to twenty or thirty, so thriving was the trade of banking. When it is considered that ten, twenty, and thirty thousand pounds annually were expended by some of the British prisoners at Verdun, and that the bankers exacted a quarter, and even a third of the amount of each bill of exchange, some idea may be formed of the wholesale robbery exercised on our countrymen.

General Wirion, who had the command of the depot, took his share of the spoil, in the shape of a tax on horse-racing, gambling of every description, and perquisites for every little favour or indulgence that he granted. At length Napoleon being informed of his conduct, sent for him to Paris, and having reprimanded him, tore his epaulettes from his shoulders, and dismissed him with a disgraceful epithet. Poor Wirion took a hackney-coach, went to the Bois de Boulogne and shot himself. When Napoleon heard of it, he exclaimed, "*Il y a long temps qu'il auroit dû le faire*," (He should have done it long ago). Notwithstanding his avarice, Wirion often evinced traits of great liberality in his decisions betwixt the British prisioners and the natives, as in the following instance:

A forest-guard in a wood, a few miles from Verdun, had a dispute with a British captain of a merchantman; the former presented his musket at the latter, who wrested it from him and knocked him down, which act he repeated every time the guard got up. General Wirion was complained to on the subject.

Having heard both parties, he gave his countrymen this suggestion, couched in the following pithy sentence: "My friend, take my advice; when next an Englishman knocks you down, don't get up till he's far away." On another occasion he showed great impartiality towards a lieutenant of the British navy, who got into a scrape in consequence of the following dashing enterprise:

The midshipmen and the young Frenchmen of the lower part of the town having long been at variance, agreed to come to a regular pitched battle with bludgeons. The young Frenchmen drew up in three lines on the Place Saint Croix, near the bridge over the Maese. A youth who had just been made a lieutenant, whose name was Thorley, took the command of the midshipmen, and formed them into a close square

with which he soon broke through the Frenchmen's lines, when they scampered off in every direction; but, the gendarmes appearing just at the moment, Thorley and his brave followers retreated; but like a brave fellow, he remained in the rear, and, after breaking several of his opponents' heads, he was taken, and brought before the commandant, who dismissed him, telling his cowardly assailants that they ought to be ashamed of asking him to punish a stripling who had given them such proofs of his bravery; "and," added he, "for the honour of France, go home quietly, and don't breathe another syllable of the matter."

A remarkable instance of the popularity of the British with the fair Verdunians, occurred during the above fray; as the French were beginning to scud, one of their countrywomen bawled out, at the very top of her voice, "*Vive les aspirants!*" (The midshipmen for ever!) About this period I was appointed French master to the Naval School, so that with other exceptions, my time was fully employed, and my detention less irksome.

It is but strict justice to my fellow-captives at Verdun to state, that I never met with a more honourable feeling than that displayed by the great majority of them on all occasions. It is true they were subject to great mortifications, and to great temptations; but, with very few exceptions, they fully maintained the honour and interest of their native land. I was likewise appointed secretary to the committee for distributing the remittances that were sent from England for the benefit of distressed British captives in France. The shopkeepers of Verdun, with their wives and daughters, dressed generally no better than the peasantry of the surrounding villages, on the first arrival of the British prisoners; but, in consequence of the wealth they in a very few years amassed, through British prodigality and their own grasping disposition, they began to vie with the fashionables of Paris in dress and all outward appearances. The result of this change of circumstances caused much mischief in the town, as those who were unable to make a show were often induced to sacrifice every principle in order to obtain the means of rivalling or eclipsing their companions and acquaintance. The following description of the originals, native and British, who inhabited Verdun at that period, will give the reader some idea of the variety of characters it contained.

I shall begin with "The Sporting Quaker," a worthy, who, unlike those of his cloth, was addicted to gaming, drinking, &c. He was ever ready to lay wagers at cards, dice, cocking, and horse-racing; prided himself on being an adept at the fistic art, and pushed the bottle about in grand style; but, alas! he fell a victim to this latter propensity, having caused as much merriment in his time, as any body I could mention. "The Verdun Banker" was a character that did not scruple to fleece his British customers in the most artful manner possible. A quarter, and even a third of a bill of exchange generally found its way into the coffers of the discounter; and if the banker was a dealer in wares for eating, drinking, or clothing, which was frequently the case, then it might be fairly calculated that half the amount of the said bill went to the profit of the cunning banker. Then again, his wife probably let lodgings, which were a source of further emolument to him, the lady and her family having a peculiar tact in managing *notre Anglais* to the best advantage possible.

"The Verdun Apothecary" was another curious specimen of originality; being very near-sighted, and a great admirer of the fair sex, many ludicrous accidents are related concerning him. The following is a sample: One night he was at a ball, where his wife, who was separated from him, was also invited, the host wishing to reconcile the parties. The lady, who was remarkable for her beauty, was extremely admired by her husband, who, at the first glimpse of her, exclaimed to those around him, "What a magnificent woman!" but, on a closer examination, he was apparently horror-stricken, for he immediately cried out, "*O sacré Dieu! c'est ma femme!*" They were not, however, reconciled, and scandalized the town by their licentious conduct. "The Punctual Man" was a singular being, who was often seen attending muster long before the appointed time; but he was more frequently discovered running at the top of his speed, in consequence of his being too late for the above purpose. In fact, it appeared that through some untoward circumstance or other, he was always too soon or too late; consequently the *sobriquet* of "the punctual man" was given him in derision.

The following adventure took place at Verdun, between a French officer of the 11th light cavalry, and a British officer.

The 11th was distinguished in the French army by the honourable epithet of *sans-tache* (without a spot), they having been uniformly successful in every engagement. From the present anecdote, however, it would appear that they were totally unacquainted with British prowess. The above-mentioned British officer was sitting in a coffee-house drinking wine and reading the newspaper, when the aforesaid French officer came in and drank a glass of wine that had been poured out by the Englishman for himself. The latter thought Mounseer's conduct rather funny, but resolved to give him another opportunity of expressing his politeness, which he did in the following manner. When the second glass of wine was poured out, the Frenchman immediately swallowed it, and at the same time drew his sword half out of its scabbard; at that moment the Englishmen, as quick as lightning, seized him by the waist, and being a very powerful man, he carried him to an open window on the market-place, and pitched him clean out of it. This and several subsequent lessons given by the captives at Verdun, caused that crack regiment (*sans-tache*) to be more reserved in the display of overbearing insolence which they evinced on their first arrival at Verdun, from the *grande armée*, as the army that Napoleon then commanded was universally designated by the French nation.

Duels were of frequent occurrence, and the superior skill and coolness of the British, gave them the most decided advantage over their opponents on every occasion. The country around Verdun is fertile and picturesque, the river abounding in fish, and the hills with vineyards, although the wine is not very remarkable for its quality. The villagers, who considered every Englishman rich, were accustomed to teach their children to beg of us in the most piteous strains; and they conceived they could not pay us a higher compliment than to introduce what they foolishly fancied our national expression (G—d-d—n) into their salutations, or solicitations; as for instance, "*Bon-jour, Monsieur G—d d—n. Donne moi un sol, s'il vous plait, mon cher G—d-d—n.*"—(Good day,

Mr. G—d-d—n. Those who are addicted to swearing would do well to attend to the following criticism on that absurd practice, it being the wittiest and most useful admonition that can well be imagined.

In a French play, entitled "*Le Chevalier de Grammont,*" the chevalier is about to take a voyage to England, but regrets that his valet does not speak English. This the valet indignantly denies, saying that he can pronounce "G—d d—n." His master smiles at this assertion; but he enters into a long detail, to prove that "although the English have a few words here and there to lengthen out a conversation, it is very easily perceived that G—d d—n is the foundation of their language."

There cannot be a keener satire upon that abominable habit of swearing, to which so many of our countrymen abandon themselves on the most frivolous occasions.

General Wirion's hapless destiny was not sufficient to deter others from laying contributions on British prisoners.

A Lieutenant Massen, of the gendarmerie, who was appointed to pay them their monthly allowance, was implicated in diverting from their use several sums for which he could not account. Being on the eve of disgrace and punishment, he followed General Wirion's example, by shooting himself.

A very popular French vaudeville had been much sung at Verdun, the burden of which was *à l'impromptu*. After boasting of successes against Russians, Prussians, and Austrians, it concludes with a threat to give England likewise a sound drubbing, in the shape of *a dessert a l'impromptu*. This song was a great favourite with the male inhabitants of Verdun (the natives), who, notwithstanding the enormous sums of money which they had extracted from the British, could not forgive them for the occasional thrashings they got from them, and the consequent favour the British obtained with their wives and daughters, who gradually despised their countrymen, in proportion as they esteemed the British. Being annoyed with the frequent repetition of this vaunting song, I wrote the following additional verse to the same tune.

Français, cessez vos menaces!
Vous riez un peu trop fort;
Vous feriez d'autres grimaces,
Si vous sortiez de vos ports:
De Trafalgar la journée
Est-elle donc oubliée?
Où vos vaisseaux, bien battus,
Se rendirent *à l'impromptu.*

Frenchmen! make no threat'ning faces!
Sure your jesting 's much too smart;
You'd make truly queer grimaces,
Should you from your forts depart:
Have you then so soon forgot
Fam'd Trafalgar's battle hot;
Where your ships we overthrew,
And dows'd your colours *impromptu.*

While I was one day sitting with a friend in a *café* at Verdun, a party of officers of the 25th French light-infantry, belonging to the garrison of Verdun, sang the above song, and gave particular emphasis to the verse concerning the English, adding the most significant gestures to the words and music. My friend requested me aloud to sing my additional verse: this gave them a further opportunity for jeers and laughter, as they had never heard of an additional verse. Not being able to bear their arrogance any longer, and in order to put an end to their triumph, I drawled out my *couplet additionel*, to the utter dismay and

mortification of these boasters, who slunk away, one by one, thus acknowledging themselves fairly beaten at their own weapons. Thenceforth the verse concerning England was very seldom sung by Frenchmen when in the presence of Englishmen, for fear of the *couplet additionel*, to which they had a particular dislike.

I was soon after reported to the commandant as the author of it, and having got a hint that this circumstance, coupled with my frequent performance of "God save the King!" on the organ at Verdun cathedral, had determined my removal to the fortress of Biche, I made up my mind in the interval to attempt my escape from France. Having mentioned my playing "God save the King!" on the noble organ in Verdun cathedral, I must here relate an anecdote concerning it, during the revolution in 1793.

The Jacobins, it appears, had laid their hands on every thing valuable in the cathedral, and were preparing to attack the organ, which was really a magnificent instrument, when the organist had the lucky idea of striking up "The Marseilles Hymn," which had the effect of deterring those Vandals from any further attempt at the destruction of the instrument.

When I played "God save the King!" on it, I was not aware that there existed a law, made during the Revolution, and which had never been repealed, condemning to capital punishment any person playing or singing that tune, with or without the words; I therefore was much astonished when I became informed of the law, which, however, I do not recollect ever to have been put in force. The British prisoners were highly delighted when I introduced the above tune in my closing voluntary, with the full power of the organ, which contained an immense number of stops and pedals, and had a fine and imposing effect.

I departed from Verdun in the month of June 1810, after seven years' detention, and took the road to Paris, intending to reach Saint Maloes, in Britany, as I understood it would not be difficult to escape from that part of the coast. Passing through Paris, Rennes, Laval, and Dol, I arrived near Saint Maloes, in eleven days, having travelled on foot 480 miles in that time. I performed the journey from Verdun to Paris in three days, the distance being about sixty leagues. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the gendarmerie, I was never once questioned by them during the whole journey.

I cannot express the joy I experienced on beholding the sea once again; I could well understand the heartfelt delight that seized the weather-beaten and shattered army of Xenophon when the sea burst upon their long-expectant view. The dark-blue wave, with scarcely a ripple on its surface, filled my soul with a tranquil and intense enjoyment I had never before experienced. At the extremity of the horizon, a few specks were seen, which I supposed to be British cruisers—the dead calm that prevailed near the coast prevented them from venturing too closely to the shore.

On arriving near the strand, I accosted some fishermen, who agreed to put me on board an English vessel for ten Napoleons, which I paid them in advance; but the heartless villains instead of performing their promise to me, gave information to the *douaniers*, and I was arrested by them and taken to Solidor Tower at Saint Maloes. The fishermen

in addition to my ten Napoleons, got the reward offered by the French government for the recapture of British prisoners. From Solidor-tower, I had frequently the satisfaction of seeing the French gun-boats chased into harbour by the British cruisers; and many a fervent wish I cast towards the latter as I saw them close in shore. I must confess I was sorely disappointed, when at the end of six weeks, I was ordered back to Verdun.

I had become quite reconciled to my confinement in the tower, as I had liberty to walk round the top of it during the whole day; the distant view I thus obtained from it, and the use of books and papers, &c., contributed greatly towards alleviating my distress at the failure of my first attempt to escape, and which I was so near effecting. I must contrast with the treacherous conduct of the fishermen, the universal hospitality I met with from the cottagers, throughout the whole of my journey from Verdun to Saint Maloes.

I was now escorted by gendarmes from prison to prison, handcuffed and marched ten leagues a day, through a burning sun, having little else than prison allowance, my money being nearly expended. This was the treatment of the great Napoleon to a British subject residing in France on the faith of treaties, and detained by him against all the laws of civilized nations. This paltry act might be attributed by some of his admirers to a venial irritation of the moment, which circumstance might have excused, had it been really so; but what can be said of him when he persevered in his unjust and cruel persecution of the British *détenus* during more than ten years? Surely he had full time to reflect on the excessive barbarity of such an action in one who aspired to the character of a great man. Nor is this a solitary instance of his disregard of the laws of nations.

On my way back to Verdun, Paris was avoided according to instructions from the French government. At Versailles I was informed that had I been taken at Paris I should, according to an imperial decree, have been condemned to death, *that* being the punishment for a prisoner of war discovered, without special permission, at Paris, or within ten leagues of it, while the emperor resided in the capital. Of this circumstance I was ignorant when I passed through that city, otherwise I should undoubtedly have taken another road; particularly as it was not the nearest from Verdun to Saint Maloes. My principal object in passing through Paris was to obtain information.

After a most tedious and distressing journey, I arrived without any particular accident at Verdun, on the 6th of October, 1810. Some snow fell on that day, which I considered very remarkable for its early appearance. I was then consigned to the round tower in the citadel of Verdun, the commandant, Colonel Courselles, giving strict orders to the jailer to feed me on bread and water, in consequence of an altercation I had with him, concerning my right to use every means of escape, which I assured him I would ultimately effect, notwithstanding all his efforts to prevent me.

Just about that time, Napoleon in revenge for the treatment of some French prisoners in England, had caused several British captives to be sent to the galleys, and Courselles threatened me with the same punishment. I then quoted to him the opinion of Voltaire, who from long experience declared that "his countrymen were either tigers or

monkeys." In addition to this imprudent assertion, I gave him my candid opinion concerning his emperor, which filled up the climax of my misdeeds. I, however, prevailed on the jailer, by dint of the small remains of my purse, to procure me occasional sustenance, otherwise I must have sunk under my ill-treatment. In a few weeks several midshipmen were put in confinement with me, and we immediately set to work to make an aperture in the tower sufficiently large to admit of our escape. A sentry-box was opposite to the tower, at the distance of three or four yards, and during fair weather the sentry paced backwards and forwards close to our window. Over this window was a board, which we loosened and took out; after this we had to work through stones and mortar, to the thickness of four feet. Some idea may be formed of our toil and perseverance from the fact that two paillasses were filled with the materials extracted from the wall. We chose a very windy and rainy day for our labour, as the sentry was then confined to his box, and we took good care always to be singing, or making some noise or other, in order to prevent our operations being heard. We had just succeeded in our indefatigable task, when the jailer on visiting us at night, unfortunately placed his hand on one of the paillasses, the hardness of which raised his suspicion, and caused him to make a further search, which was for some time fruitless, until at length we agreed to point out the place to him, as we were convinced he would ultimately discover it.

The board over the window had been carefully replaced, so that there was no appearance of the least fracture in the wall, and he began to examine the effects of our workmanship with a face of ghastly paleness, and in the greatest agitation imaginable. Half an hour afterwards we were marched down to Port Chaussée, the military prison of Verdun, composed of a double tower, under the centre of which was the gate to Flanders. The tower of Verdun was formerly a place of great strength, but is now of little importance, its position being commanded by an eminence whence it could easily be bombarded. It has, however, a garrison-town, having spacious and commodious barracks for cavalry and infantry, a regiment of each, or its depôt, being constantly quartered therein.

Being arrived at Porte Chaussée, we were thrust into a dark dungeon, during two or three days, while our late residence underwent the necessary repairs. Soon after we were transferred to the upper part of the tower, but in consequence of a remonstrance I wrote, at the request of my companions, complaining to the French government of the jailer's exorbitant charges, those who did not voluntarily submit to them were sent back to Port Chaussée. Being regarded as the leader in the late refusal to sanction the jailer's extortion, I was confined in the room used as a receptacle for French deserters and other prisoners of the lowest grade. My late comrades had a more comfortable dwelling, at the top of the prison. In a few weeks I caught a fever, and was sent to the hospital, where I remained upwards of two months. Being convalescent, I was sent back to my former abode in the Port Chaussée, where a number of Spanish prisoners were assembled together with some French deserters. The Spaniards immediately insisted on my paying my footing, and, to avoid any unpleasant occurrence, I ordered in *two* bottles of wine, but the Spaniards affirmed, that being an

Englishman, who, according to their ideas ought to be possessed of money, I could not do less than pay for a dozen. This insolent demand so exasperated me that, weak as I was, I dashed the two bottles against each other, and consequently all the wine was spilt. This so enraged the Spaniards, that they drew out their knives, and prepared to attack me, but the Frenchmen very humanely took my part; and we very soon overpowered them, triumphantly wresting their knives from them.

Shortly afterwards I was transferred to the upper part of the prison, where, in conjunction with Captain DeWolmar, Lieutenant Jackson, and Lieutenant Macfarlane, I again attempted to escape. Above our room was a garret, used as a lumber-room, the window of which was not provided with iron bars, as was that in which we were confined. We cut a hole through the ceiling of the latter, and by that means forced an entry into the garret. The rope with which we proposed descending from the tower (sixty feet high) was not thicker than a lady's smallest finger. Macfarlane first essayed the descent, which he effected, although the rope cut his fingers to the bone, as he came down by the run, as seamen term it. De Wolmer next jumped on the rope, which broke with his extraordinary weight, he being a heavy man; his leg was broken by the fall, and this circumstance causing a hue and cry after us, several gendarmes and the jailer were soon on the alert, and hastened towards the garret. In the mean time Lieutenant Jackson found his way back through the aperture in the ceiling, but having lost time in searching for my wig, which I could not find, I was unable to discover the said aperture, before the jailer and gendarmes arrived at the garret-door, which was locked. The jingling of keys and the clashing of swords, announced to me my approaching destruction. Resolved, however, to make a desperate effort in my defence, I threw myself in an attitude that enabled me to make an immediate rush on them, as soon as the door opened. My bald head and ghastly appearance seemed to stagger them at the moment, and taking advantage of this circumstance, I ran forward as quickly as possible, and had the good fortune to hit the centre gendarme with my head in the pit of his stomach. The blow took effect, and we rolled together down stairs.

On getting up, I made the best of my way to the room where Jackson was in bed, pretending to be asleep. Our pursuers were too much occupied in searching for Macfarlane, and removing De Wolmer, to attend immediately to us. After some time, however, they paid us a visit, and compelled us to remove into another room, where our only bed was the bare boards, on which I slept as soundly as ever I did in my life. Soon after this, several officers of the navy were confined in the same room with us, and we passed some weeks in comparative comfort. At the beginning of autumn they were removed to Biche, and I was ordered off to Briançon, a fortress in the Upper Alps, about two hundred leagues distant. I passed through Saint Mitrel, Vaucouluns, Nancy, Dijon, Beaune, Châlons sur Saône, and Lyons. At Lyons, the junction, or marriage as the French term it, of the rivers Saône and Rhone takes place, the former gliding smoothly and placidly into the embrace of the latter rapid and turbulent river. The French have very appropriately given the masculine gender to the Rhone, and the feminine gender to the Saône, thereby designating their different attributes. From Lyons I was accompanied by several British prisoners,

who were likewise on their route to Briançon. Some of us escaped during the first stage, at about two-thirds of the distance from Lyons to Bourgouin; I flew to the woods on the banks of the Rhone, and during three days subsisted entirely on chestnuts. At length I struck into the high-road, but was retaken by a brigade of *gendarmerie*, at a short distance from Valence. From thence I was escorted to Grenoble, where I overtook my former companions from Lyons. Many more British prisoners were remaining here until the rooms destined for our reception at Briançon were got ready.

Two or three weeks afterwards we set out under an escort of *gendarmes* and troops of the line. Frost and snow had now commenced, and we had a most wearisome march to Gapp, notwithstanding the musical strains of one of our companions named Atkinson (from York) who played on his flute during the greater part of our journey. The frost had now set in with extraordinary intensity, as we travelled onwards to Embrun, a strong fortress ten leagues from Briançon; in fact, the weather was so severe during our night's lodging at Embrun, that few of us could get a wink of sleep, although we huddled together as closely as possible on our scanty allowance of straw. Early next morning we started for Briançon, where we arrived at about three in the afternoon. The first view we obtained of this magnificent fortress, particularly struck us by its grand and majestic appearance. It commands the road to Turin, from which it is distant about twenty leagues. It consists of seven forts, the largest of which is called *Les Trois Têtes* (three heads). This was our intended abode of punishment, the windows of each room being well furnished with strong iron bars. Before our arrival, the other rooms in the barracks had served to contain many British soldiers taken in Spain and other parts: they had permission to walk about in the court or barrack-yard (nearly one hundred yards square) during the day, being locked up at night in their separate rooms.

On our appearance at the gate of the fortress, the drawbridge was raised, while the following parley took place: The officer of the guard from within cried "Who's there?" (*qui va là*); the officer commanding our escort, replied, "*Prisonniers Anglais coupables de désertion,*" (English prisoners guilty of desertion). After a few minutes consultation, the drawbridge was let down, and we were marched on to the barrack-yard previously mentioned. Here a capital theatrical touch was enacted by the commandant of the depot, a lieutenant of *gendarmerie*, who was nicknamed the goat, from a lock of hair that grew from a wart on his chin, and which he took great pleasure in pulling when he was in conversation. On arriving in the middle of the barrack-yard we were ordered to form a line. On each side of us was an archway, through which the French troops of the garrison were marched; coming in at one archway and going out at the other. This manœuvre was continued several times, until at length they formed a line in our rear.

(*No. II. next month.*)

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE MR. DODGE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

THERE are hosts of Dodges at this day about town. Every city in the kingdom, perhaps, may boast its specimen; but London is their "assigned and native dwelling-place," if dwelling-place they can ever be said to have. The reader must have known at least one of them in his life; and even the scanty account that memory enables us to supply of the character and movements of Jem Dodge, deceased, may serve to bring an old acquaintance to his recollection. A single portrait will suffice for the whole race of Dodges. They are as like as peas, or prize poems.

Jem established the legitimacy of his claim to the name of Dodge in his early schooldays, at which period our knowledge of him began. He was famous for being the greatest dunce in the school one day, and the cleverest lad in it the next—to the wonderment of all his class-fellows, who never could account for his sudden starts in parsing, although half of them had most mysteriously lost the very "exercises" in which he happened to excel; exercises which they had diligently completed, and carefully copied out. He had the happiest knack at coming into school half an hour after time, stealing across the wide room unobserved—while his own class was ranged at the table before the awful examiner—extricating the needful book from the box under his seat, letting down the lid noiselessly, though it would have creaked in any other hand, descending thence under three lines of desk to the table, and slipping into his place just in time, as if he had been invisible as well as inaudible. This would happen once, sometimes twice a day; and he was never discovered, except when the attention of the master was roused by the gradual hush, the breathless silence throughout the school, with which those movements of a creeping genius were flatteringly regarded. Then out burst the master's fatal and exulting "Oh-ho! sir."

Young Dodge was wonderfully expert at tumbling out of trees without breaking his neck. He was never long out of a scrape, but then he was never long in one. His courage and presence of mind never failed him. He was the only boy amongst us who could grapple with a huge cur, which a butcher in that neighbourhood used to oblige his customers by setting at us every now and then. It generally fell to Dodge's lot to be first seized by the hard-mouthed animal, but as often as that happened, he contrived to drop suddenly down, and roll upon the ground with the dog tumbling over him, turning it all to sport, and so disarming his rampant assaulter. He made friends with the butcher himself afterwards, for the sake of gratifying a peculiarly refined and delicate taste of his—one that, as he grew up to be a stout iron-armed lad, became a passion—that of "assisting" at the knocking-down of bullocks. His last exploit in that way was just before he left school, when, being big enough to flog any schoolmaster in Christendom, he was under sentence of punishment, that for him had no terrors, so long as he could indulge his favourite propensity for patting the head of an ox with a poleaxe. "Now then," we recollect his crying out, the poleaxe aforesaid raised, and the beast drawn up for sacrifice, "make haste with that rope—never mind stopping to tie his head down close—for

I've got to be back at two o'clock *to be flogged!*" There seemed to be a fine touch of poetical justice in it. He was not flogged after all; how he evaded it we don't remember; but he always escaped. He "dodged."

It did not appear that he ever had a father or mother, or any but a very distant relation by whom he had been sent to school. When this patron died, Dodge was withdrawn, and disappeared for a year or two; he then returned to school, having found another distant relation to supply the place of the first. This probably was his fortune all through life; relation after relation, each more distant than the last, continually turning up, and as regularly vanishing; in which way alone is it easy to account for the ups and downs of his career.

It was long after these days that Dodge was encountered on the high-road of the world. This was at Newmarket, where he was riding the high horse at a smart pace, or rather making a crow's flight of it straight on to fortune and renown. He had a good betting-book, spirits to match, and funds to bear him up in any reasonable venture. It turned out that he had also half-a-dozen of the best horses that ever—lost; and some foxhounds, curious for leading their owner a wild-goose chase. The dogs he continued to follow, until in due course he went to them; and was soon as much lost sight of as if he had been "under the turf instead of on it."

His labouring bark having thus climbed hills of sea Olympus high, now ducked again to a proportionable pitch of lowness: wherein if he had remained a whole twelvemonth instructing mermen in the art of seahorse-racing, he could not have been more hidden from mortal research. But after a time he came up to the surface again; so changed, that we hardly recognised in the grave, quiet, black-gaitered, and apparently middle-aged gentleman whom we encountered in Lincoln's-inn-fields, the youthful, high-blooded "heavy swell" whom we had not long before seen flashing in the sunshine of sport and frolic at Newmarket! For the first time, since the hour when he entered school, and shot peas by the hundred all over the floor from a small silently-shooting tube of his own invention, we accosted him, not as "Jem," but as "Mr." Dodge!

He was then, as he most soberly informed us, the managing director, being also the founder, of what he called a New Patent Missionary Association; the object of which was, not to send out patent missionaries into savage lands, as might naturally be inferred; but to send out to the South-Sea Islands, and such like necessitous countries, for the free use of the inhabitants, all such new and acknowledged improvements in the arts and sciences, as could not become instantly or universally available in this country, by reason of the patents that had been taken out by the inventors for their own protection.

The advantages of his plan he expatiated on, in a speech which, for length and depth, might have been delivered at the Freemasons' Tavern close by; and he urged that while no possible injury could be done to the patentees, by extending the uses of their discoveries and improvements beyond the limits to which they were here restricted by law, the utmost imaginable benefits might be derived by our unfortunate savage brethren in far-off islands, from the latest achievements of science in this country, where private rights rendered them for a season less profitable to the public than they ought to be. "Look," he argued,

"at the last improvements in the paddle-wheel; see how the spinning-jenny has at length been perfected; think of the recent ingenuities brought to bear in the printing of silks and cottons. How many of our most important improvements and additions in these and other matters are tied up by the law of patents! Look, too, at the operation of the copyright law. There is surely no reason why the Ashantees or the New Zealanders should be kept in darkness by *that*—why they should not have the full and free benefit of the last editions of our modern poets and novelists!"

We ventured, as may be supposed, to urge in reply, the slight but obvious objection, that the latest improvements in science might be less useful, though freely thrown open for general adoption, to the natives of a country where the machinery and implements so improved, had never once been seen or heard of since the birthday of the first schoolmaster; that patent candlesticks might be of no essential value to a people on whose genius the faintest glimmer of a rushlight had never dawned; that improved watch-keys might add little to the convenience of men who tell the time of day by the sun; and in short, that the first edition of Wordsworth would be just as popular in Owhyhee as the last. But when Mr. Dodge answered with a serious air and in a tone of pique, that there never yet was a plan devised by human wisdom quite perfect, and that nothing was so easy as to discover some objection to the best-laid and most practicable scheme, we had not another word to say. When he left us, he was going to inspect the progress of a complete model of the *Times* establishment in all its ramifications, which, when completed, was destined to be sent out to Terra del Fuego, to facilitate the successful publication and management of the first Fuegian newspaper.

Our next meeting with Jem Dodge was at Leicester, where we most unexpectedly discovered him in an attire opposed to all his former styles of costume, but not less appropriate to the character he had now assumed. Dull and weary to a degree which no theatrical barbarity could either deepen or alleviate—not even Cibber's "Richard the Third," the part of *Gloucester* by a gentleman, his first appearance on any stage—we entered the theatre; and in the representative of that brilliant character, which the modern stage-version so infamously distorts and obscures, discovered the triumphant owner of losing horses, and the grand manager of patent missionaries. Jem Dodge was the *Duke of Gloucester*—or more correctly speaking, he was not. The joke was too good to be missed, and we could not forbear laying claim to our acquaintance with the versatile but nameless gentleman behind the scenes.

An apology, on the score of extreme hoarseness, for the comic song which he was to have sung after the tragedy, was the consequence of our meeting and the pleasant supper that ensued; but in the height of our hilarity over this, not a word could be extracted from him in explanation of the change that had come over the spirit of that dislocated dream—his life; it seemed as natural to him as the casting off his spangled robe for his plain coat—a hat with feathers for a hat without. This is a characteristic of the Dodges; they regard every transformation as a thing of course, and incapable of exciting curiosity or surprise. They never allude to the past or to the future. The present absorbs every thought, every feeling. It is to them their life. They

see nothing but what is. The enterprise in which they are engaged is the purpose of their being, the one thing which they came into the world to do. They pursue it with all the passion and energy of a first love while it lasts; and when the vision breaks and fades into the light of common day, they lose themselves as readily in the fascinations of another dream, wild as the wildest of all former delusions, and devote themselves to the unfolding of its mysteries with the same intensity of application—the same credulity in its promises, and superiority to the evils of disappointment.

Before we parted, an arrangement was formed and fixed on Mede and Persian principles, for another meeting in London, where Dodge was to visit us, previous to his finally settling the terms of that engagement, as first tragedian, at Drury-lane (the patent *was* then employed sometimes for legitimate purposes), which was already "all but" concluded.

On our arrival in town, however, we learned quite accidentally that Jem had attained a different kind of distinction. "Tragedy is my forte—nothing but tragedy can ever have the least charm for *me*," were his last words; but now we found that he had been promptly, and at his own solicitation, appointed to a magistracy in Australia—whither in due course he voyaged. There after a season he became famous for exploring the interior, leaving mere convict-questions to settle themselves; and also for most obligingly and philosophically marrying a wild lady, much more darkly complexioned than himself, and singularly unprovided with bridal habiliments.

After some time, when, if a thought of Dodge glanced across the mind, it pictured him as a settler in the bush, five hundred miles away from the semblance of civilization, or perhaps as the elected King of all the kangaroos, up he started one day like Jack-in-the-box, at a Pancras vestry-meeting, making a speech that literally convulsed the whole parish, and rendered Pancras for a time the envy of surrounding districts, and the admiration of the world. The oration, or to say the least, the heads of it, would undoubtedly have stood a fairer chance of being preserved as a model for future *aspirants* to Demosthenic renown, if any ingenious person could have discovered what it was about; but it acquired for him astonishing and immediate repute—enough, according to the doctrine of that modest admirer of genius, whose gifts have since obtained for him the admiration he lavished upon others—enough to "fill the ambition of a private man," by showing, clear as moonshine,

"That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue."

Before we could succeed in identifying this Dodge as our own,—before we could suppose any thing so preposterous as that our meteoric wanderer in the woods, had become a fixed star in the great metropolis, he was flaming in the forehead of the morning sky, a light to lighten all Londoners; and before we could recover from our surprise so far as to accept his invitation to dinner at his pleasant abode on one of the terraces in the Regent's-park—lo! he had ceased to occupy it! ceased to shake the vestry-room to its foundations,—ceased to convulse Pancras, ceased to agitate Europe with the thunder of his invective! His pair of horses and his phaeton, all his "pride, pomp, and circumstance" as a flourishing parishioner, had departed with him—his very fame disappeared too, fleeing at his side like his shadow.

When he was next heard of, a long time afterwards, he was at Bristol, buried up to the ears in religious controversy, and composing tract upon tract, every one of them conclusive, unanswerable, and the best thing he ever wrote. These he published at the lowest possible price, which lowest possible price grew less and less at each successive publication, in order, as he said, to make quite sure of a very extensive circulation; and, perhaps, among all the controversial points which it was his business to settle and make clear, not one perplexed him like the fact, that the more he reduced his price below the lowest possible level, to make sure of an enormous sale, the more insignificant the sale was certain to be. There, nevertheless, in a peculiarly dark little coal-hole, which he called a chapel, was he regularly to be espied, like Diogenes in his tub, or Shenstone's charming schoolmistress,

——"disguised in looks profound;"

resolutely bent on reconciling certain theological differences, by which the truly enlightened, but somewhat unpolished classes in and around that city, were learnedly divided.

It was on his return from this exemplary experiment of gilding the refined gold of Bristol, that we encountered him in, or on, a stage-coach. His costume on this occasion, denoted how ardently his enthusiastic mind had been devoted to high objects only, and how indifferent it had become to the minor pursuits and frivolous tastes of life. The rim of his brown beaver-hat was flat at the sides, but slightly turned up before, and considerably behind; from beneath it, his hair fell in straight patches, of very unequal length. A high, stiff, shirt-collar, hollowed out behind, obtruded against that part where the ear joins the head, two particularly sharp points, that seemed to fix him as on the horns of a dilemma, and, had the pillory been furnished with a frill of spikes, might have suggested some idea of the pleasantness of that machine. His body was wrapped in a gray garment, that, as it bore no resemblance to a cloak, and was much too large for a mere great-coat, is quite as unmentionable as those *et-cæteras*, which, exhibiting below them a pair of speckled worsted hose, fell far short of the tops of his ankle-boots, the soles whereof added scarcely less than two inches to his height. A huge stick was under one arm, and a huger umbrella under the other.

Now, how is it possible to trace in this whimsical and eccentric figure, with language, manners, and tastes to correspond, one solitary atom of resemblance to the splendidly-coloured full-length portrait which flashed, in the following spring, from the walls of the Royal Academy's exhibition—an undoubted likeness of the elegant and popular author of "Profusion: a Tale of St. James's, in 3 vols., by James Dodge, Esq., of Rixton Hall, Wilts." There was not a feature, not a line, not a tint, in common. Apollo bore more resemblance to Hercules; Hyperion bore as much to a satyr.

Mr. Dodge was the dandy of the season. A Dodge cab was started and Dodge cravats were displayed in the shop-windows. He was universally voted to be young, handsome, rich, and a decided genius. He sat half the day with sparkling rings drawn over his faultlessly-fitting gloves, enditing the loveliest of answers to the most exquisite of notes, intimating in the most graceful handwriting that he felt too delighted by the too charming proposal, that it was only too kind, and he was only too happy in the idea, &c. The novel had its day, and

Dodge had no more; the book went out, and the author with it. Perhaps his invention exhausted itself in a single effort; perhaps the distant relation whose estate had fallen into his possession came to life again and reclaimed it. It is only too certain, as he would have said, that he rose one morning with neither land nor genius, neither money nor fashion. Of his numberless admirers, few could remember having heard of his name; and as for the fashionable publishers that besieged his doors,

> "He counted them at break of day;
> And when the sun set, where were they?"

It could not be much more than a twelvemonth or so, from the day on which we met him cantering, in the full pride of fortune and success, down Regent-street, attracting to his horse the admiration of half the throng of pedestrians, and to himself the curiosity of the other half—that we had nearly driven over him in Houndsditch, as he tottered with a very elderly look indeed, at the head of a ragged regiment, whose cause he had benevolently espoused, and with whom his appearance denoted that he might be sympathizing from experience. These were a class of persons, of both sexes, and of every age from seven to seventy—whose vested rights, he considered, had been too little cared for, and whose worldly interests, nay, whose very means of subsistence, had been sacrificed to a sweeping and remorseless spirit of improvement and economy. They were the old, tradeless, bankrupt, undone match-venders of the metropolis and the suburbs; victims, every one of them, to the invention of Lucifer-lights and Congreve-matches; burnt-offerings, all, on the altar of modern science.

Dodge devoted himself night and day to their cause; offering to prove, on sundry occasions, to the Lord Mayor, whom he waited upon in company with a deputation from the defunct trade, that a deep stain would be left on the national character, and a page of the History of England be blotted all over, and for ever, unless the claims to compensation which the injured society of match-venders had established, were recognised by the legislature, or the further "spread" of instantaneous ignition were prohibited by act of parliament. After vainly attempting to interest the timber-trade in his endeavours, showing to various great houses that not only the constitution of the country, but their own welfare as merchants was at stake, he retired from the contest, and—set up a large lucifer manufactory himself; but as his machinery was constructed on a new and improved principle, and in a fire-proof building, the premises were shortly afterwards blown up, they, and every thing they contained, being totally consumed. The unfortunate manufacturer, uninsured, not having an article of wearing-apparel left, or a sixpence on earth to live upon for a single day, immediately made an excursion to Boulogne, with the prudent resolution of residing there for a few months, until some kind of subsistence should happen to present itself to his view.

On the continent a field of infinite variety was opened to his enterprises; and in a half-dozen places he was heard of in less than that number of years, as having just made, or just lost, or being about to make, or on the verge of losing, a splendid fortune. He was always just going to move the world, and always failed exactly one moment before he discovered a secure and convenient spot for fixing his lever. At every change of scene, a personal, and indeed a moral transforma-

tion took place. At Boulogne, it is probable, he only did that which other people do at Boulogne; that is, he resided there for a time because he was destitute of the means of subsistence; but at Paris, the prospect cleared, and he came forth "a giant refreshed"—though he did seem at the beginning somewhat stunted in his growth.

This arose from the grand mistake which he committed in attempting to cultivate French patronage by piquing French vanity. He must, forsooth, begin with a resolution—quite French it is true, but not therefore quite flattering—to startle, to astonish, to overwhelm; and to accomplish this purpose by the readiest means, he judged it necessary to improve perfection, to throw a perfume on the violet, and add another hue unto the rainbow. To say exactly the same thing in other words, he essayed to refine upon French cookery, and to perfect French dancing. He dared to tamper with their dinners and ballets. He aspired to the immortality of one faultless, final, revolution-defying dish; one additional, superfluous prodigy of a pirouette, at which sylphs should expire in envy and sinners in rhapsody. Dodge certainly did devise a dish or two, insinuating in name and mysterious enough in flavour, which might have been very popular from their merit if they had not been utterly discountenanced for their origin; and he assuredly did contrive, emulating the exquisite effect of pauses in music, to introduce what he designated the poetry of still-life, of *statue-ism*, to set off the poetry of motion in the ballet; and admirable would that effect have been considered, had the novelty been as much applauded as it was hissed.

But his natural failure as a true-born Englishman, in matters of taste, only paved the way for his enthusiastic reception as a profound philosopher. He threw his hook into the current of national vanity and prejudice, and all Paris came to nibble. He set up an academy for teaching the art and mystery of crime in all its branches; undertaking to show the comparative excellence and progress of modern nations in the perpetration of atrocious deeds, and the means by which these may be simplified and rendered perfectly easy to the meanest capacity. There was no lack of listeners—nor of effective logic. The lecturer reviewed the pretensions of various rival nations to superiority in crime—showing where the natural capacity of a people had been checked, and where genius had burst through every disadvantage of good government and education—where the uncramped spirit had attained a mastery in the higher order of offences, and where it had been so repressed by artificial institutions as to be capable merely of low depredations and skulking knavery.

In every instance he handsomely assigned a decided superiority to the criminals of the country to which his audience belonged (most unjustly it is true; but the flattery was neither the less delicate nor the less successful). He then demonstrated, from facts collected personally during his residence among the convict population in our own colony, the palpable inferiority of this country, not only in the higher but the lower branches of crime—(again the lecturer was unjust, we fear, but England had not used him very well, and he spoke from prejudice). He attempted to prove, that in Great Britain, where freedom is so much talked of, many innocent indulgences enjoyed by other nations are disallowed by law; he showed, from his own observation, that in this self-lauded land, the arts of assassination are scarcely understood, and

rarely practised with success; and he inferred, from his intercourse with our own convicts and the citizens of Paris, that one Frenchman would cheat better than ten Englishmen.

He next touched upon the mysteries of suicide, from its most refined and ingenious to its more simple and vulgar forms; and complimented the genius of his auditory by asserting that no man on earth, to whatsoever nation he may belong, could destroy himself with the dexterity of a Parisian, or render by the act so valuable a service to mankind. The cheers that followed this declaration burst forth again upon the intimation that any Frenchman might make the fortune of his family, by simply coming to this country and giving Englishmen a lecture upon suicide, ending with a practical example of the perfection to which the science has been brought. The philosopher concluded by offering to illustrate his own ideas of accomplished and consummate villany by an example, either of murder, or robbery, as it might be called for, on the person of any one of his own countrymen who might have honoured him with his presence.

The guillotine and hair-triggers, the Seine and charcoal, the dice-box and knavery in general, were subjects not soon exhausted; but the fortune acquired by them easily was, for Dodge was discovered no great while afterwards scheming for a living from the results of a novel experiment set on foot in Brussels. He was there recognised as the sole proprietor of the new Hôtel Homœopathique, established apparently on a highly profitable principle. Fielding has said that borrowing is as good a mode of cheating as any other; and dinner-giving is perhaps no less effective as a means of homicide. So our philosopher felt, and he took advantage of the homœopathic doctrine, the instant it was explained to him, to apply it to the human appetite, as well as the other ills that flesh is heir to, and to set up an hotel for providing entertainment exclusively upon the principles of homœopathy. The *table-d'hôte* was appointed to yield per head exactly half a spoonful of unexceptionable soup, a boiled shrimp, and the tenth of an ounce of chicken, avoirdupois. Crowds flocked to secure the life-preserving advantages of the homœopathic dinner; and the enjoyment of dining without the smallest injury to an invaluable appetite, or the smallest risk of apoplectic visitations, instantly became quite the rage. Had it but lasted, Dodge, who contrived to feast a whole family on the wing of a snipe (wine in proportion) could only have got rid of his profits by erecting a temple to Apicius, but unfortunately those who enjoyed his dinners so much that they could not forbear dining over again at a neighbouring hotel, began to intimate, after a time, their prejudices in favour of the homœopathic principle of paying, and hinted that the charge should be also infinitesimal. This literal spirit on the part of the public, this never knowing when there is enough of a good thing, ruined Dodge upon the spot; and after a few more experiments, upon equally original plans, all of which were entirely successful until they failed, he went to settle at Florence, for the purpose of bringing out a Dutch journal of fashion, politics, and commerce, which his acuteness perceived to be a desideratum in that city.

But "England, with all thy faults," Dodge loved thee still! for hither the adventurer in due course returned, as we ascertained, to our no little amusement. The peculiarly dim and disgustingly oily aspect which that important part of mortal costume, the boots, one morning

presented, led to the most vehement inquiries into the cause of this lack-lustre effect, which were met by the announcement that a new and miraculous preparation had been employed to produce the result—a grand discovery in science, "Dodge's patent self-polishing boot-preserver," warranted, like Dian herself, to retain its virtue in any climate! Dodge! Here then was old *Hic et Ubique* come again; popping up his head after a long dive, as a blacking-maker of renown, a manufacturer on a grand scale, the friend of the shining and the patron of poets. Magnificent beyond parallel were his two establishments at Bishopsgate and in Marylebone, and for a time it appeared doubtful which of the two districts, the east or the west, would be successful in prevailing upon him to sit in parliament as its representative. But it unluckily happened that two objections to his invaluable preparation were spitefully raised—it presented no polish, and it destroyed the leather with remarkable rapidity. This discovery, however, was not the cause of the failure that ensued; Dodge was not thoroughly ruined until he had triumphantly succeeded in establishing a newspaper, for the purpose of advocating the unequalled merits of his production.

Having brought our rambling and runaway schoolfellow back to London, we shall not pretend to trace him again through its mazes, or to report his supplementary adventures. Twice only did we personally encounter him after this period: once in the character of a wine agent, wherein his deportment was that of a most careful, well-informed, and thoroughly respectable man of business; and once, when he answered an advertisement for a music-master, whose morals would bear the strictest investigation: but he was heard of, as figuring unquestionably in two other distinct capacities; in the one he was captain of a trading vessel, running between Leith and London; and in the other, he acted as parish-clerk, assisting at the various marriages, christenings, and burials, in an extensive district beyond Dockhead.

What reader has not a Dodge of his own—a Dodge of high or of low degree rising upon his recollection? Who but recognises one among his various schoolfellows or acquaintances? These birds of passage build for a brief season under every man's eaves, and are off the instant their nest is finished. Like happiness they are

> "Nowhere to be found, or every where."

They scarcely preserve till summer the character they assume in spring—

> "But in the course of one revolving moon,
> Are chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon."

The characteristics of erratic Jem are the characteristics of the tribe, only often more variously exhibited. They have all the same sanguine, shifting, versatile disposition—the same elasticity to rise, the same proneness to fall. If they were to go up in a balloon, they would insist upon getting out of the car, a mile from the earth, to inquire after their next door neighbour, or to see "how the land lies." They climb the hill, only to precipitate themselves down the steep side of it. No comic pantomime ever rivalled, in the number, the oddity, or the suddenness of its transformations, the changes of that comic pantomime, their life. They leave their card at your house, as a certificate that they too possess a local habitation to-day, and the letter which you direct to their fixed address on the morrow, is returned to you with "gone away," or, "not known in Bolt-court, try Mizzle-terrace,"

scrawled all over the forlorn and hopeless epistle. This season, you see them, shunning no man's envious or inquiring eye, in a crack box at the opera; and next year they are most inelegantly jammed in a mob waiting for the half-price at the gallery of the Adelphi, having found sixpence on the counter of an oyster-shop. They get out of the Bench with the same facility that they experience in getting into it; and if ever they are transported they are sure to return before their time. They appear to have no more difficulty in furnishing a fine house, and filling its spacious cellars, than they have in finding guests for their table, or a remedy for the ruin that ensues. The sending out cargoes of skates and blankets to Calcutta is but a moderate type of their commercial speculations, and their choice of Deadly Smooths to play at whist with is proverbial. Do they not, when all is spent, when no occupation, no income, no prospect here remains for them to cling to—when they have not the hundredth part of one penny-piece, and a still smaller share of present credit—do they not, like Mr. Dodge, repair immediately to Boulogne (how they pay for their passage to that semi-English locality is a profound secret!) and live there for a whole twelvemonth, gay as the lank jaws of chameleons, when they have plenty of cockroaches to line them with!

It was casually mentioned in our hearing the other day, by a venerable acquaintance, that Jem Dodge was dead! "Dead! See, see! he shot a good shoot—and dead!" We felt for Dodge!—Dodge, junior, we must style him—for his life could not have run to more than two-thirds of its natural span. The many metamorphoses we have mentioned, and the many more that we have not, all took place before he was forty. We heard the news of his premature departure with a sort of dry tear starting to the eye. Yet a departure in his case could hardly be called death—it was but another and bolder move in the game, the master-trick in the great art of conjuring, the crowning disguise, the last shuffle. One cannot help fancying, moreover, that he would have found the means of cheating the doctor, perhaps by turning doctor himself. He must have escaped the clutches of the grim tyrant, by making a sudden dart under the hearse that had been drawn up for him, as Filch escaped the long arm of the law by diving under the coaches. A funeral he may have had—a regular, solemn, sham funeral. Milton, it will be remembered, had a mock interment during *his* life—coffin, mourners, and all; and Dodge, like the immortal republican, may have been buried by proxy. We cannot think of him as one seriously defunct. Assuredly he would never remain for twenty years unchanged, like Napoleon—nor could he ever be as one of those skeletons that sleep quietly in their tombs. He would be found, possibly, by the lone and startled churchyard wanderer, at dark midnight, not in the peaceful occupancy of his own hooped and grassy tenement, but thrusting his head out of another gentleman's grave, in a distant corner of the ground.

"You look," said a German-minded and imaginative friend to a pale, haggard smoker, "you look as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back again!"

Dodge would vacate his, not to stroll back again, but simply to change his quarters—to shun what he had shunned invariably all through life, REST!—to avoid what all men else most seek, A HOME!

THE EQUIPAGES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY AN *ex*-DRAGSMAN.

"Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum collegisse juvat."
HORACE. *Ode* i.

"In buggy, whiskey, gig, or dog-cart,
Curricle, or tandem."
OLD SONG.

PHAETONS and cabs have superseded that truly national vehicle, the well-appointed buggy—the race of "von 'os shays" is run—the sun has set upon their glory,—stanhopes and dennets have grown into disuse, and a tilbury is but rarely seen.

This change of affairs has been productive of one evil, which I, for one, most sincerely deplore; and that is, the nearly total extinction of that most useful breed of useful animals—the neat, compact, buggy horse.

Time was, when our eyes were gratified by beholding well-shaped, well-put-together nags with bone and substance, and splendid action—rarely is such a horse to be met with in the present day. We look in vain for the cocky little cobs, *wot* used to go with their knees up to their chins, and do their twelve or fourteen miles an hour without winking; this was the stamp driven by the owner of "Coventry," and many of my readers will doubtless remember that celebrated stepper.

Alas! I fear "we ne'er shall look upon his like again;" the good, old sort I have alluded to, find but little favour in the opinions of our modern Jehus; in their place we have long, lanky, spiry, weedy quadrupeds, with switch tails, as unfitted by nature and appearance for the work cut out for them, as a Thames wherry to cross the Atlantic.

The charioteers of the rising generation are all for blood; the consequence is, that the best description of horses for single harness are to be found in the crack teams of the fast coaches. A quarter of an hour's saunter in Hyde-park during the London season will convince the veriest tyro of the truth of this observation. We are gladdened once in a way by a quiet turn out, which reminds us of "the days that are gone," where utility is combined with show; for in my opinion, the buggy-horse with shape and action, such as the "Coventry" I have alluded to, is a more useful, as well as a more sightly animal in single harness, than a Newmarket weed made up for London work.

I confess myself as belonging to that decried race "the old school," and I can remember the first tilbury made by its godfather; the tilbury for a time gave place to the stanhope, and last of all came the dennet. The owners and drivers of these several carriages, some quarter of a century ago, prided themselves on their cattle, and some of my readers will admit that the turns-out were of a very superior stamp to those of the present day. The four-in-hand club set a laudable example, and taught the ideas—not to shoot—but the sort of horse a man ought to drive. The four-in-hand excited emulation, and emulation brought forth good horses.

In those palmy days, high prices were given, it is true, but the purchaser had something for his money; and I need scarcely add, that a really good horse is never dear at any price. *Tempora mutantur.* Economy is the order of the day now, and we must see how far the cheap system is for the better.

From the year 1815, we may date the adoption of many continental customs. Black neckcloths, and boots for full-dress are French importations—ditto cabs; the former innovation may be perhaps condemned—to the latter, I rather incline.

A well-appointed cabriolet is a comfortable and gentlemanly conveyance, and for a bachelor, does the duty of a close carriage at half the usual expense A perfect cabriolet-horse, however, costs money, and the equipage must be well turned out; but very few are endowed with the gift of doing the thing properly, and a seedy cab with a horse to match are abominations not to be endured. I have said that a cab should be well "got up:" in order to do this, the owner must possess two horses, one for daylight, and another for night-work; a clever "screw" will answer for the latter purpose—one that can go the pace, although he must never show until the lamplighters have gone their rounds. Many of my acquaintances adopt this plan. No man who values a good horse would dream of allowing him to stand exposed to the chilling night air, at the opera, the theatre, or at his club. An old friend of mine, of the life-guards, now no more, had the best night-hack I ever sat behind—yet strange to say, this useful animal had scarcely a leg to stand upon; but he was as safe as the mail and never made a blunder; trot he could not, but he galloped transcendently well, and turned corners at the top of his speed, with a neatness and precision perfectly marvellous.

A phaeton built by Peters, of Park-street, is worthy of notice: it will be turned out in good taste, and although differing as essentially from the vehicles bearing the same name in the days of our forefathers, as a chestnut-horse does from a horse-chestnut, the equipage must be pronounced a stylish one; it is admirably adapted to the form of horse now so much in vogue—the slight, showy, blood-looking galloway. This description of carriage follows well—the draft is nothing—two well-fed donkeys would spin a modern phaeton round the ring in the park without distressing themselves, or exhibiting the slightest symptoms of *woe*.

The phaeton is a useful as well as ornamental carriage; for independently of its attractions in the park and for town use, it is a most comfortable vehicle for posting. I have already said, it follows well; to which recommendation may be added the facility it affords for carrying your carpet-bag and portmanteau, as well as the means of accommodating a friend. Your man is comfortably seated out of ear-shot behind—unrestrained conversation can be indulged in, without the apprehension of every word being repeated, with additions, in the servants' hall.

On the whole, therefore, I prefer the phaeton to the cab—it is scarcely more expensive, and is decidedly the more useful carriage of the two—that is, for a bachelor in the enjoyment of a moderate income. If the fortune will admit of an indulgence in three or four carriages, and a stable of a dozen horses, of course the case is different.

The cab is essentially an evening carriage for a single man; for day-work give me a really good tilbury—a tilbury built by Tilbury I mean, not a gig hung upon a T spring, but a *veritable* tilbury—there is no carriage equal to it for town driving to run upon the stones, or "on the nail," as it is termed: off the stones the dennet is the thing; for a tilbury on the road, is like a sailor on shore—out of its element.

The style of horse driven in the tilburies of the present day, is not to my fancy, and the absurd and dangerous fashion of the switch-tail cannot be sufficiently condemned. I have a great aversion to long tails for single harness. One of our best dragsmen lost his leg in consequence of a rein getting under the dock of a switch-tailed horse, and I have had one or two narrow escapes myself when driving with a friend who permits such abominations.

For single harness, the square-tail and short-dock are indisputably superior in appearance to the fly-flappers; but putting appearance out of the question, there is danger attendant upon the system. Some horses are particularly ticklish about the crupper; and if by chance they catch you on the loose, and jerk your rein under the dock, the odds are they will kick you and your tilbury, stanhope, or dennet, as the case may be, to atoms. There is a remedy for this which I will point out, and which I adopted myself some years ago.

The first horse I ever owned had this fault. He was given to me by a near relative. The horse was advertised for sale, and to be seen at a livery-stable in Bruton-street. I went to the mews and examined him; he was a splendid and showy animal, and warranted sound. I was astonished at the low price demanded for him—forty-five guineas—for he looked like a hundred. I was referred to his owner, the late Colonel Smythe, of Richmond. I was allowed a trial, and having borrowed a friend's tilbury, drove my probationary steed down to his master's residence.

As I was leaving the yard of the stables, the ostler ran after me and whispered, "Mind his tail, sir, he's apt to *hyst*" (meaning hoist, *Anglice*, kick). I did so, and as I had the pleasure of being on visiting terms with Colonel Smythe, made no scruple of inquiring minutely into the qualities of his horse. He very frankly told me the animal was a delightful one—sound, steady, and very fast; but (ominous word in horse-dealing), that he had one besetting sin, which was, that *if* he caught the rein under his dock, he would kick all behind him over the chimney-tops; but barring this failing, he was the best horse he ever owned.

With this equivocal character I, or rather my kind relative, bought him, and upon consulting Mr. Tilbury, who was building one of his best "*shays*" for me, as to the best method of counteracting the kicking propensities of my new purchase, he hit upon the following expedient:—

On the top of the dash-iron he placed two flattened brass-rings, neatly covered with leather, leaving only sufficient space to admit of the passage of the rein. On the reins he stitched a couple of stout wire-pins, covered with leather also, and sufficiently wide to catch in the rings on the dash-iron; the reins were allowed a sufficient quantum of play for the horse's mouth, but they could not by any possibility drop on his haunches.

I drove poor "Grimaldi" but twice with this anti-kicking apparatus, for I had the misfortune to lose him within a few days of his being mine. He was the most ticklish devil ever foaled, and consequently difficult to clean. One of the worthies in the yard, where I still kept him at livery, had fastened him by the halter to a ring in the wall adjoining the stable; and having, in the operation of whisping, given him, I presume, an extra flourish, the animal reared, broke his headstall, and fell with the back of his head on the brink of a brick

enclosure to an infernal well, which to this day disgraces the premises. The horse was killed on the spot—at least I found him stiff and cold one fine morning, instead of ready-harnessed for a projected drive. This was the tale told me. I consulted Mr. Field, the veterinary surgeon, and a lawyer or two on the subject, but I could not obtain any redress, which, for a young beginner, as will be admitted, was a regular damper. But to resume.

Some attempts have lately been made to reorganize the four-in-hand club—and I for one, hope to see it revived, and carried on with the same *goût* as in days of yore; but I fear it will not be accomplished. A worthy baronet I could name, who was one of the distinguished leaders in the original club, is the only one of the old school who has kept up his "drag" to the present time; he turns out to this day as well as he did thirty years ago. His team has always been of the same stamp; his horses are of the right sort, large ones in a small compass, and I never saw a switch-tail in his stable.

We have several amateur whips amongst our aristocracy, and some of them of first-rate pretensions, and fully equal to any professional, without the alloy of slang, which is the prevailing error the general run of amateurs and would-be coachmen fall into. A friend of mine who has driven four horses for years, was the first who was sacrilegious enough to introduce the switch-tail in a drag. His horses (bays) are good certainly, but never were put together to my fancy, and not (to use a professional phrase) quite "up to the mark." The gentleman to whom I allude, never struck me as possessing that smartness and quickness so essential in a thoroughly good dragsman. He always brought to my mind a reproof I heard old Bill Williams (the best coachman of his day), "wot druv the Reading," give a young Oxonian. "I say, sir, may I make so bold as to ask you who taught you to drive? 'cause if you *paid for larning*, you was *most infernally tooked in o' your money*."

Poor Stevenson, who drove the Brighton Age, was the quickest and cleanest coachman I ever sat on a box with—and, ye Gods! how he could punish when his back was up! He never hit a horse without good cause; but when he did, it was terrific.

The most splendid team in England, I might say in the world, is Lord Grantley's. Four such horses never were put together—they are, in every sense of the word, matchless. They were purchased at four years old in Yorkshire, and have been driven by his lordship for several years; but they are as sound and as fresh as the day they were foaled—they stand nearly seventeen hands—their colour Arabian gray, with black manes and tails. Lord Grantley has frequently refused two thousand guineas for his team, and four times that sum would not buy it. This is the only admissible case of switch-tails—the size and figure of these splendid animals are a sufficient reason for their not being docked. Such figure and action I never saw—even the royal stables could not produce such a team.

A distinguished foreign nobleman has set a laudable example in reviving that long-neglected equipage—the curricle. I hope to see it followed, for it is the most elegant and patrician of conveyances, and moreover, unapproachable by the vulgar. The horses are good, high-steppers, and of splendid figure—and the turn-out is in excellent taste. If I might venture to hint an improvement, it would be the removal of the ser-

vant's rumble, and the substitution of outriders—a perfectly appointed curricle requires two well-mounted grooms.

There is one caution I would give all "*aspirants*" to four-in-hand celebrity, and that is, never to attempt driving their teams *after* dinner; an accident of an appalling nature which occurred to an officer in the life-guards not long ago, is a proof of the danger attendant upon such experiments.

I have had a few escapes myself in my younger days, and I feel myself qualified as an old hand to give this salutary caution to my brother dragsmen. I remember being one of a party to Richmond, on the drag of a young dragooner. He had been my pupil in the art, and drove us very steadily and well down to the castle. After a pull on the river, we returned to dinner, at which more champagne was discussed than prudent Jehus are permitted to swallow. My jolly pupil got exceedingly "bosky," and *would* drive back to town, notwithstanding he was requested by all of us to surrender the reins to myself; the consequence was, he all but upset us at the first turning, and before we were out of the town, our off-side fore-wheel was fast locked in the hinder one of a waggon. The horses, all thorough-bred, showed indications of mischief, and but for a little promptitude of action on my part, we should have met with an ugly spill—thanks, however, to a hard head and some experience, we got to town with whole bones.

The best builder of drags, in my opinion, is Peters, of Park-street. They possess one merit, which with me, is a *sine qud non*,—they are noiseless; not the slightest indication of rattle or clatter can be distinguished, and they follow as true as an alderman after turtle and venison. I have seen one or two very good ones turned out by Houlditch, of Long-acre, who builds for a friend of mine: but Peters is the man, take my word for it. He is as pre-eminent in this branch as Hobson was for town-carriages.

For many years the latter carried all before him in the phaeton line, but some of his compeers acquired the knack, or as the French say the *chique*, of building, and the Hobson monopoly ceased.

At *one time* I will admit his phaetons were matchless; but he had *too much custom*, and the consequence was, by employing an increased number of artisans, he was over-run by inferior workmen; and I *have* seen some really bad workmanship from the hands of this celebrated builder. The style and cut of the carriage were irreproachable, but it was badly put together, and ere the varnish had lost its gloss and bloom, it rattled.

This was the case with a phaeton made for a friend of mine, in Surrey, who had another built by a very celebrated man in his own county-town (Guildford), and a surprisingly good carriage it was—in proof of which I have only to state, that he had it with him in France, and drove it over the worst possible roads for nearly two years, as I can bear witness to, for I was his companion the greater part of the time; and on his return to his "father's halls," the phaeton ran as smoothly and as soundly as when it was first launched from the maker's. But all Surrey men are loud in praise of their native builder—and well they may be; his workmanship is excellent, and his style unpretending, and in good taste.

The phaeton mania has been productive of a merciless infliction on

horse-flesh; for aspiring people who cannot afford to keep a pair, will, unmindful of the cruelty, have a phaeton at any price, or rather I should say, at the sacrifice of their better feelings—for one unfortunate animal is doomed to do the work of two. This penurious example has been but too readily followed; for now we see at every corner of every street, and in every thoroughfare leading out of London, those knacker-providers—four-wheeled chaises. I call them knacker-providers, for they slowly but surely bring any horse, however good originally, to utter uselessness and decrepitude. These abominations have been most justly termed kill-devils; the constant heavy drag, at the worst possible angle, which requires the whole weight of the animal's body pressed forward, to move the lumbering load behind him, would destroy in six months the best horse that ever was "lapped in leather."

Husbands and fathers, with large wives and large families, never heed the torture they inflict upon the unhappy beast, but crowd one and all into the *feeaton* with a turnover seat, and drive away with their living cargoes to Clapton, Hackney, Turnham Green, or Bow—in fact wherever their country-box may be situated.

That diminutive quadruped the pony, too, is enlisted in the barbarous cause, and is made nowadays to do the duty of a drayhorse; it is really monstrous to see the work they are called upon to perform. The society for the prevention of cruelty to animals should look to this.

The heartless drivers of these *equicides*, or horse-killing carriages, know little, and care less, about rotatory motion—they are not aware that the smaller a wheel is in diameter and circumference, the heavier, is the draft.

The ladies, in the innocence of their hearts, imagine that because the wheels are small, the carriage must be light. I tell them one and all that there is not any vehicle so heavy, or so truly distressing to their pet ponies, which they profess to love and admire, as these four-wheeled chairs; and to expect an unfortunate little animal of twelve or thirteen hands, to drag them through the mud and over heavy roads, at the rate of as many miles an hour, is as cruel and absurd as it would be to enter a donkey for a steeple-chase. "A von-'os shay to Vest Vycombe and back in von day," is mercy by comparison. These four-wheeled, misery-making machines, are fit for nobody but superannuated spinsters and elderly gentlemen.

A fashion has of late years sprung up amongst us, or rather I should say, been adopted (for it is of American origin), and that is the almost total abolition of the bearing-rein. I, for one, do not *admire* the system; the propriety, too, in my opinion is questionable. Much has been said, written, and argued, *pro* and *con*, but it is decidedly less safe, generally speaking.

The best and soundest horse may once in twelve months make a mistake, and the advocates for the loose rein will surely admit, the bearing must assist the horse to recover himself under such circumstances. All extremes are bad.

I am no advocate, nor was I ever, for torturing an animal's mouth, by pulling his head into an unnatural position, like a dromedary's, by excruciatingly tight-bearing; but on the other hand, none at all, is open to many objections—it is a slovenly, uncoachmanlike practice, like many others I could name. Some horses may, and do, carry themselves so well, that a bearing-rein appears superfluous;

nevertheless it may be useful, and for this reason should never be entirely dispensed with. Like many other fashions, it has been followed for fashion's sake, and we now see screws from Smithfield, running about without bearing-reins, to the imminent risk of their owners' necks.

I do not say that exceptions may not be permitted; amateurs possessed of thoroughbred horses endowed with superior action, may indulge in any whim or caprice they like, and animals worth from two to three hundred guineas apiece, and which carry their heads as high as their masters, of course do not *require* the bearing-rein, but I condemn the principle for universal adoption, and I have heard the opinions of some of the best coachmen of the day, both amateurs and professionals, who have asserted, that for the generality of horses, the practice is a dangerous one. Some animals' heads are put on differently from others, and they consequently vary in their mode of carrying them; some, for instance, are star-gazers, while others poke their heads forward in such a longitudinal form, that they resemble in this particular the continental swine. trained for grubbing up truffles.

In former days it was the custom to drive with the wheel-reins home —that is, short to the head—this was decidedly objectionable, especially in a hilly country, and with groggy wheel-horses; the practice was not unattended with danger, for an awkward blunder might pull the driver from the box.

The running-rein is now universally adopted, and in skilful hands is immeasurably superior to the old system. A decided improvement has also taken place in the make of harness of late years—this is observable in the best-appointed fast-coaches, as well as private carriages. The harness of the present day is infinitely lighter than formerly, although equally strong, and the less a horse is encumbered the better.

I am told in confidence, that something very extraordinary is to be done by some amateur knights of the whip this season, and that we may look for a few turns-out worthy of the palmy days of the old four-in-hand club. Some of our distinguished noblemen are to take the lead, and I have heard of one or two tyros who are to make their *début* in the coaching line, and report speaks favourably of their performances. I hope they will eschew the long tails and lanky carcasses—the short, compact, cob-like horse is the animal that looks best in harness. Elmore knows the sort I mean.

A team should be well-broken to their work, and accustomed to run together before their owners venture to take the reins. I admit that some patience is required on the part of the novice, but his own comfort, if not his life, as well as the necks of his friends, depend upon the forbearance I wish to see exercised.

Horses have as many whims and caprices as ourselves—they entertain likes and dislikes as we do; for I have known some horses that never would work together, and a little attention to their tempers and dispositions is as necessary as any part of the supervision of the stable.

It will be seen that I am a sworn foe to long tails for harness. I would even go so far as to establish a *dock*yard for the purpose of abbreviating the appendage.

It is my intention to hold a divan of horse-dealers and broach the subject to the conclave, the result of which I will communicate to the readers of the *New Monthly* upon a future occasion. T.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PETER PRIGGINS.*

COLLEGE SCOUT AND BEDMAKER.

PART XX.

THE DUEL IN PORT MEADOW.

MR. STRADDLE, having ensured the secrecy and assistance of Timothy Thornback and Byron Scott Montgomery Jilks, made further arrangements for uninterruptedly laying siege to the purse and person of Miss Violetta Jilks. He left his oak open for two or three mornings in succession, and convinced all his tradesmen who kindly called upon him, that it would be in his power to pay them their "little accounts" by the end of term. Under this conviction they ceased to annoy him, except to request further orders.

Miss Violetta rode out every day, she was really fond of horse exercise, and rode well. Her figure, too, looked remarkably juvenile on horseback, and, as she wore a green veil and a very jaunty black beaver, she appeared much younger than she was, and might have passed for a good-looking, elegant middle-aged lady. Though she varied her rides, and one day visited Woodstock, and cantered about the park; another day sauntered amidst the chaste glades of Bagley Wood, then roamed about the grounds of Nuneham, or galloped over the heights of Shotover, and honoured with her presence the village of Wheatley—that most bull-baitingest and cock-fightingest of villages, as its inhabitants describe it—or wandered amidst the wilds of Whichwood Forest—by a very strange chance Mr. Straddle always happened to be riding out the same road. He joined her as a matter of course, and made himself very agreeable, by pointing out to her all the finest prospects, and paying her those little attentions which are particularly agreeable to ladies of a certain age. He was rewarded for his politeness by an invitation to tea, and music in the evening, with his friend Mr. Blowhard, and it is needless to say he always accepted the invitation.

Jilks, who hated riding out with his aunt, got off under a plea that his lectures required all his time; and, as his aunt insisted upon two hours a day being devoted to poetry and light literature, under her own immediate tutorship, she considerately excused her nephew's attendance during her rides.

Jilks was delighted, and felt very much obliged to Straddle for offering to take his aunt off his hands. As to her 3000*l.* per annum, it was a bore to lose that, but then his father was very rich, and would keep him in flourishing circumstances until his aunt died,—which he fancied would not be long first,—and then all her money would come to him, unless she had a family, which he considered an impossibility. He twanged his guitar, and strummed at his piano, all the morning, and

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* Concluded from No. ccxxxix., page 322.

idled away the rest of the day in a most satisfactory manner. After ten o'clock at night, when, with Straddle and Blowhard, he bade farewell to his aunt, he indulged in gradually increasing potations of brandy-and-water, and acquired a proficiency in smoking, unawed by the threats of Timothy Thornback, who, seeing that his influence over "the young un" was gone, wisely participated in the creature-comforts provided for and by his master. He procured himself a stock of pipes and returns, and, whilst his master indulged in cigars in his own room, he quietly lighted up his clay in the scout's closet.

Jilks, who did not quite like the society of Straddle and Blowhard, whom he looked upon as old stagers compared with himself, formed an intimacy with one Mr. Rookington, a commoner of his own college. This gentleman was the son of a clergyman, who kept an endowed grammar-school in the country. He was the eldest of eleven little pedagoguities, and consequently straitened in his means. At school he displayed a great deal of ingenuity in procuring a greater supply of pocket-money than his father could afford to allow him, by taking bribes from the other boys not to disclose certain little plots and plans which were laid for robbing orchards and henroosts, and introducing exciseable articles into the school. He would do any thing for money, and was ready at all times to take all the pills and black doses supplied to the sick-room at sixpence a head, and drink the watergruel afterwards for threepence extra.

When he came up to Oxford with a small exhibition, and an additional 60*l.* per annum, which his father endeavoured to allow him by pinching himself and his children at home, he looked about him for a victim, upon whom he might sponge for those little luxuries in which his own limited income would not allow him to indulge. He toadied half a dozen men successfully for a short time; but, after he had fed upon them for two or three terms, without hinting at giving a return party, they gradually dropped his acquaintance. He was thrown upon his own resources, and fared any thing but sumptuously every day, until Mr. Jilks came into residence. Rookington was a great physiognomist, and there were strong lines indicative of spoonery plainly engraved on the "mug" of Mr. Jilks; he, therefore, wisely resolved to victimize him to a great extent. He first of all scraped an acquaintance with Timothy Thornback, at the stables of the Shirt-and-Shotbag, and, by a judicious and generous bribe of six-penn'orth of gin-and-water, obtained from him all the particulars of his master's habits, tastes, and peculiarities. Thus furnished with a *carte du pays*, he called upon and introduced himself to Mr. Jilks. By assisting him in his lectures, listening with profound attention to his musical performances, and paying him the most fulsome compliments upon his poetic effusions, he won Mr. Jilks's heart, and gradually withdrew him from the society of Straddle and Blowhard. He kindly breakfasted with him every morning, that he might read over his lecture to him; lunched with him, that he might listen to a portion of a new epic poem, which was to astonish the world; wined and spent the evening with him, after his return from his aunt's, that he might revel in the sweet sounds of the guitar and pianoforte, for which instruments he professed an excess of admiration when played upon by such very skilful hands as those of Mr. Jilks.

The following letter from Miss Jilks to her sister in India, after a

three weeks' residence in Oxford, will give the reader an insight into that lady's opinions of things in general, and Mr. Straddle in particular:

"My dearest love, Euphrasia.

"Separated as we are, I fear for ever, by the mountainous and furious billows of the great Pacific Ocean, which my ardent imagination depicts to me as far exceeding the highest waves in Chelsea-reach, in which my personal safety was once imperilled, in a stormy voyage to Putney-bridge—I shudder now as I recall the remembrance of it to my heart of hearts—the only means of communicating to you the mutabilities of my earthly career is by sending you a line across the line, by the packet-ship Dontcareadam, Captain Bungalow, teak-built and copper-fastened.

"Your eldest son and heir, Byron Scott Montgomery, having completed his incipient educational exercises, under the care and tuition of several respectable reverend gentlemen in succession (some of whom, my dearest love, I regret to say, wished to transfer their attentions from him to myself, in order, I suppose, that I might have benefit of clergy in the management of my property), I deemed it right that he should participate in those professional advantages which the universities alone can confer. I have selected Oxford as the scene of his future honours and distinctions in preference to Cambridge. Oxford is more classical, and at Cambridge so much time is taken up in drawing out all sorts of Chinese-puzzle-like figures, with all the letters of the alphabet at the corners of them, that I am convinced it must cramp a genius in which the poetic and imaginative hold despotic sway. Though Byron Scott Montgomery is musical, I do not see the necessity for his learning conic sections that he may be able to define the 'music of the *spheres*;' and *triangles* are only required in a full orchestral band. He is, I am happy to say, unaddicted to sporting propensities, and therefore cares nothing for *trigger*nometry. By the advice of the last of his seventeen reverend tutors I have entered him (such, my dearest love, is the correct term, like 'entering' a horse for a plate) at St. Peter's College, Oxford, as a gentleman-commoner, a rank that confers upon him many advantages; among the rest that of paying double fees and double battels—that is, his tavern bills for eating and drinking—and wearing two silk gowns, one of which, the *dress* gown, is very like a parish clerk's, in London, with a lot of silk tassels about it, and a trencher-cap, covered with pure black silk-velvet.

"I confess, my dearest love, that I found many things in Oxford diametrically opposed to my preconceived notions of college matters. On my arrival at St. Peter's, I inquired for the lady of the establishment, and was told that the statutes forbade any such appointment. The principal being a *célibat*, modesty would not permit my calling upon him; I therefore wrote him a note, and, after I had established myself in convenient lodgings which I did in a few hours, through the agency of my faithful and prudent servant, Timothy—my fidelio, as I call him—(who got them for six guineas a week, and ten shillings the maid) I was called upon by the Bursar,—a sort of house-steward and groom of the chambers,—a very gentlemanly man, who says he's very fond of turtle, and East India preserves and pickles (you had bettter send some over

to him as it may forward Byron Scott Montgomery's views in getting the Newdigate prize), and who kindly favoured me with an introduction to a bedmaker, and pointed out to me a set of vacant apartments.

"I went down to college with Byron Scott Montgomery, and inquired for the bedmaker of No. 9 staircase, expecting to see a nice, nurse-like, middle-aged, respectable woman; but even in this department females are prudentially forbidden by the statutes—and I was presented to a masculine bedmaker, six feet high, looking much better adapted for the laborious duties of a porter or chairman, than the gentler ones of shaking up feather-beds and emptying slops. He was very civil, however, and showed me up to the vacant rooms. Oh! my dearest Euphrasia, you have heard of 'ready-furnished apartments' being horrible places, but you cannot form the minutest conception of the horribilities of a furnished apartment in a college. There was not a table, chair, sofa, or bedstead, that had not some of its members mutilated. The carpet was the holiest of all the holy ones I ever saw. The hearth-rug perforated with red-hot pokers—the fender jammed flat in front, the looking-glass smashed, and the crockery in a most dilapidated state. Timothy, I am happy to say, undertook to dispose of the old furniture to the greatest advantage; indeed he succeeded in getting 2*l.* 11*s.* for it, and has made the place habitable for 150*l.*, which, he tells me, is dirt cheap.

"Now as to the associates he has met with, poor dear unsophisticated Byron Scott Montgomery has been most providentially felicitous. I had formed an erroneous notion that all the students were, like himself, 'children of a larger growth,' as the poet says; but, I assure you, many of them are men grown, and very fine young men too, as far as I am a judge. Mr. Straddle is a very good specimen of the class; but then, he has been in the army, and is a brave young man, who would have shed a deal of blood in his country's defence, only he has never had an opportunity of doing so since the peace was proclaimed—which is very unfortunate! He, however, has given up the army for the more peaceful pleasures of the church militant. He is reading for orders, and, I have no doubt, will be one of the firmest pillars of our ecclesiastical edifice. Byron Scott Montgomery is lucky in making his acquaintance. His attentions to me are very pleasing, and, were it not that I have devoted myself and my little income to my dear nephew, I might be inclined to listen to the professions of profound esteem uttered by Mr. Straddle (who is really a good-looking manly man), and exchange a single life for the joys of wedlock; but as long as my nephew conducts himself in the correct way he is now doing—abstemiously avoiding all those little indulgences and excesses in which other young men revel—I shall willingly sacrifice myself upon the altar of lonely celibacy. Mr. Blowhard is also another of our intimates, and, though not so poetically grand, nor so personally interesting as Mr. Straddle, is by no means a despicable specimen of adolescency.

"I ride out every day with Timothy and Mr. Straddle, who, by the merest chance, rides out at the same hour and along the same roads, and is kind enough to join me and point out the beauties of the ruralities through which we canter. Oh! Euphrasia! if you could but hear how energetic he is in his descriptions, and see how well he sits

his horse—a goose-rumped dark bay, with a short dock—you would be delighted. Byron Scott Montgomery, I am sorry to say, is a vile rider.—Oh! if he would but take a lesson from Mr. Straddle!

"I have consented to join Mr. Straddle and his friend in a party to Nuneham—a delightfully-retired and unmolested spot, on the banks of Isis—the river which flows near Oxford, navigable for coal-barges and smallcraft—this very day, and must therefore close my epistolary correspondence. Tim is going with us to wait at table; and I think his presence must prevent all calumnious innuendoes; but alas! 'be thou as chaste as ice'—you know the rest; nobody knows me up here—and it's of no consequence.—Adieu, my dearest Euphrasia! I hear the creaking of Straddle's boots on the stairs, and can only find time to assure you of the everlasting affection of your sister,

"Violetta Jilks.

"P.S. It is not Straddle after all—only Timothy in a pair of his left-off boots—which accounts for the concordance of the creakings. Tim is come to say the gondola waits for me, and to ask if I can eat pigeon-pie and cold lamb and salad. Dear Straddle! how very kind and thoughtful he is. I dote on pigeon-pie, which he poetically terms 'dove tart.'

"V. J."

Before he accompanies the party to Nuneham, I must beg the reader to peruse another letter, which Mr. Jilks is writing to the last of his seventeen tutors, at his particular request:

"My dear Sir,

"I sit down and take up my pen as you requested me, to tell you how I got over the examination, previous to my matriculation. It was not near so severe as you led me to expect; for the moment I told the Dean I was to enter as a gentleman-commoner, he said he was sure I should do very well, shut the book, and never asked me a single question, except whether I thought of taking an honorary degree; which I think I shall, as it's very complimentary and convenient. I have got very comfortable rooms, now they are new furnished, but I don't like getting up to chapel in the morning; and if I go in the evening—and I must go to one or the other—I am apt to go to sleep, which is a sconce. I have got introduced to two nice men enough, only they are as old as yourself—Mr. Straddle and Mr. Blowhard. The former, I think, is doing a bit of strong courtship to my aunt, who is old enough to be his mother; but I don't care about that, as it keeps her attention off me, and I'm not obliged to ride out with her every day, with Tim behind us; and can smoke my cigar and drink my brandy-and-water in quiet with my friend Rookington, who, though I have not introduced him to my aunt, for he says he don't like old harridans, is worth two Straddles and half-a-dozen Blowhards. He's got more discrimination than any man I ever met with; he sees and appreciates my talents, and acknowledges my superiority in poetic and musical acquirements. He's so fond of hearing me play, that he smokes half-a-dozen cigars every night, while he listens to me; and has made Tim quite of his

way of thinking, and has induced him to take a pipe in the scout's room to listen to me also.

"I have got the greater part of my poem ready to send in for the Newdigate prize. Rookington, who reads it as it progresses at luncheon every day, says it is beautiful and must be successful. I have no doubt of his judgment being correct; but, as two heads are always better than one, pray read it, and give me your opinion upon it. Don't correct or alter it, as every author must know his own meaning best. The passages which strike you as particularly good, you can score underneath with a pencil. I am just going on the water with Straddle, who has invited aunt Vi and myself to a party at cold meat at Nuneham; and I mean to take Rookington and my guitar to amuse them on the road—that is, the river.

"Yours very truly,

"B. S. M. Jilks.

"P.S. Return the MS. of prize poem by return of post, and make the pencil-marks quite plain."

As Tim wrote home to his wife by the same post, it will be as well for the reader to see his opinions of "life in Oxford."

"My Dear missus t,

"i Havunt rote To yu sunce i bin Here, for Fere of not havin nuthin satisfacktery to Send inside of It. i rite now Becos i ave Skraped Up 20 pound, And got It in a single not, number 5,440; and If this letter never cums to you Send Up to london to the bank, & ave It stoped pamint. i maid a pritty good thing Of yung master's ferniter: i got seven pun Ten For the old, And An ice dosure Of twenty five pursent out of The new, which is very ansum; & i maks tu pund ten a wik Out of marm Viletty's logins; & i wud ave sent you more munney, but things is so dere in Oxford, & i ave bin forsed To by a pare of nu butes, with wite tops, As broun uns Is kwite Out Of fashin, and tu pare of doskins, wich Is deer yu no; & i shud a maid A deal of munney on the old sistum, only i was kotched out at It by wun mister straddle, oose got My list of caritabul objics, and menes to marry My missus; and if i Interfere, he sais he will impose all My expusishuns, & ave me kwartersesshund for A brich of Trust; and if It wer only him, i shudnt kare, but There wer wun mister bloard, a friend of hisun, as herd me kunfess all my Trix upon missus, & drink the brandy & warter; and He swares If i split, as He'll turn King's Heavy dunce agin me, so i'm In a clef stik.

"i like Oxford onkimmon, but aint maid So much munney by my nolidge of hosflesh as I thort i shud; for bless you, missus t, they is jist as wide awak as yu can't kunseave, and wen they bets, It aint munney but drink; and as i ave got kartblansh, as Marm Viletty calls as much beer as i like, In the buttry, I seldum bets. Master birun scot mungumry kums It very strong now With grog & segars, as mister straddle ave bin, & informed him all about the list of caritabul objecs, & he never minds me now, as he noes I darnt split, & he's got a yung man as egs him on, & drinks, eats, & smoakes at his xpense every day, And all day, and i helps him.

"The college survints is very nice men, and onkummin fond of bere; But it korsts um nothin, as they chork It up to there masters. i rides out every da with missus, & as a shillin for tellin mister straddle wich way she mins to go; and He jines her, & i rides behine, wile He gammons hur.

"ime just going to a plase kalld nuneum, to wate at tabul, or rather grassplat, as we're to feed of the grown, and have wot Miss Viletty calls a *dijinnay ally foursheet all frisky*. If mister straddle marys missus, i've no doubt he'll stan sumthin hansum, & then i sets up in the public line, As my privat spekillaysh ns wont Be wurth nuthin. there's lots of gals about, But upon my word an honor as a gentlimun, i never even luks at um.

"giv My love to the littul ones, and rite to me At Mister rakestrors, shirt & shotbag, in sun peter's strit, Oxford; And bliv Me,

"Yur feekshunhate husban,

"TIMY. THORNBACK.

"P.S. kip a sharp i upon old tunbelly, as kips the gotes, and the moment he's ded, arx old worts, the gret brewr, for the rifusel of the hous, & ile lay in a stock of trickle & mulasses, redy to fisik his bere."

As soon as Timothy had finished his letter, and put it into the post-office with Miss Violetta's epistle to her sister, and Mr. Jilks's to his late tutor, it was quite time for him to be ready to convey the hampers which contained the materials for the feed *al fresco* to the house-boat. Mr. Straddle had at first intended to hire a four-oared cutter, with an awning to it, and pull Miss Violetta down to Nuneham; but, after a little consideration, he gave up the notion, recollecting his proneness to puffing and perspiring when subjected to any violent exercise. He thought too, that during the pull he should have no opportunity of saying sweet things to his fair friend, even if he had breath enough to spare without being overheard by the rest of the party. He therefore hired what is called a house-boat, which Miss Vi chose to call a gondola, and by putting Tim to con, and Blowhard to steer her, and persuading Jilks to "strike the light guitar" in the stern, and Rookington to "light the light cigar," and listen to him, he contrived to get a quiet *tête-à-tête* inside with Miss Jilks all the way down. Their conversation which it would be a gross breach of confidence to repeat, was only interrupted by a little interesting timidity on the part of the lady, when passing through the perils of Iffley and Sandford pound-locks.

The motion of the water caused the boat to roll a little, and Miss Jilks, purely from fear of being drowned, clung to Mr. Straddle for support, who bravely held her in his arms until the danger was over. Of course he was rewarded for the immense risk he ran, by the warm thanks and still warmer looks of the lady, who permitted him to keep his arm round her waist, in case of the boat's being capsized.

They arrived safely at the cottages at Nuneham, and were welcomed by old Franklin, the retired gamekeeper, in his deerskin cap, and ushered into the round-house, which a cad, who had been sent down early in the morning for the express purpose, had secured for them.

There were not many people at Nuneham, as Straddle had purposely selected the day of a fight between Jack Perkins and the Sailor-

boy, which he knew would attract the undergraduates. The townspeople of Oxford and Abingdon, he was aware, seldom ventured to visit the place, until all the men were gone down. Champagne, after a long and strong pull, is apt to be too exciting; and there have been instances of its stimulating its consumers to commit little irregular rudenesses among the fair *bourgeoises* and their mercantile escorters.

While Timothy was preparing the collation, Blowhard whipping for chubs under the island, and Jilks twanging his everlasting guitar, to the mingled annoyance and amusement of the few visiters assembled on the rustic bridge, and his crony pretending to be absorbed in delight, but really admiring the flavour of his Havannah, Straddle took a delightful stroll—leisurely though, for it winded him—up Carfax Hill. There he halted to recover his breath, and permit Miss Jilks to do the same, and admire the fine view of Oxford. A tip to the gardener procured them a sight of the private gardens, and a delicate bouquet of the choicest flowers, which Violetta permitted Mr. Straddle to fix in the band which clasped her delicate waist. Another tip gained for them access to the house and pictures; and there Mr. Straddle, who had been getting up "the dictionary of painters" all the morning, displayed such a wonderful knowledge of the style and names of the great masters, as filled Miss Jilks with admiration, and perfectly annihilated the housekeeper, who had got up all the subjects and their illustrators so completely by rote, that, if she missed one picture, she was thrown out, until she went back to the one nearest the door, and recovered the thread of her descriptive powers.

"Oh! Mr. Straddle," cried Miss Jilks, looking ecstatic, "do look at that splendid marine landscape!"

"That, mum," said the housekeeper, "is a shipwreck by—"

"Falconer, of course," said Straddle; "he is certainly inimitable in shipwrecks."

"And there again!" said Miss Jilks, "*do* look at those lovely young ladies, who must feel very chilly from being so lightly clad."

"Those, mum, is the four seasons, by—"

"Thomson," said Straddle. "Thomson's Seasons are too notorious need description."

"That ere, mum," continued the housekeeper, in a hurry to get through her work, and to *draw* the next party, "is meant to riprisent one of the heathen fables, it's by—"

"Gay, undoubtedly. Gay's fables, my dear Miss Jilks, *you* know to be worth looking at. The chiaroscuro is brilliant in the extreme," said Straddle, counterfeiting a telescope with his two fists, and pretending to examine the Rubens critically.

"This ere to the right, mum, is a picter of still life—the mouse, a nibbling of the cheese, looks as natural as natural can be; and the cheese itself is much admired—it's by Parme—"

"—— Parmesan," said Straddle, "his cheeses are universally admired."

"Parmegiano, we calls him," said the housekeeper.

"It's all the same," said Straddle, "that's his name in Germany—his native country—here we call him Parmesan, for brevity's sake."

"I knows nothing of that ere, sir," said the housekeeper. "It mought be true, and it moughtn't. That *re*-markible tall gentleman

in black, with a death's head between his fistesses, is Amblet the Prince of Dunkirk, by—"

"The immortal Charles Young," said Straddle.

"Young?" said Miss Vi., "I thought Young was celebrated for acting the part, not for painting it."

"Why, my dear Miss Violetta," said Straddle, after coughing six times, and blowing his nose thrice, "Young was an actor, certainly—a regular tip-top-sawyer in his—his—dear me—histrionics; but then what actor can excel unless he can *paint* characters to the life? eh! my dear Miss Violetta?—this fully accounts for the—the—little—"

The housekeeper fortunately relieved Mr. Straddle's confusion, by informing the party that her "compartment terminated there;" and showing them out, with a profound courtesy, hurried off to repeat her catalogue to a fresh company.

During their walk back to the round-house, which Miss Jilks christened "the rotunda," Straddle said but little, though he sighed loudly and frequently, and pressed the arm which hung on his rather amorously and vigorously. He wisely reserved his ecstatics until the champagne should have furnished him with a more copious flow of words, and removed any little remnants of reserve from the fair one's bosom.

"Glad you be come, mum," said Tim, who was standing on the grassplot, wiping a bottle of champagne with a napkin, and *hissing* to the motion, as if he was rubbing down a horse, "for Master Byron's so precious hungry, and says if you don't move your old stumps a little livelier, he's blowed if he don't pitch into the pies by hisself."

"Timothy! my Fidelio!" exclaimed the horror-struck Miss Jilks, "Mr. Byron Scott Montgomery never sent *me* such a message as that?"

"Why, it worn't disactly a message," replied Tim, "it wor more of the nater of a observatin."

"Which you ought not to have repeated, sirrah! you are impertinent, and shock the delicate auricles of your mistress by your vulgarity; begone, sirrah, and get dinner ready," said Straddle, looking kickingly at Tim.

Tim looked sulky, and muttered something about "not having a master yet," and went on very leisurely rubbing down the bottle.

Straddle turned quietly round to Miss Jilks, and said, loudly enough for Tim to hear him, "By the by, my dear Miss Violetta, I have a little list of charitable objects—"

Tim turned round, and winking deprecatingly at him, assured him the *dejinnay ally foursheet* was quite ready and waiting; he then seized his mistress by the arm, almost pushed her into the cottage, and commenced clattering the plates and knives and forks, and nudging Mr. Straddle every time he passed him, as a hint not to expose him to his mistress.

Though the dinner was not such a spread as Mr. Straddle would have felt bound to set before his beloved, had he entertained her in his own rooms, or at an hotel, yet the college cook had done his duty by the cold lamb and pigeon-pie; and the appetite which invariably attends upon pic-nic-ery, made every viand appear doubly delicious. Though the conversation did not flow very rapidly—for the males were too

hungry, and the females too happy to talk—yet the champagne did. Tim, by Mr. Straddle's instructions, kept perpetually popping cork after cork, and filling the glasses as speedily as they were emptied.

Every body, of course, challenged the lady, and Straddle, as *ci-devant militaire*, convinced her of the impropriety of ever refusing a challenge; and expatiated as lengthily on the superiority of the wine "of his own importing," as his own inordinate appetite would allow him to do. Thus urged, Miss Jilks, as she expressed it, "quaffed the bubbling ambrosial nectar," which had been reluctantly sent from Scott's cellars "on tick" that very morning, wrapped up in whity-brown paper. Blowhard backed his friend in all his assertions as to the genuineness and authenticity of the importation, and drank largely himself, to prove the truth of the assertions. Rookington never "threw away a chance" himself; and, under the pretence of making Timothy attentive to Mr. Byron Scott Montgomery's glass, got his own filled twice to every body else's once.

When the dinner was over, and Miss Jilks had taken two or three more glasses of champagne (for Mr. Straddle would not allow her to profane her lips with port, insinuating that champagne alone was suited to ladies and angels, cherubs and seraphs), she proposed a gentle stroll by herself, whilst the gentlemen took their wine. To this Mr. Straddle could not listen, but insisted on joining her, looking exceedingly reproachful at her for imagining that he could prefer wine to "woman, lovely woman," and winking at Blowhard, as much as to say, "all right."

After wandering about the woods for some time, during which Straddle talked an immensity of twaddle about poetry, painting, and music, but with such volubility and obscurity of utterance that Miss Jilks could not by any possibility detect his ignorance or deny any of the opinions he advanced, he led her into a neat arbour which overlooks the fair city of Oxford, the winding Isis, and its banks for many miles. The arbour, like a pistol-case, was only made to hold "a pair;" and, either from the power of the sun's rays or the champagne, Miss Jilks complained of the heat, and gracefully threw back her green veil, and looked warm and languishing at Mr. Straddle, exclaiming, "Heigho! I feel—I feel—very—very—faint."

"My dearest Violetta," cried Straddle, clasping her in his arms, "recline on me."

Miss Vi obediently did as she was bidden, and, as her hand fell upon his shoulder, he applied his lips to one of their legitimate uses, and imprinted a series of kisses upon the lady's, which lasted until the faintness left her, which it did at last—going off like a lucifer-match, with a loud "smack."

"You feel better, I trust, my dear Violetta," said Straddle, still keeping her "tight in hand."

"Oh! much better—but faint—very faint still," replied Miss Vi.

Mr. Straddle, finding the previous dose had bettered the condition of his patient, and taking her reply to mean *repetatur haustus*, administered a second edition, a little more powerful than the first, which proved so reviving that Miss Vi sprung from the physician's arms, dropped her green veil, and cried, "Oh! Mr. Straddle! don't!"

Mr. Straddle knew enough of medicine to know that it ought to be

"well shaken when taken," and struggled to keep possession of his fair patient, in which, after several little "don'ts—pray don'ts—how can yous," and other usuals on such occasions, he perfectly succeeded. Miss Vi allowed him to support her in his arms, but kept the green veil down as closely as the green curtain is kept between a comedy and the farce.

Straddle, after keeping the lady and his tongue quiet for some minutes, thought it a seasonable moment to burst out in a fit of ecstatics.

"My dearest Violetta! *this* is what I call happiness—felicity! here is every thing to delight the eye and the heart! the loveliest of her lovely sex in my arms, and the prettiest view possible in my eye! only observe—to the right, a view of Oxford, that classical abode of dons and duns—to the left, Abingdon, famed for sacking and smockfrocks—directly opposite us, the park of Radley and its neat farmhouse—the very picture of rural felicity—with a valuable heap of manure within a few yards of its door! Oh, Miss Violetta! as Cicero says in his 'Art of Love'—

'How happy could I be with either!'

I forget the *Latin* words—but that's the sentiment—and a very happy remark it is."

"Very! singularly happy!" said the fair Jilks, sighing profoundly.

"Oh!" continued Straddle, bending his arm, and nearly squeezing the breath out of Miss Vi's taper waist, "with such a home as that, and married to the woman of my heart, how happily could I live!"

"Congeniality of souls!" said Miss Vi.

"Make our own butter and cheese," said Straddle.

"Moonlight walks!" said the lady.

"Kill our own mutton," said the gentleman.

"Delightful wanderings by the river's brink every evening!" cried Miss Jilks.

"Fresh eggs and butter, every morning!" cried Straddle.

"Be all in all to each other," said Miss Vi—

"'The world forgetting—by the world forgot.'"

"Yes," said Straddle, "and brew our own beer! What a perfect picture of happiness!—Oh! my dear Violetta! you must have observed the inward flame which is consuming my vitalities! it cannot have burnt unseen by you—take pity on me, and kindly clap an extinguisher on the combustibles, by confessing that the fire has communicated with the premises of your heart, and that you're not insured against its effects in any office."

"I own I am not insured, Mr. Straddle," sighed Miss Vi; "but show me the policy—the policy of—"

"D—n the policy, marm!" said Straddle, energetically; "let me seize the premium. Be mine, Violetta! let us join our little all together, and live but for each other, on a plain joint and a pudding every day."

"Tempting offer!" cried Miss Jilks, wiping away a tear with a handsomely-bordered white cambric; "but I must not—dare not con-

sent. I have, from the purest motives of sisterly affection, devoted myself and my little property to the welfare of my musical, philosophical, and poetical nephew, Byron Scott Montgomery Jilks. For his sake I have refused the plighted vows of the Rev. Messrs. Fribble, Frobble, Frumps, and Dumps, with many other reverends too numerous to mention! and for him I must sacrifice you—even you, my only, military, academic passion—oh! oh! oh!"

Miss Vi became hysterical, and kissed Straddle twice during the fit; a compliment he returned with interest, and renewed the attack thus:

"But if your nephew should prove unworthy of so noble a sacrifice? if he should be secretly indulging in those little excesses, so degrading to himself and disgusting to you?—if he should drink, smoke, sing improper songs? would you, in that case, consent to live a life of single misery, and give your money to one who would waste it on spirituous liquors and tobacco?"

"Never!" exclaimed Miss Jilks, "never! but there are no hopes of that! he's all perfection."

"Is he?" said Straddle, rising rather suddenly, and adjusting Violetta's dress—"Come and see."

He relied confidently upon the exertions of his friend, Blowhard, which were to be used during his absence, and he found that his confidence had not been misplaced. Just as he descended the gravel-walk which leads round the back of the round-house, with Miss Jilks leaning on his arm, he heard Byron Scott Montgomery, the nephew for whom she had refused the Reverends Fribble, Frobble, Frumps, and Dumps, *cum cæteris paribus*, and who was "all perfection," singing, in a loud drunken voice, a very improper song.

"Oh! Mr. Straddle—'tis—'tis *his* voice," screamed Violetta.

"Come along, madam," said Straddle; and, jerking her round the corner of the cottage, presented to her astonished eyes Mr. Byron Scott Montgomery, with a cigar in his mouth, and a very large tumbler of brandy-and-water in his hand; his upper lip was covered with mustaches of burnt cork, and his head with his hat set on crosswise, the crown being crushed down nearly as flat as a pancake. His friend, Mr. Rookington, was placed with his back in a corner, and propped up with two chairs, incapable of doing any thing but retaining his cigar between his teeth. Tim was sitting on the ground, with the brandy-bottle between his legs, and a pipe between his lips, very nearly as tipsy as his master.

"That strain again," said Blowhard, when he saw Straddle and Miss Jilks were near enough to hear the melody.

"No," said Jilks, hiccuping, "no, it's your turn next—I—I—feel rather queer: Tim, some brandy—besides, that old cat of an aunt of mine will be toddling back soon; she's fool enough to think I never smoke—never have my grog or my——eh?—she's a fool—an old fool, ain't she? she's lots of tin, though, and I'm to have it all. Tim, some more brandy!—I'm to have every infernal coin she's worth in the world—hurraaah!"

"Not one farthing!" screamed Miss Jilks; "Byron Scott Montgomery Jilks, you've alienated my affections for ever. Mr. Straddle, lead me away!"

"You be bothered, you old cat!" cried Jilks, as Straddle carried his

aunt away, half-fainting into the house-boat. "Come Blowhard; Rookington, my boy, let's have a bumper to drink perdition to all old harridans!—three glasses of grog, Tim, and make them strong. And as for Straddle —"

"What of him, sir?" inquired Blowhard, seeing that individual had returned for Miss Jilks's reticule, in which were her salts; "what of him, sir?"

"He's a poverty-struck, meddling, money-seeking, curcumventing hypocrite, and I'll expose him," said Jilks, intending to thump the table, but missing it, and hitting Tim on the head.

"You will recollect this insult, Mr. Blowhard," said Straddle, coming forward.

"Certainly," said Blowhard.

"And you, Mr. Rookington." Rooky hiccupped assentingly, which was all he could do. "Mr. Jilks," continued Straddle, "you shall hear from me to-morrow morning."

"You be bothered," said Jilks, courageously, "and that ugly old methodistical cat of an aunt of mine too."

"Blowhard," said Straddle, "put those two beasts into the bows of the boat, and let Tim keep guard over them while you steer us up."

After some strong struggles and positive refusals to move, on the part of Mr. Jilks, in which he was backed by Rookington, who declared he had not "had his whack out," Tim, who had deposited the hampers on board, and signalled the horse-driver, returned to the round-house, and caught his young master round the waist. He then tucked him gizzard-fashion under his arm, and carried him off to the boat. In spite of several spiteful kicks on the shins, he got him to the side of the river, where he deposited him on the grass. He then spat upon his hands, as all operatives do when about to undertake any unwonted exertion, and, catching him by his coat-collar with one hand, and his sit-down-upons with the other, hoisted him into the bows. Unluckily for the instrument, but luckily for himself, Mr. Jilks fell upon his guitar, which was crushed as flat as a crumpet, and gave out a last sad sound, which harmonized remarkably with its master's feelings, and the grunt by which he expressed them. Rookington was deposited by the side of his friend by Blowhard, who then took his station at the helm.

Straddle, who was inside with Miss Violetta, had not so pleasant a voyage up stream as he had anticipated. Miss Jilks, although she allowed him to clasp her waist for fear of accidents, was too much hurt by her nephew's conduct to do any thing else but complain of it in the bitterest terms, or to listen to any thing but indignant observations upon his unworthiness.

Straddle made violent love once or twice between the heats, but it availed him not. Woman-like, Miss Jilks was searching the recesses of her kind heart to find some excuse for Byron Scott Montgomery's conduct—some reason for extending to him her gracious pardon, and reinstating him in her good graces. To Mr. Straddle's warm solicitations, that she would "say she was his," she replied, "that she could not, would not consent to defeat the plans of her whole life without giving her dear sister's child an opportunity of explaining his extraordinary conduct. She was sure he was not in the habit of indulging in vulgar

excesses; the heat of the day, the excitement of the scene, the motion of the boat, must have operated detrimentally to his sobriety."

"But why, my dear Miss Violetta, should he abuse you, his best, his kindest friend?" said Straddle.

"Alas! he knew not what he said!" sighed Miss Vi.

"'*In vino veritas*,' as Longinus and Mr. Hennekey's wine-vaults say," observed Straddle; "that is, when a man's drunk, he don't disguise his real sentiments; and, I'm sorry to say, in his sober moments, my dear Miss Jilks, your nephew is in the habit of speaking of you in terms any thing but complimentary."

"Impossible, Mr. Straddle!" cried Miss Vi.

"He calls you, on my honour," replied Straddle, "an old cat, an old feminine dog, old harridan, and several other disgusting names, for which, if you will but confer upon me a martial right to do so, I will call him to a severe account."

"I never *can* believe it," said Miss Jilks. "The ungrateful wretch, to whom I have sacrificed all my best years—"

"Not *all!*" insinuated Straddle.

"Well, a *few* of them; and if I knew it for a fact, I do not think it would cost me much to tear him from my heart for ever, and fill up the vacancy with a more worthy object."

"You shall have the most satisfactory proof," said Straddle, just as the barge grated on the gravel of Christ-Church Meadow, and Tim cried out, "Now, mum, here we is!"

Blowhard and Tim were left to see Mr. Jilks and his friend Rookington home to college, which they effected by getting Jack Hutton's luggage-barrow from the Angel, whilst Miss Jilks was "seen home" by Straddle, who promised to go back after her nephew.

What with the excitement of the day and her nephew's naughtiness, Miss Jilks passed a dreamy, uncomfortable night.

As soon as Mr. Straddle had left Miss Jilks, he returned towards the meadow, but not by the principal streets. He was aware that Jack Hutton and Blowhard would cut across the bye-lanes to avoid the proctors. He was quite right in his calculations of their prudence, and met the barrow and its contents carefully covered with a tarpauling, in a little dirty place called Pembroke-lane, just opposite Tom-gate. As soon as the bodies were safely deposited in Jilks's rooms, and Jack Hutton had been dismissed with an order on the buttery, and a further order to call next morning on Jilks, to be paid for porterage, Mr. Straddle explained to Blowhard his plans for the morrow, and prepared to put them into preliminary execution. Tim was sent to a chemist's with an order for two papers, each containing five grains of sulphate of zinc. These were carefully dissolved in two large tumblers of hot water, and with difficulty administered to the two invalids. The effect of the doses was speedy and satisfactory; and an application of cold water to their heads soon made the intoxicated men perfectly sober. A cup of very strong coffee in about half an hour afterwards restored them to the little senses they were naturally possessed of.

As soon as Tim had reported the success of his prescriptions to Mr. Straddle, who was making up for the self-denial he had practised during the day by diligent applications to the cigar-box and liqueur-case,

Blowhard went up to Mr. Jilks's rooms, and found that gentleman and his friend sipping their mocha, or its Oxford substitute, burnt beans.

"You must be fully aware, Mr. Jilks," said Blowhard, after he had been ordered to come in, "that your language to Mr. Straddle this day was such as no gentleman can put up with. With your abs of your aunt, disgusting as it was, I have nothing to do; but your insults to my friend can only be atoned for by blood."

"Gammon!" cried Jilks, looking as if he had murdered a turnip and washed his face in the blood of it.

"We were all drunk together," said Rookington.

"That I deny, sir," said Blowhard. "You and Mr. Jilks may make brutes of yourselves if you please, but you shall not insult a gentleman with impunity. Mr. Jilks, Mr. Straddle expects you to meet him with pistols in Port Meadow, near the bridge at Woolvercot, after chapel to-morrow morning. Allow me to recommend your disposing of your personalities this night."

"Personalities!" said Jilks, as soon as Blowhard had banged the door after him. "What does he mean?"

"Mean?" said Rookington, upon whom a hope of getting something operated like a charm, "why—your property—your personal property —those nicely-bound books—that piano—the German flute with the light silver keys — the guitar—only it's smashed — your furniture, plate, glasses, and pictures—you *may* be killed, you know, if you go out."

"Go out! what to fight?" screamed Jilks. "Why, I never let a pistol off in my life! My aunt, confound her, would never even let me play with gunpowder—I *won't* 'go out,' as you call it."

"But you *must*, my dear friend," said Rooky, "or you'll be *cut* for ever."

"But I'm sure to be shot—Straddle's military," said Jilks, "and I can't see the difference between cutting and maiming."

After a very long argument, Rooky succeeded in convincing Jilks that he must not be branded as a coward, and that most probably the pistols would not be loaded with ball. He then put a sheet of paper, and a pen and ink, before him, and begged him to dispose of his property as his heart and good feelings dictated to him.

"But who am I to leave them to?" inquired Jilks; "Tim is—"

"D—n Tim," said Rooky. "Who is to be your second?"

"*You*, of course," said Jilks.

"Then I think, my dear friend, that the man who risks rustication, expulsion, and being tried for murder ought to have some little recompence for the dangers he runs," said Rooky, wiping his eyes and looking romantic.

Jilks took the hint and his pen, and in very shaky, half-legible handwriting, made over all he possessed to his delighted dear friend, who, if he had not had the furniture and other effects *in prospectu*, would not only have dissuaded Jilks from fighting, but have gone to the dean, or some other authority, and exposed the whole affair.

Jilks next wrote a very penitent letter to his aunt, in which he confessed that ever since he had been up in Oxford, he had gradually acquired a taste for excesses of all sorts, and had ungratefully abused her, his kindest friend on all occasions. He even told her that his full

belief was, that Straddle would never have called him out, but to show his pretended love to a woman *old enough to be his mother*, and whom he wanted to marry merely to be able to pay off his ticks.

This letter was given to Tim, with strict orders to deliver it to Miss Violetta in the morning, if he was not at home to breakfast.

Rookington, while his dear friend was writing his farewell to his aunt, put his last will and testament into his pocket, and hurried off to Sykes's, and ordered that efficient gunmaker to send half-a-dozen cases of pistols down to St. Peter's for Mr. Jilks's inspection who would return those he did not require in the morning.

When the weapons arrived, Rooky selected a pair, and taught his friend how to pull the triggers. He then suggested going to bed. Jilks, however, could not go to bed — he was afraid of dreaming. Rooky suggested brandy-and-water, to which Jilks agreed; and, after taking a tumbler or two, which tasted strongly of brimstone, he fell into a troubled sleep in his chair, where Rooky left him.

In the morning, Jilks awoke stiff, cold, and uncomfortable—he could not tell why—until the proceedings of the previous day and night recurred to him. He made up his mind not to fight, but to use the knowledge his friend had instilled into him the night before, by pulling a trigger at himself. He looked at himself in a glass, and was shocked at the pallor—the pipe-clay pallor of his face, and resolved to bring the blood into his cheeks by sending a bullet through his head; but the pistols were not loaded, and he did not know how to load them.

Just as he was trying to perform that necessary preliminary, Rookington came in, and pouring out two glasses of brandy, took one himself, and bade his friend swallow the other, and follow him immediately.

Jilks gulped the liquid, but moved not. Rooky slipped the pistol-case into a carpet-bag, and, seizing his friend, hurried him off to the Hythe Bridge, and forced him into a skiff, which was ready prepared for him.

Jilks fell flat in the bottom of the boat, and Rookington took the sculls and pulled away for Port Meadow.

"Tim," said Straddle, about eleven o'clock on the night previous to this eventful morning, "has your master given you any note to your mistress?"

"Yees, sur, he have," said Tim; "he looks onkimmon queer, and says I'se to 'liver it if he isn't home to breakfast."

"Well, Tim," said Straddle, "take a glass of grog—and mind you deliver that note directly after chapel—I and your master are going to fight a duel, and I wish Miss Jilks to be present—you understand?"

"I does," said Tim, winking and taking off his tumbler.

"You will find us at Woolvercot Bridge," said Straddle; "take one more glass, and then keep your lips closed till you see your mistress to-morrow morning."

"I 'ool," said Tim, and he did.

Miss Jilks lay dreaming of drunken nephews, agreeable militaires, and comfortable meetings by moonlight, when she was roused by a loud knocking at her bedroom-door.

"Here's a letter, mum, for you, from Master Byron Scott Montgomery," said Tim; "it's to be delivered immediately."

Miss Jilks slipped on her dressing-gown, and, opening the door wide enough to admit the letter, took it of Tim, delighted to think that her nephew was so much in haste to make the *amende honorable*. As soon as she read it, however, she screamed out,

"Tim! Tim! your master's a murdered man! he's gone out to fight a duel with Mr. Straddle—saddle the horses directly, Tim!—we must prevent bloodshed."

"Where be they a fighting, mum?" asked Tim.

"I don't know—I am sure, Tim—but we must scour the country—raise an alarm—rouse the Vice-chancellor and Proctors.—Where do these sanguinary scenes usually take place, Tim? You must know," said Miss Jilks.

"I don't *knoa*," said Tim; "but I should *think* Port Meadow as likely a spot as any, as it's all open loik, and the cumbattuns can be seen for many miles round."

"Then bring the horses immediately," said Miss Jilks; and by the time Tim brought them, which was not long, as he had them ready saddled by anticipation, his mistress was dressed and ready to mount. Tim led the way as fast as he could gallop, and they arrived at Woolvercot Bridge just in time to see Byron Scott Montgomery fire his pistol, and fall flat on his face; while Mr. Straddle magnanimously discharged his into the air, without doing any further damage than making Miss Jilks's horses shy, and spill Timothy Thornback into the canal ditch.

Straddle apologized to Miss Jilks for the alarm he had caused her, and assisted her to dismount.

"My dear Mr. Straddle!" cried she; "*you* are not hurt, I trust?"

"No, my dearest Violetta—wounded only in the heart by your fair eyes," replied Straddle, giving her a squeeze as he set her on the ground.

"And my ungrateful nephew, Byron Scott Montgomery?" shrieked the aunt.

"All right, aunty," said Jilks, jumping up, and feeling all danger was past; "that infernal pop-gun went off in my hand, and very nearly shot my toe off."

"He was in a funk, madam," said Rookington, looking disgusted at losing the furniture and other effects of the man he hoped to call the *late* Mr. Jilks.

Miss Jilks walked close up to her nephew, and in an audible whisper told him he was a "little, cowardly, ungrateful, debauched puppy, and that she would cut him off with a shilling, and marry Mr. Straddle, though she was '*old enough to be his mother.*'"

"Oh, gammon!" said Jilks, and walked off with his friend Rookington across the meadow to their boat, much happier than when he crossed it before on his way to "the ground."

Within a fortnight from that day, Mr. Straddle, who honourably told Miss Jilks of his pecuniary difficulties and expectations, lost every dun, and cut the dons. He and Miss Vi were married at Cheltenham, where they still reside, and may be seen "welling it" every morning, arm-in-arm, followed by a large Newfoundland dog and a terrier, nearly as fat as their master and mistress; for strange to say, the thin Miss Jilks is now the stout Mrs. Straddle, and even encourages her husband to smoke his cigar, while she sips her liqueur-and-water, and

has been known to fumigate her room with a cigar in his absence, instead of a pastil—by mistake, of course.

Master Byron Scott Montgomery did *not* get the Newdigate, or his first class, but was rusticated for going drunk to lecture, and went out to India to hide his shame.

Rookington obligingly accompanied him, and eloped with his youngest sister soon after his arrival.

Timothy Thornback was enabled, by Straddle's generosity, to take the public he so much longed to get possession of, and over his little bar-table tells a great many stories about Oxford life in general, and his own adventures there in particular.

"There," said Mrs. P., when I had finished reading my MS. to her, Broome, and Dusterly, as they sat over a friendly dish of tea—a *tass doo tay*, as she calls it. "If I was you, Peter, I'd stop at that *mettay fang a voter ouvrarge*."

"'Ow's that hin henglish, mum?" inquired Dusterly, anticipating a tart reply from my wife.

I undertook to explain that Mrs. P. was anxious I should cease publishing any more of my "life and times," as she was often alarmed at the risks I ran of being punished for what some people fancied were caricatures of themselves. Dr. Puffs had indeed commenced an action against me, and would have carried it on, if Podagra had not carried him off. Our Bursar, too, was requested by Chops, the barber, to look out for another shaver, unless he consented to expel me from the buttery; which it is possible he might have done, had not my attention to him, during a severe illness, brought on by eating too much lamprey, which old Explicator sent him from Worcester, softened his heart towards me. Several other gentlemen, too, who fancy that they are shown up, as Dick Downe, Tom Springer, little Rooke, *cum multis aliis*, look at me with suspicious glances, though they treat me civilly before my face, for fear I *should* paint their likenesses on paper.

"Under all circumstances, my dear Mrs. P." said I, "I think I shall yield to your request. It is possible that at some future period I may resume my pen, and, by writing *anonymously*, record a few of the numerous anecdotes of Oxford life, with which my memory is stored, without subjecting you to constant uneasiness on my behalf, or myself to the inconveniences of the *digito monstrari*."

"*Say bong*," said Mrs. P.; "and you won't go any more to that horrid Shirt-and-Shotbag?"

"*Peter. Broome. Dusterly.* As long as Mr. Rakestraw lives, and bears away 'the Bell' from other publics, and presides as 'most noble grand' at the lodge of Odd Fellows, *we* must attend."

"*Mong dew*," screamed Mrs. P.; "*jong swee behangd fashy*."

"Now, my dear, three glasses of grog," said I. "Broome and Dusterly, I'll give you a toast—bumpers, and no taps. Here's to the health of all *great* literary characters, from my Lord and my Lady down to the humble College Scout, and to all spirited Publishers and Editors; and, as the phrase goes, 'may a liberal and discerning public appreciate and reward their exertions.'"

Omnes. "Hip, hip, hurrah!—guggle, guggle, guggle!—rap, rap, rap!—one cheer more!—hurra! a-a-a-a-ah! ! !"

AN EVENING WITH M. THIERS.

M. Thiers is out of favour just now, except with the ragamuffin-party in the French schools, who have done their little best to imitate the Robespierre faction of former days, and have been silly and wicked enough to cry "Down with the English!" The same beardless ruffians who ejaculated, "Death to the English!" at the interment of Napoleon, shouted "Vive M. Thiers!" strange *mélange*, indeed! and one not very much calculated to give satisfaction to the ex-president of the council, and minister of state for the foreign department. For M. Thiers has the utmost horror of being the idol of the mob; professes the most sovereign contempt for *vulgar* popularity; laughs by the hour together at the "greasy hats," and "sweet voices" of the great "unwashed;" and has no ambition whatever to be carried in triumph on the shoulders of Parisian workmen. And yet this little great man is so made up of inconsistencies, that whilst during six whole months he courted most assiduously the old families of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, and tried to win over the legitimists to the "moderate" revolution of 1830, by asserting the "rights of the aristocracy," the "power of hereditary influence," and the "instability of the institutions which were not defended by the great, the titled, and the noble,"—only a few weeks afterwards arrested the Duchess of Berry in La Vendée, exposed a woman's secret, and a woman's frailty, and consigned the mother of the Duke of Bordeaux to a prison near the city whose name she bore!

From the moment M. Thiers purchased with a large bribe from a Jew traitor the secret of the duchess's hiding-place, there was an end to all negotiations with the Fauxbourg St. Germain. The legitimists lamented over the error of their beloved princess, but they cursed in their hearts the man who had so publicly exposed it. They can never forgive him; and if the modern Demosthenes (Berryer) has appeared sometimes to support him in his foreign policy, he has only *appeared* to do so, for he has always had in view the overthrow of the new order of things in France, by urging on M. Thiers to carry out the principles upon which the legitimists maintain the revolution of 1830 was founded.

"I love the English aristocracy," said M. Thiers in a private circle at his house in the *Place St. George*. "I love the old castles dominating over tens of thousands of acres. I love the oaken halls of past centuries preserved with matchless polish and perfection in their former grandeur. I love the remnants of the better portions of feudal times, with all the rank and influence which hereditary names and worth can bestow; but without the subjection and vassalage of the darker ages. I love the inviolability of the throne, and the full understanding which there is in England of the maxim *le roi règne, mais ne gouverne pas.*"

M. Thiers is however *so* inconsistent, that he who thus professed his love of *hereditary* distinctions and honours was the first and foremost to destroy the *hereditary* peerage in France, the last bulwark left for the throne and the altar.

"*Vive la république!*" was a cry once uttered by M. Thiers in the

saloons of M. Laffitte, when the *National* newspaper was being founded to aid the "opposition of fifteen years" in its work of demolition! Yet this same M. Thiers four years afterwards, when informed that some of his former comrades in the *National* had uttered a similar cry, exclaimed,

"Brigands! what do they want? Fools! what do they desire? I know them well. They are cowards at heart, and are only clamorous and noisy for admission to power. The republic, indeed! The creatures do not know what a republic means. Their silly heads would warm the block with their life-blood, and prepare the way for wholesale murders. How dare they call out '*Vive la république!*' when living under a constitutional monarchy? No, they shall *not* have a republic, but they shall have grape-shot to their heart's content, if such another cry is uttered."

This was in 1834—and M. Thiers kept his word; for who can forget the storming of Lyons, and the *mitraille* at St. Etienne, and the scenes in the Rue Transnonain at Paris?

"Peace for ever!" said M. Thiers at Liverpool; "peace for ever between France and England. There is no reason for their separation, either moral, political, or commercial."

How strange a contrast was such language with the acts of M. Thiers during the last six months, and with his declared policy at the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies! Yet this is M. Thiers; the man of the people—loathing the people: the admirer of the rank, and fortune, and talent of the aristocracy, destroying its hereditary privileges; the public declaimer for "liberty," and the inventor of new laws against the press; the exciter of popular movements, and the wholesale destroyer of the mob by congreve-rockets, bombs, shells, and cannon-balls: the eulogist of the fidelity and honour of the legitimists and French nobles, and the gaoler of an unfortunate princess; the first to proclaim an English and French alliance, and yet the secret and most powerful agent in its destruction.

But though M. Thiers is now unpopular with nearly all the world, except the aspirants to fame at the law and medical schools of Paris, this was not always his case, nor will it continue to be so.

In France, every dog has peculiarly his day, and "all come to be kings in their turn." A little patience, and a good deal of decision—a little knowledge and a great deal of assurance—a little wit, and a large portion of talking talent, amounting neither to eloquence nor to oratory, will effect wonders in France. These have made Adolphe Thiers twice prime minister of France—twice minister of state for foreign affairs—minister of the interior—minister of commerce and public works, and under-secretary of state even in the finance department, the one he most loves, and can, perhaps, best comprehend.

"All is finished now," said M. Thiers, as we entered the reception-rooms in the Rue de Grenelle St. Germain, when that gentleman was minister of the interior;—"All is finished."

He never looked so tall as he did on that occasion. Whether he had higher heels to his boots than usual, or stood more on his toes than ever he is wont to do, or whether his own delighted soul had actually

so operated on his animal frame as to have expanded it on that occasion, we know not. But this we can assert, we never saw him look so tall, or seem so excited.

Our readers will of course be anxious to know what it was that was "finished," and the termination of which gave such unqualified satisfaction to M. Thiers. It was the arrest and imprisonment of the Duchess of Berry.

This moment we have selected for a description of an evening with M. Thiers, because it was one of the most remarkable of his past life; and likewise was one in which he showed all his characters to all present, of personal vanity, undoubted talent, and changeful disposition.

M. Thiers is a very small man in stature and in limbs; but he is not badly made, and could be very easily mistaken for a gentleman. Yet there is something of "priggishness" about him, which really cannot be explained by any other word, and which annoys you every five minutes that you are conversing with him.

M. Thiers, though a republican writer, and a democratic minister of state, has a great taste, not for the really *grandiose*, but for splendour, show, regal ornaments, baronial titles and equipages, and for a lavish expenditure of his own as well as of the public money. He was never satisfied at any of the official hotels of the ministries which he alternately occupied as minister of state in this or that department, with the furniture of his predecessor. More lights, more velvet, more gold, more drapery, more lustres and looking-glasses, were always wanted the instant he made his appearance; and when he was for the first time minister for foreign affairs and president of the council, his apartments soon far outshone the state-rooms of that king who was decried by M. Thiers "to reign, and not to govern."

In the Rue de Grenelle, M. Thiers was only minister of the interior. There was far less of luxury than on the Boulevard des Capucines at the foreign office; but yet there was a marked difference between his evening parties and those of his predecessor. The wax-lights were more abundant; the refreshments were more varied, and more rapidly and more frequently served. There was no ease, but quantities of crowding; no dignity, but an amazing amount of heat; less of the air of the representative of the home and stable interests of a great nation, but buzzing, chatting, and emotion enough for some three hundred ordinary *soirées*.

It must certainly be admitted that this was no ordinary night, and that all who had the right of *entrée*, rushed to see the little man who five years previously had eaten his twenty-penny dinner at a two francs per head eating-house in the Palais Poyal, under the benignant sway of the House of Bourbon, but who now had effected her arrest by the employment of a Judas in her camp. No one would believe the announcement. All Paris was petrified. The gay, the charitable, the cheerful, the Paris-loving and beloved Duchess of Berry, arrested and imprisoned by Adolphe Thiers, seemed impossible; and so general and strong was this feeling, that peers, deputies, bankers, merchants, stockbrokers (a class dearly beloved by the ex-minister), *flaneurs*, *proletaires*, and *hommes de lettres*, all rushed to the Rue de Grenelle, to see and hear for themselves, with their own ears, and

with their own eyes, that the thing was true. O what an assemblage was there! "All the world and his wife!" and M. Thiers was in his glory.

There is no such thing as keeping M. Thiers stationary for five minutes; we might say, perhaps, for five seconds. He sits, he stands, he sits again, and all in half a minute. He walks up and down the room, runs, jumps, tilts on his toes, shrugs his shoulders, raises them almost to the top of his head, puts on his spectacles, takes them off again, and all with the rapidity of a sleight-of-hand man on the Place de la Bourse.

On the evening in question, M. Thiers spoke to every one as fast as he could; and perhaps in three hours said a greater number of words than any man who ever lived from the time of Adam downwards.

"Que voulez vous, mon cher?" said M. Thiers to a member of the *centre droit*, who had some doubts as to the legality of arresting and imprisoning a princess, without putting her upon trial. "Que voulez vous?" and then he went on to say, "This state of things was impossible. We could not be bearded by the Duchess of Berry. God knows our revolution was moderate enough; we merely sent them out of France; and told them not to came back again; their property, their lives, their titles, all preserved to them, and yet they persist in coming back. I could endure it no longer; I could not see the throne of the king continually disputed by this heroine, as they call her. It became indispensable to terminate all these Chouan hopes and Vendean plunderings and rapine—and now all is finished."

Every sentence pronounced by M. Thiers during the evening began or closed with "Tout est fini;" sometimes varying it by "Maintenant tout est fini." He rang the double changes on these phrases for three mortal hours.

M. Odilon Barrot made his appearance. This was a sort of event. He was at that time the political antagonist of M. Thiers; for the latter was then a conservative, and the former was, what he is still, the chief of the *gauche*.

M. Odilon Barrot was only a lawyer under the restoration, but the revolution of 1830 made him one of the commissioners charged to conduct Charles X., and the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, &c., to Cherbourg. He is a cold, calm, calculating man, enamoured of his own views of a parliamentary government, and believes that every thing may be effected by the influence of the ballot. On the night in question he was more excited than he is wont to be, and appeared to regard M. Thiers as a sort of prodigy.

"Eh bien! M. Barrot," said the host to him, as he entered the second saloon, "que pensez vous maintenant?"

M. Barrot replied, "C'est très habile, M. le Ministre," and M. Thiers was delighted.

He shuffled his spectacles a little nearer his eyes, doubtless that he might examine with more attention the movements of the face of M. Barrot, and then continued, "Maintenant tout est fini."

M. Barrot looked credulous, and simply said, "Oui, tout est fini dans la Vendée.

This was not enough to satisfy M. Thiers.

"All is finished every where, M. Barrot, not only in La Vendée, but every where. The hopes of the legitimists are finished: the plots of all factions are finished; the opposition to our wise and moderate revolution is finished; the attacks to our form of government are finished; the secret enmities of foreign powers are finished; the reputation of the Bourbons is finished; the Henry V. party is finished; the hope of recognising the throne of France is finished; the Carlists are finished; they can exist no longer as a party; all predictions so injurious to a new throne and new institutions are finished; in one word, *tout est fini!*"

This was uttered with a rapidity almost inconceivable, and in an air of triumph almost burlesque. M. Barrot smiled—not acquiscence, but a little good-humoured satire, and he seemed to say, "I am glad you have finished your harangue."

M. Barrot was not convinced by the flourish of drums and trumpets which had just reached his ear; but, as is the case with all who listen to M. Thiers, he was at least amused.

Few men can talk better, that is more fluently and "cozily" than M. Thiers. He goes on and on, and on and on, never hunting for a word, never seeking for a phrase; but manœuvring with his tongue so ably that he adopts all its accents and words, without your perceiving it, to the emotions depicted on your faces, or on the audifory he is addressing. Coleridge was more eloquent than Thiers, but by no means so persuasive.

Who is this that is talking with M. Thiers with great earnestness? It is Garnier Pages. He is the chief of the ultra-liberal party; the O'Connell of the French chamber. M. Garnier Pages laughs outright at the idea of any thing being finished by the arrest of the Duchess of Berry, but the hopes of herself and her party. He thinks the embarrassments of the government are increased by it, and asks,

"What is to be done with her now she is in custody? Is she to be brought up for trial before a court of assizes? No jury will convict her in the least, and to remove her to be tried at any other assizes would be unjust. Is she to be brought up for trial before the court of peers? the court would declare itself incompetent. Is she to be simply kept in prison as a state-prisoner without any trial? This is opposed to the charter and the laws. Is she merely to be kept in prison till her *accouchement* shall be over, and is she then to be let out without being brought before any tribunal. This would be the most monstrous of all."

And so he went on; but M. Thiers would have his will, and said, "All is finished."

M. Garnier Pages said, "Thiers is a mountebank, a rope-dancer." This was a few years ago, certainly; but to-day M. Garnier Pages is the idol of those luckless, witless students who exclaimed, "*Vive M. Thiers!*" as they conducted the ashes of Napoleon to the *Invalides*. Garnier Pages is the Henry Hunt of former days; he swears by the people, and has done so for seven years—a very long apprenticeship in France to the same dogma. M. Garnier Pages is a clever man, a good speaker, very brave, and personally courageous, and knows well the

dialect of his party. When we have said that he is the Henry Hunt of former times, we do not speak of his personal appearance, manner, or bearing, for the Frenchman has all the advantage; but we allude to his mode of thinking and opinions.

M. Dupin now enters. How ugly he is! and how cross, severe, hard-lined! such wrinkles and such a frown! and such a scratch wig withal, so black and so ill-made, are not often seen in any part of the habitable globe. M. Thiers receives him with much joy. M. Dupin congratulates him on his success, forgetting his former obsequiousness to the unfortunate duchess. He once told the Duke of Bordeaux, "that France centred all her hopes upon him;" but now he sees differently, and congratulates over and over again the minister of the Interior on his ability, zeal, and devotedness. But M. Dupin is fond of "*quolibets*"—and, like Lord Brougham, says odd things in an odd way, making every one laugh, and causing his almost unintentional jokes to be a thousand times repeated. M. Dupin resembles in so many respects his friend Lord Brougham, and has done so many things which his lordship has also done before or after him, that it would not be difficult to establish between them a complete parallel. M. Dupin, on the evening in question, was however, notwithstanding all his felicitations offered to M. Thiers, full of doubts and misgivings. "What is to be done with her now she is arrested?" was his inquiry every where round the room. He loves to create embarrassments, as well as to ask questions, and he must have gratified himself to his heart's content on that evening. M. Thiers of course declined replying as to the intentions of the government. "The event has but just occurred. This great deliverance is but this moment achieved. The government of the king deliberates. It acts and deliberates. It will know at all times how to put down factions, whether regal or republican." These last words were repeated round the room; and some smiled, others frowned, some doubted, whilst others swore then by Thiers as they do now, and declared "That he was the only man of any note produced by the revolution of 1830." Garnier Pages thought this a falsehood, and we do not wonder he did so, for Garnier Pages belongs to the revolution himself.

"Where is Guizot? where is Guizot?" asked several persons at the *soirée*. He was not there. He could not rejoice at the arrest and imprisonment of the duchess, the mother of the Duke of Bordeaux, and once the distributress of so much alms in the city of Paris, and at every place she visited. He was not a legitimist, and made some opposition to the measures of the ministers during the concluding years of the restoration; but he was no admirer of purchasing a princess's person by a huge bribe to a Jew traitor. So he stopped away.

But if Guizot was absent, there were plenty who were present, all of whom felicitated M. Thiers on his unparalleled success.

M. Barthe is a dull heavy man, formerly one of the Carbonari, but now a fiery persecutor of all associations of a secret character. He has just come in, and looks as black as thunder, and as heavy as lead. He sees Odilon Barrot, Mauguin, and Garnier Pages conversing together, and heard his name mentioned as he trod along the room. He had been *charévaried* by some of the students coming out of the Palais de Justice, on that or the previous day, and he was full of sorrow and sadness.

"The arrest of the Duchess of Berry," he said, "would give him more to do, increase the number of the enemies of the government, and create many difficulties;" still he felicitated M. Thiers, and declared "that it was high time now to finish with the Carlists and Republicans." M. Thiers repeated, "*Mais mon cher Barthe, je déclare que maintenant tout* EST *fini.*"

There was no driving him from this: and he urged it with such apparent conviction that the funds rose next day some two or three per cent. This was anticipated by some who observed that M. Thiers conversed a good deal with his favourite *agent de change*, and with M. Dosne, the father of Madame Thiers. Of course Madame Thiers was not present. She is pretty and amiable, thinks her husband *very* talented and very lucky, but does *not* think him either the most agreeable or the most handsome man in the world. Her father has reason to bless the day he first saw Adolphe Thiers. The receiver-generalship of the North, which M. Dosne possesses, was conferred on him by M. Thiers, and some sad rogues, who like to take away very honest men's characters, have dared to say that the ex-minister of Foreign Affairs has shared in the profits of the post in question. M. Dosne was most assiduous in his attentions to his son-in-law on the evening in question. If M. Thiers made any gesticulation of an extraordinary character, good M. Dosne appeared to stand in breathless admiration; and *mon gendre* and *mon beau fils* were tones which often escaped his lips, in order that no one might be in ignorance that the little man who had arrested the duchess was really and truly his son-in-law!

Marshal Lobau was a great favourite of M. Thiers; and on the evening, whose transactions we are recording, the Minister of the Interior deigned to notice him with peculiar favour. That Lobau was an able and gallant officer, none will venture to deny; but it was neither his ability nor his courage which called forth the eulogies of M. Thiers. The secret of the favouritism consisted in this: the marshal had invented a new method for quelling *émeutes* and dispersing mobs. It was not with bullets or with ball, with cartridge or cannon, with sabres or swords, with the prancing of the municipal cavalry, or the cutting down by the dragoons, but the new method of dispersing mobs was by pumping dirty water on the *canaille*. The good old marshal said that these *émeutiers* were not bad enough to shoot, and were too dangerous to let alone; so his plan was to wet and dirty them with foul water.

"Fill the engines for watering the streets," said Lobau, "with dirty water: apply a pump, a leathern hose, and a mouth-piece at the end. Then pump away on the assembled throng, and in five minutes not a man or woman will be left on the field of drenching." This stratagem was resorted to, and it fully succeeded. The Paris caricaturists set about humorizing this frolic, and painted Marshal Lobau in the form of a syringe. M. Thiers was joking the marshal this evening about his dirty-water exploits, and poor Lobau enjoyed the fun quite as much as the minister. Lobau was an excellent fellow.

Of all the persons who crowded to the *soirées* of M. Thiers, none were ever received by him with such marked attention and respect, amounting to homage, as foreign ambassadors and ministers. With

the exception of Lord Granville, whose amiable and accomplished manners are thrown away upon M. Thiers, the ex-minister always treated the members of the diplomatic circle even with obsequiousness. But he could not like Lord Granville—and his lordship is certainly *not* amongst his warmest admirers. There was not so large an attendance of the members of the diplomatic circle that night at M. Thiers's as might have been expected; but those there were hopped round, and jumped round, and pulled about, and pawed, and made so much of by the minister of the interior, that it was clear to all he had some secret intention of one day taking the Foreign Department under his control. The ambassadors were amused at M. Thiers's antics, and laughed when his back was turned; but he was so civil, and so polite, and so fawning, that they could not insult him to his face, whatever might have been some of their secret inclinations. They looked at him sometimes as honest men are wont to look at sharpers—*rather* distrustfully;—but then his pineapple ices were the best in Paris, and his Tokay Sorbets were quite novel. As M. Thiers knows that his origin is more than suspected, he has a profusion of plate, liveried servants, and equipages —but all is glare, stare, noise, and blaze. There is nothing of old English hospitality on the one hand, nor of French suavity and politeness on the other. It is all pomp and show, but of a very *citizen-like character*. He is a sort of Lord-Mayor-man, and "plenty of it" is the order of the day. No one can accuse him of meanness or closeness in his arrangements; but as the *telegraph* fills his pockets very rapidly, it is with him "soon come—and soon gone."

One of the best pieces of fun on the evening we spent with M. Thiers, was a rumour that he was to be made a Peer and a Baron. Baron Thiers was quite a new title to insert in the French court calender. He who had in former times attacked the throne, the altar, the aristocracy, and the peerage of the country; he who had assisted by his writings in the daily press, to overthrow the throne of centuries; he who had formed one of the Laffitte's convention, and who met at the house of that gentleman to try the question of "which was the strongest, the House of Laffitte, or the "House of Bourbon;" and he who had just arrested the Duchess of Berry, by means of the agency of a Jew traitor, was now said to be ambitious of the title of a baron, and of the peerage of France. As to the latter, we have some doubts; as to the former, there can be none. M. Thiers desired, and still desires, to be a baron; and though his democracy is just now so pleasing to the war party in Paris, he is in his heart most desirous of being a man of rank, and of being admitted as a matter of course into the circles of French and foreign nobility.

But though the *soirée* was chiefly political, it was not *wholly* so. There was Alexander Dumas, the novellist of the new school of "raw-head-and-bloody-bones." We wonder he never made a romance out of the citadel of Blaye, and the Iscariot of La Vendée. Then there was Hugo, with his wonderful head and his standing-up brain, full of ghosts, spectres, and devils of his own creation, Hugo has not sold himself to any party, for he is incapable of doing that; but he has forgotten too soon the first loves of his boyhood, and the kind hand of that Duchess who brought him into notice. And Barthelemy was there,

who once wrote satires by steam, and brought out with such rapidity his astounding compositions, that each week produced some new wonder. But "every man has his price," and the government purchased his silence. It did the same with the chiefs of the St. Simonians, and three of the ablest of their party are now defenders in the daily press of that government and of that throne they were formerly devoted to destroy.

Then there was Merilhon, the barrister and deputy, since a peer, a pauper in 1829, and a nobleman now. Merilhon is a great speculator. He was once also a Carbonaro with Barettie, and on the point of a poniard they swore "death to kings." But Monsieur Merilhon has changed his key-note now, and sings of thrones and sceptres more merrily and heartily than he ever did of scaffolds and revolutions. M. Merilhon is a fortunate man, but he is no great favourite of M. Thiers, and thus he has hitherto escaped the enjoyments and emoluments of minister of justice.

There likewise was M. Persil. He accosted M. Thiers with apparent friendliness, but he did this to save appearances. He knew M. Thiers was in heart a democrat, and that he was, and is, his opponent. Few men hate better than M. Persil. He is a fierce hater. He is therefore hated in return. Few speak to him at the *soirée*, but M. Thiers was most polite and attentive to him. M. Persil is one of the best lawyers in France; but as he is accustomed to regard all subjects with a legal view, he is dry and uninteresting in his conversation. We should think he might boast of never having read any other than a law book in his life, except his bible and his classics.

About eleven o'clock the rooms were crowded to suffocation, and to write down even the names of all who were there, would occupy many pages. M. Thiers was active to the last. "*Tout est fini*" was his first and last word. The fact was, he had made up his mind that the funds *should* rise, and that there should be no disappointment. So the next morning at nine o'clock, every little jobber's clerk at Tortoni's, had the key-word, "*Tout est fini*;" whilst their masters declared "that there was nothing now to prevent the funds rising ten per cent." Poor dupes! A week afterwards the funds were lower. But in the mean time fortunes had been made and lost—and certainly M. Thiers was *not* a loser.

At last the witching hour arrived. M. Thiers looked exhausted: and he sank down upon a sofa. Mignet was by his side. They had written up a revolution—and had made it together—and now they beheld their child before them. The very small men of giant times were very great men in times of pigmies, and Thiers and Mignet had a good laugh. We hope it was not at the duchess, and we believe not either; but we thought that there might be some allusions in their jokes to the gullibility of poor human nature, and to the assured *rise* in the funds of to-morrow. "Good night, M. Thiers! Good night! Yours are *sure* to be *golden* dreams." So we parted.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

THE COURT AND TIMES OF WILLIAM III.*

The value of original letters as historical illustrations, it cannot now be necessary to point out. The numerous publications of such documents that have appeared since the commencement of this century, edited hy several of our best historical scholars, show that all persons capable of judging are fully aware of their importance. Indeed, it must be so obvious to an educated mind, that at periods when there was no acknowledged channel for diffusing information in any way adequate to such an object, the correspondence of intelligent observers must possess, and of course still possesses extraordinary interest, and to such are we indebted for nearly all the most useful and characteristic facts that can assist in forming a picture of an age gone by. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, there were not only professed newsmongers, whose business it was to forward to their employers whatever information on public or private affairs they could pick up, but there were amateur "intelligencers" who took care to inform their distant friends of all matters of moment or of general gossip that came within their cognizance. The fashion of "making notes" of daily occurrences, exhibited itself also in another form—that of keeping a private diary; and no one who has perused the memoranda so carefully collected by Pepys, Evelyn, Burton, and one or two other daily remembrancers, can deny the extent either of the amusement or valuable information they contain. But a correspondence has claims upon our attention superior to those possessed by any diary.

Where shall we meet such animated pictures of the great men and great events of the golden age of good Queen Bess, as in that excellent series of original letters, published under the appropriate title of "Queen Elizabeth and her Times;" or discover such an insight into the policy of those sturdy republicans, who exercised the power of kings with more than kingly influence, as in that important correspondence styled "The Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell." To the Life and Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough we are indebted for a complete moral panorama of the reign of Queen Anne. There wanted one link in the chain of history—one, too, that however interesting in a national point of view were the others, was of interest superior to them all. This was the age in which the glorious structure of our civil and religious liberties were laid upon foundations, over which the storms of faction have passed harmless. We allude to the reign of William III., and Mr. James in producing the very important illustrations of this most momentous epoch now under our notice, has conferred a national service which is likely to be more readily appreciated by the genuine student, than we think his numerous other con-

* Letters Illustrative of the Court and Times of William III. Edited by G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV.," "Richelieu," &c.

tributions to our literature, either historical or imaginative, have a chance of being, however great may be the merit they possess.

This work consists of the correspondence of a very intelligent statesman, and nearly the whole of it is written to one of the most influential and able members of the government to which he was attached. James Vernon, Esq., was one of King William's secretaries of state, and he appears to have kept up a regular correspondence with the Duke of Shrewsbury, who in earlier life had been his patron, and was then an invalid residing in the country, for the purpose of making him aware of every matter of consequence that was passing either in the court, the senate, or in general society. We are therefore furnished with a minute and comprehensive view of all the political events of that stirring period—the intrigues of the restless adherents of the expatriated king, and the no less active and equally discreditable machinations of many of the members of the existing government; for it is but too evident that if the majority of that administration were not traitors to their king, they did all that the most crooked policy in their councils and the most selfish jealousy of each other and of their master could do, to overthrow his throne.

Among the statesmen of that time we are introduced to Godolphin, Harley, Sunderland, Orford, Halifax, Portland, Somers, Marlborough, and Shrewsbury, and even find slight notices of St. John and Walpole, then commencing their career. The political character of these memoranda is very agreeably varied by notices of individuals of whom the names of several are of more general interest,—such as Sir Isaac Newton, Prior the Poet, Chief Justice Holt, Dr. Burnett, Bishop of Salisbury, Sir Christopher Wren, and Dr. D'Avenant. Of the naval affairs of that age the allusions are singularly copious and interesting. Among them may be found many referring to Dampier, the navigator, Admiral Benbow, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Sir George Rooke, and the famous pirates, Captain Vaughan and Captain Kidd.

But the work is so rich in illustrations of the times, that it is scarcely possible to do justice to it in our limited space; some idea, however, may be formed of their nature and extent by a reference to the numerous and important occurrences which were subjects of public interest, when these letters were written; among these, the establishment of the Bank of England, and of the second East-India Company; the debates in both houses of parliament, the spy system, the conspiracy of Sir John Fenwick, Higgins's plot, and the various real and fictitious conspiracies against the King's life that were continually being discovered, will be found to afford to the Duke of Shrewsbury's observant correspondent matter for his pen equally amusing and instructive. Nor will the description of his contested election at Westminster with Sir Harry Colt, who took upon himself the reputation of a detector of Jacobites, fail to be regarded by the reader as a picture of the times at once most lively and characteristic.

Mr. James has edited these volumes in a most satisfactory manner. Instead of overlaying his text with notes introduced apparently for no other purpose than to exhibit the erudition of the writer—a fault common to most of his predecessors—he confines his commentaries to such information as is really necessary, and prefaces the correspondence with

a well-written introduction, in which he is evidently impressed with a full sense of the nature of the work he introduces to the public.

We cannot, we think, close our review more appropriately than with the conclusion of Mr. James's Introduction; he there says with no less felicity than justice,

"The period here treated of is, indeed, one of the most important and interesting in the history of this country, and bears immediately upon the present times; * * * and these letters are a treasury of facts—some very trivial, some more remarkable; but as a whole displaying the manners of the age, the secret conduct of celebrated men, the passions, the faults, the follies, the wisdom, the power, the magnanimity of those we have been accustomed to look up to, the tortuous path of political intrigue, the secret motions of grand actions, the small springs of great events, and the foundation, development, and completion of institutions which affect our liberty and our happiness even in the present day.

MR. ROBY'S TRADITIONS OF ENGLAND.*

It is rather singular, that notwithstanding how general and popular of late years have been the researches directed towards the legendary lore of other nations, no attempt worthy of recognition has been made to gather the treasures of our own. Although there is scarcely an old mansion, or an ancient family, or any locality of any mark or likelihood throughout the broad lands of England, that has not some interesting tradition attached to it, with a blindness which, however, is not unusual to ordinary book-makers, the collectors of popular legends have thought proper to appear in complete ignorance of aught of the kind being close at hand; and with an absence of nationality, which is another characteristic peculiar to them, they choose to wander to all sorts of obscure places in other countries, to the complete neglect of more attractive localities at home. When we refer to our remembrances of English history, how wonderful is the variety of scenes, individuals, and incidents of powerful interest, of which we wish to have a more intimate knowledge, and how much of this is necessary to illustrate properly the picture of the times and country, our historians seek to delineate. That what is wanted is to be found, there can be no doubt. The materials of a thousand romances are scattered over the kingdom: there is not a county which does not contain the most picturesque—the most entertaining legends—each portraying the characteristic features of some state of society of which our published records are deficient; but it requires the knowledge of an antiquary, the imagination of a poet, and a most comprehensive intimacy with all that is appropriate to the time, place, and persons belonging to each tradition, to do justice to the subject, or any branch of it. From this cause it is, the popular traditions of England have hitherto remained without an efficient chronicler. Mr. Roby has become aware how much so truly national a work was required, and possessed of all the requisites for the proper fulfilment of his task, he has applied himself to it diligently, commencing his

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* Popular Traditions of England. First Series—Lancashire. By J. Roby, Esq. M.R.S.L. 3 vols.

labours with the traditions of his native county, Lancashire. His volumes, as might have been expected, afford a vast fund of entertainment. All the more attractive epochs of our history, among which we particularly notice the Crusades, the Wars of the Rival Roses, the rise and fall of the Commonwealth, and the rebellions in favour of the expatriated Stuarts, are carefully and agreeably illustrated; and the taste, learning, and skill the author has evinced in this his first contribution to a complete collection of our traditions, cannot fail of making the reader eager to possess the next.

THE THREE PEERS.*

Lady Stepney has again permitted us the pleasant task of drawing the attention of the public to a new production from her fertile pen choosing in this instance, with admirable tact, as a subject for illustration, English society at the commencement of the reign of George I. Her ladyship seems to share, with a few of her talented contemporaries, in the interest which has been directed towards the last century—a period fruitful in the most effective materials for the novelist, and near enough to our time to come within the personal sympathies of the generality of readers; and Lady Stepney has shown in the work before us, that her predecessors have not exhausted this eventful age of its interest. Our immediate ancestors are there gracefully and ably delineated playing their parts in the great game of life, which was then carried on with such peculiar animation; and, without burdening her narrative with any elaborated display of historical details, she contrives to produce a lively picture of the manners of the higher circles of that time. Her ladyship has gained sufficient experience of the resources of her art, to be able to carry on her story satisfactorily;—possibly more incident would have improved it in the ideas of those who require continual excitement to secure their attention; but the majority of readers cannot but be satisfied that "The Three Peers" is a novel possessing all the orthodox qualifications. The interesting heroine and her faithful attendant, the unscrupulous villain and his high-minded friend, the ardent lover, the unprincipled matron and the ambitious statesman, with all the usual supernumeraries, are there pursuing their accustomed vocations. The most elaborate of her portraits, however, is the stately Margravine, by an introduction to whom the reader can scarcely fail of receiving a more than ordinary gratification. The "Three Peers" is unquestionably the best of Lady Stepney's works which have yet appeared, so that if she proceeds in her literary career we have every right to expect even an improvement upon this; nor can we in taking leave of the fair authoress omit noticing that she has introduced amongst her prose some poetry of sweet character and high quality.

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* The Three Peers. By Lady Stepney, author of "The New Road to Ruin," "The Heir Presumptive." 3 vols.

CHAUCER MODERNIZED.*

We are greatly afraid, however necessary it may be that the father of English poetry should be generally understood to render his genius appreciated as it deserves, that this attempt towards so desirable an object will fail of meeting the success the authors of it seem to anticipate. It is most true, that all the efforts of the same nature that have been made within the last century, some by poets of considerable eminence, and others by the merest rhymesters that ever jingled verse, or had their knowledge of measure at their fingers' ends, are lamentable disappointments. But the task is attended with difficulties that it is scarcely possible for the most careful and the most skilful to surmount. Those who can enjoy Chaucer thoroughly, cannot do so when he is deprived of that quaint simplicity with which he clothes the delightful creations of his imagination. The obsolete words he uses may sometimes be puzzling enough, but the sense attached to them can readily be guessed at; and the air of reality which they throw over his pictures of an age so peculiarly picturesque, must be destroyed by employing modern phraseology. So much depends on the association of ideas, in preserving the proper "keeping," as it is styled, that the introduction of any sentence, or even word in common use at this period, brings the reader back from the antique yet exquisite poetry that delighted "time-honoured Lancaster" to the feeble commonplaces of the nineteenth century. The only way of getting out of the difficulty in any thing like a satisfactory manner, is to adopt the language current at the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which retains quaintnesses enough to convey the proper antique associations, and as it is the language in which the indestructible poetry of Shakspeare is preserved, must always be familiar to every English reader. If the object of the present work is also to render more correct, according to present taste, the rhyme of Chaucer, it is scarcely possible to imagine a more signal and complete failure.

Here are four consecutive lines taken at random from the first attempt at "Modernizing" in the work, and such rhymes our experience in modern versification cannot parallel.

> "Full seemly was her kerchief crimp'd *across*;
> Her nose well cut and long: eyes grey as *glass*;
> Her mouth was small, and thereto soft and *red*,
> And certainly a forehead fair she *had*."

We can have no hesitation in asserting our preference of the ancient poet with all his obscurities, to so very cockneyfied a paraphrase of his ideas; and we believe that we shall not be singular in our opinion. Nevertheless, it is but justice to say, that there are many passages in which the spirit, if not the form, of the original is preserved; and that of the "several hands" who have sought in this production to put old Geoffrey Chaucer into "the prevailing mode," we are indebted to two versions of separate poems by the honoured name of William Wordsworth, and three by Leigh Hunt. Mr. Horne has also furnished three,

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* The Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer Modernized.

—which though they are not to our taste, may satisfy such as have never studied Chaucer,—and has written a long introduction, which we are somewhat fearful will be considered too long. A life of the poet follows, containing all the information that his biographers have been able to procure.

LOVE AND WAR.*

The campaigns of our doughty knights of old through the lands of the infidel, did not exert a more powerful influence over the minds of those heroes, than the sojourn of the more educated soldiers of our own age in the equally romantic lands of Spain and Portugal, during the Peninsular War, has exercised over *their* intellects. In the middle ages, the imagination of the crusader was constantly operated on by his remembrance of the gorgeous East, and the instances of the same effect produced by reminiscences of the picturesque, the wild, and the wonderful, with which the heroes of the Peninsular War, were made familiar, are much too numerous to be mentioned here. Very little have we, from themselves, of the recollections of the marvellous romances in which our conquerors of the Holy Land were such prominent objects; but the officers who have given to the world their recollections of Spain and Portugal would form a very pretty Army List abridged. There is no doubt that both have produced no slight impression on such portion of the popular mind as came within their influence, colouring it with a warmer hue than it had previously been accustomed to, and introducing into its field of observation new subjects for reflection and amusement. Of the host of novels, romances, travels, campaigns, and recollections to which our possession of the Peninsula gave origin, we do not remember any work more likely to produce a pleasing and lasting impression on its readers, than the highly romantic narrations which Captain Quillinan has furnished us in these volumes. He not only possesses a liberal supply of very attractive materials, but the skill to employ them to the most advantage, and a knowledge of the more valuable resources of his subject not to be looked for in a work of this nature—witness the conversation on Portuguese literature in "The Sisters of the Douro." "The Conspirators" is also a story of singular interest, and may be considered an important chapter in the Life of Napoleon, of which most of his biographers appear to have been totally unacquainted. The three volumes well deserve their second title; for in a series of effective and exceedingly characteristic narratives, they afford a complete idea of the romance popularly considered to appertain to a military life.

THE NAVAL SURGEON.†

We have not yet forgot the pleasant sport made by the amusing

* Love and War; or, the Romance of Military Life. By Edward Quillinan, Esq.

† The Naval Surgeon. By the author of "Cavendish," "Flying Dutchman," &c. 3 vols.

author of "Paul Pry" in this magazine some time back, in his ingenious *exposé* of the use and abuse of nautical phraseology. At the period in which he wrote naval novels, or fictions assuming to be such, were as thick "as motes in the sunbeam," and the witty chronicler of the small wonders of Little Peddlington, imitated with consummate skill and humour the extravagant nonsense so liberally displayed by nine-tenths of these fresh-water mariners in their misuse of sea-terms. The quiz was so well done, that the author of it was complimented by one sagacious critic for his intimacy with phrases with which no one anticipated he could be familiar, and was abused by another, equally intelligent, for meddling with matters of which it was evident he was perfectly ignorant. The rage, however, for this species of imaginative composition has diminished so far, that all those who prated of storms and battles as familiarly "as maids of fifteen do of puppy-dogs," and knew of them about as much as they were likely to pick up betwixt "Chelsea Reach" and Woolwich, have abandoned such subjects to writers capable of doing them justice. Among these the author of "The Naval Surgeon" deserves to take high rank, and he has never produced a more favourable example of his knowledge of his materials and his skill in employing them, than will be found in his animated description in this work, of the chase and engagement of a seventy-four, by an English frigate. His characters, and some of his incidents, smack of the school of Smollett; and in our idea, are all the more worthy of recommendation on that account. In a pleasant and well-written preface, he informs us that several of the personages to whom the reader is introduced, are likenesses of individuals who once passed with considerable celebrity along the great cruise of life. This we very readily believe, as there is an evident individuality about them that declares their claim and fidelity as portraits. We are particularly amused with that worthy couple, Mr. and Mrs. Stump. They are originals without doubt. We cannot enter into the story further, than by saying that it possesses those orthodox and still very attractive incidents, "love and murder" in an eminent degree. It is a narrative of extraordinary, in some passages of fearful, interest; and, though the plot is made somewhat too intricate not to betray here and there the artificial character of its construction, a quick succession of picturesque incidents, and a felicitous termination cannot help to amuse and ultimately to satisfy the reader.

NOTES ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Church Principles Considered in their Results. By W. E. Gladstone, Esq., late Student of Christchurch, and M.P. for Newark.—"If it be expedient," says the author of this work in his introductory remarks, "to note the forms of thought and action by which successive ages are distinguished, as they pass by us, and thus to supply the materials of a larger retrospect, and of more comprehensive and permanent records, it can scarcely be a task requiring much apology, to consider the bearings of particular truths of religion with respect to the shifting circumstances of the world, from time to time, and

to the different degrees and modes in which these truths are apprehended." To this task Mr. Gladstone has earnestly applied himself, and in a goodly volume of 562 pages we have the result. He here not only enters into an inquiry into the nature and extent of church principles, but combines with it a general view of Christianity, and a logical discussion of its influence upon the human heart and intellect. There may be many opinions in this elaborate treatise from which a portion of his readers may dissent, because the subject the author has treated of is one in which much division of opinion exists; but with the intelligent and impartial, the ability and piety with which he has maintained them, cannot fail of being promptly recognised.

The Great Civil War of Charles I. and the Parliament. By the Rev. Richard Cattermole, B.D. With Fifteen highly-finished Engravings, from Drawings by George Cattermole, Esq.—One of the attractive picture-books of the season, taking its place among them under the title of the "Historical Annual," and like so many of its competitors for public patronage, is got up under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath. The text is a clear and tolerably comprehensive narrative of those transactions which brought Charles the First to end his life upon the scaffold, and the principal incidents are picturesquely illustrated by some very beautiful engravings. Both artist and author appear to have done their best to render the volume an acceptable one to purchasers of such works, and to them we can safely recommend it.

The Gipsy King. By Richard Howitt.—Here is another member of that amiable family to whom modern poetry is so largely indebted. It is somewhat marvellous, by the way, that a sect that has ever been considered inimical to the slightest influence of the imagination, should have produced minds so thoroughly imbued with the graceful as these accomplished quakers. Whether they adhere to the formal manners and drab-coloured habiliments common to their fraternity, we know not; but whatever they may be in externals, it is indisputable their minds are impressed with all the colours of the rainbow, and their hearts are as open as day to the sweetest charities of life. Richard Howitt is worthy of his relationship to his celebrated brother and sister. His poems possess much of the philosophy and sympathy with nature, so largely developed in the productions of Wordsworth; and the little volume in which they appear is well worthy the patronage of the lover of true poetry.

Robert Macaire in England. By M. Reynolds, Esq. Author of "Pickwick Abroad," &c. Mr. Lemaitre's personation of Robert Macaire was a capital portrait—indeed, the latter is a vagabond so thoroughly French, that in French hands alone was he likely to have his characteristics done justice to. We have witnessed attempts to have him "done into English;" but, as might have been anticipated, they were lamentable failures. Mr. Reynolds has made a trial to naturalize Robert Macaire by means differing from those employed by his predecessors, that is, instead of translating from the French drama, he, with his gaze constantly fixed upon the Jack Sheppard style of writing, makes him the hero of a narrative that seems to hover betwixt the Newgate Calendar, and such specimens of pathos as form the chief interests in those popular fictions in the servant's hall, "Fatherless Fanny," and "The Rose of Claremont." We believe he has done as well as he could do with such a subject, and "Phiz" has come to his assistance in great strength, so that under these promising auspices, if Robert Macaire does not find friends in England, the sooner he is sent back to the galleys the better.

The Life and Times of Montrose. By Mark Napier, Esq., Advocate.—The author in a previous work of his entitled "Montrose and the Covenanters," illustrated the life of this celebrated commander in a manner which satisfied the antiquary and historian, and he has now condensed the most interesting of the materials there published, adding many documents and much information of great importance, including family papers now first published from the Montrose charter-chest, and other private repositories, the result of his research, and thrown them into a popular narrative. We cannot but commend the care and scholarship which is evident in every page of the volume, and anticipate for it a very favourable reception. It is embellished with portraits and autographs that deserve to be considered acceptable embellishments.